



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

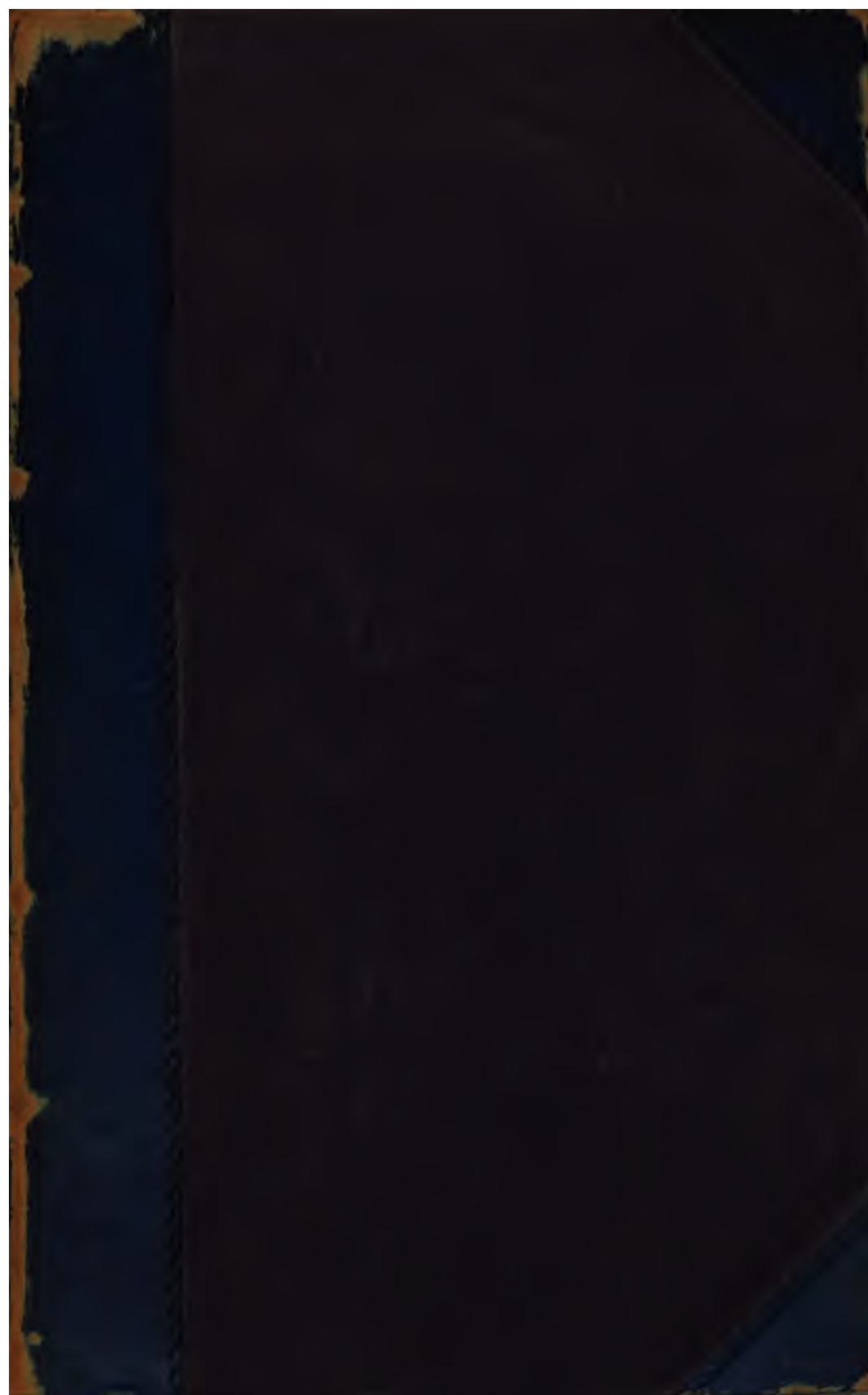
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



\_\_\_\_\_



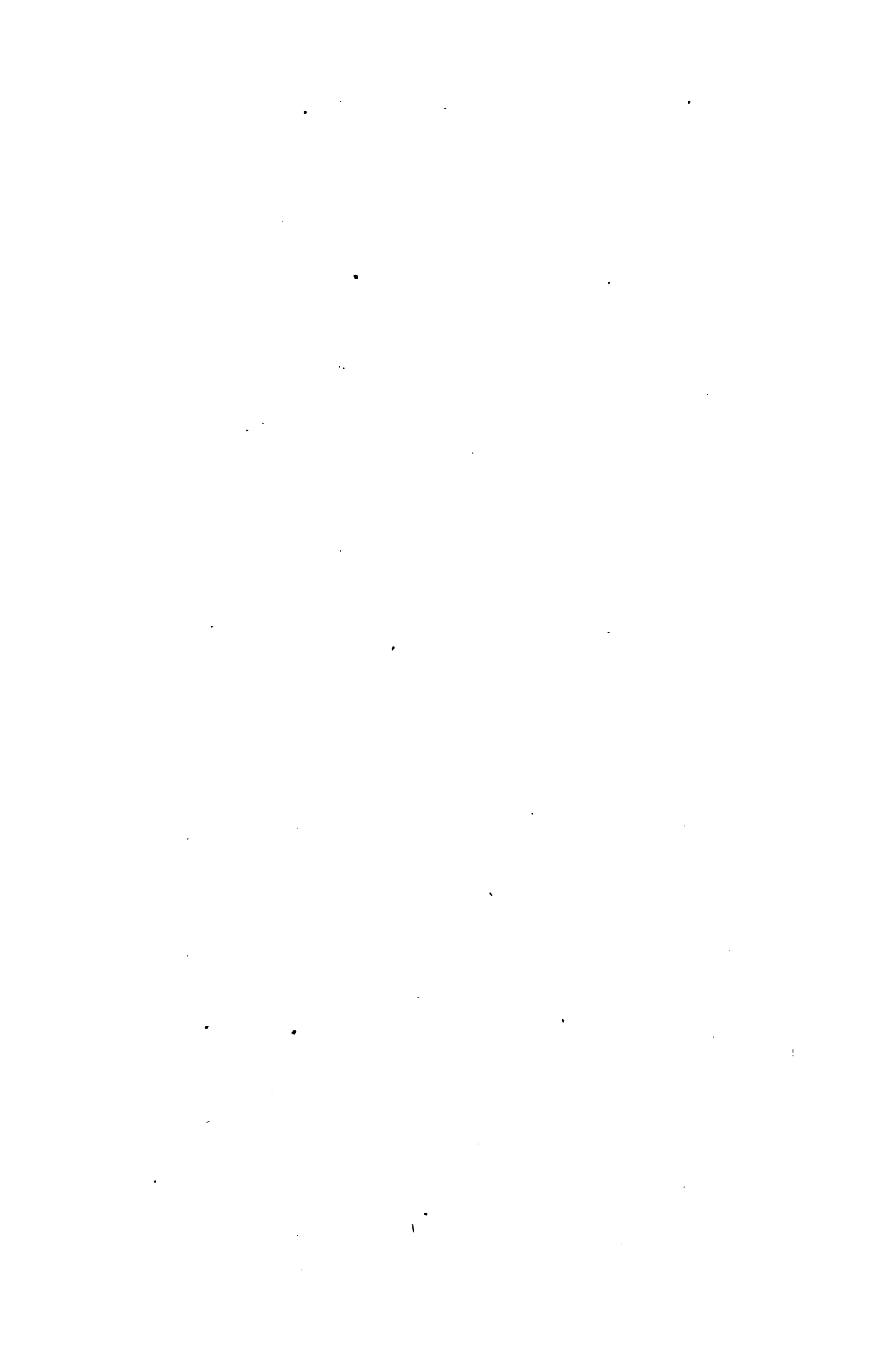














INTERESTING  
ANECDOTES,  
MEMOIRS,  
ALLEGORIES,  
ESSAYS,  
AND  
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,  
TENDING  
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,  
AND  
INCULCATE MORALITY,

---

BY MR. ADDISON,

---

LONDON;  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

1797,

2 2 36





A  
COLLECTION  
OF INTERESTING  
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS, &c.

---

ANECDOTE  
OF  
JAMES DUKE OF YORK,  
SECOND SON OF CHARLES I.

---

**T**HE Duke of York, it is said, one day told the King his brother, that he had heard so much of old Milton, he had a great desire to see him. Charles told the Duke, that he had no objection to his satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly shortly after, James, having informed himself where Milton lived, went privately to his house. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his guest, they conversed together for some time; but, in the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, “Whether he did not think the loss of his  
B “fight



“ fight was a judgement upon him for what he had  
 “ written against the late King his father?” Milton’s  
 reply was to this effect: ‘ If your Highness thinks  
 ‘ that the calamities which befall us here, are indica-  
 ‘ tions of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are  
 ‘ we to account for the fate of the King your father?  
 ‘ The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposi-  
 ‘ tion, have been much greater against him than  
 ‘ against me; for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost  
 ‘ his *head*.’ The Duke was exceedingly nettled at  
 this answer, and went away soon after very angry.  
 When he came back to the court, the first thing he  
 said to the King, was, “ Brother, you are greatly to  
 “ blame that you don’t have that old rogue Milton  
 “ hanged.”—‘ Why, what’s the matter, James?’ said  
 the King, ‘ you seem in a heat! what, have you seen  
 ‘ Milton?’—“ Yes,” answered the Duke, “ I have  
 “ seen him.”—‘ Well,’ said the King, ‘ In what  
 ‘ condition did you find him?’—“ Condition!” replied  
 the Duke, “ why he’s old, and very poor.”—‘ Old  
 ‘ and poor!’ said the King; ‘ well, and he is blind,  
 ‘ is he not?’—“ Yes,” said the Duke, “ blind as a  
 “ beetle.”—‘ Why then you are a fool, James,’ re-  
 plied the King, ‘ to want to have him hanged as a  
 ‘ punishment: to hang him will be doing him a ser-  
 ‘ vice; it will be taking him out of his miseries. No,  
 ‘ if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough  
 ‘ in all conscience: let him live.’

INTERESTING

INTERESTING ANECDOTE  
OF  
PETER THE THIRD OF CASTILE.

A Canon of the cathedral of Seville, affected in his dress, particularly in his shoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes not made to please his taste, the Canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows on the head, as laid him dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year.*

The young shoemaker having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and, overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession, at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair, got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to

be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge; and after learning the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and, after asking the young man what profession he was, *I forbid you, said he, to make shoes for a year to come.*

---

FATAL EFFECTS  
OF  
FASHIONABLE LEVITIES.

THE STORY OF FLAVILLA.

---

I Have before remarked, that, “to abstain from the appearance of evil,” is a precept in that law which has every characteristic of divinity; and I have, in more than one of these papers, endeavoured to inforce the practice of it, by an illustration of its excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is strongly

strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation: and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: the ladies therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because, as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal: virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice; as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity, and modest reserve, have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite. Chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction; as a general, when the town is surrendered, retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute: if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarize any beauty, without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who  
should

should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to alledge the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure; and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger: and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I will address them in a story; and I hope the events will not only illustrate but impress the precept which they contain.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate,

The

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage was sold to pay his debts; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality: they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain, nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty, but her wit: these qualifications she considered,

dered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered: and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did nor said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect, from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants, who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged



encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to

to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her,

“ That he often reflected, with inexpressible regret,  
 “ upon her resentment of his conduct in a late in-  
 “ stance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of  
 “ his affection were insuperable obstacles to his mar-  
 “ riage; that where there was no liberty, there could  
 “ be no happiness: that he should become indif-  
 “ ferent to the endearments of love, when they could  
 “ no longer be distinguished from the officiousness  
 “ of duty: that while they were happy in the pos-  
 “ session of each other, it would be absurd to sup-  
 “ pose they would part; and that if this happiness  
 “ should cease, it would not only insure but aggra-  
 “ vate their misery to be inseparably united; that  
 “ this event was less probable, in proportion as their  
 “ co-habitation was voluntary; but that he would  
 “ make such provision for her upon her contin-  
 “ gency,

“gency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He  
 “conjured her not to determine under the influence  
 “of prejudice and custom, but according to the  
 “laws of reason and nature. After mature deliberation,” said he, “remember that the whole  
 “value of my life depends upon your will. I do  
 “not request an explicit consent, with whatever  
 “transport I might behold the lovely confusion  
 “which it might produce. I shall attend you in a  
 “few days; with the anxiety, though not with the  
 “guilt, of a criminal who waits for the decision of  
 “his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never  
 “part; if it is rejected, I can never see you more.”

Flavilla had too much understanding, as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant Trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged, rather by curiosity than hope, to inquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admittance to her company, and had no designs upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother, giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some inquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own  
was

was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger: a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify

gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded, with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May-Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at publick places. Her beauty and  
her

her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase;—a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet, to screen her from publick infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his own resentment, he told him, that “ if he had taken “ Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked “ it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he “ would have satisfied his creditors; but that his “ marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should “ never have another shilling of his money; and he “ was determined to see him no more.” Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained reply; and believing that  
 he

he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields; and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But the remembrance of the gay multitude, which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished; the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity: she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera: sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from the town; she came home some-

c

times



times at midnight, and sometimes in the morning ; and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure ; and that the person who had hired the lodgings for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known ; but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence ; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning ; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messages and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant

distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, " that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid."— This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered, with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that ' those only who did not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril.' Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger; and from that moment she determined, when Mercator returned, to give warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that "Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station."

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that "he had no reason to be alarmed; for

“ for that she had no exception to his lady, but those  
 “ gaities which her station and the fashion suffici-  
 “ ently authorised.” Mercator’s suspicions, how-  
 ever, were not wholly removed; and he began to  
 think he had found a confidant whom it would be  
 his interest to trust: he therefore, in the folly of his  
 jealousy, confessed, ‘ that he had some doubts con-  
 ‘ cerning his wife, which it was of the utmost im-  
 ‘ portance to his honour and his peace to resolve:  
 ‘ he intreated that he might continue in the apart-  
 ‘ ment another year: that, as he should again leave  
 ‘ the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no  
 ‘ incident, which might confirm either his hopes or  
 ‘ his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and  
 ‘ at his return she would give him such an account  
 ‘ as would at least deliver him from the torment of  
 ‘ suspense, and determine his future conduct.’

There is no sophistry more general than that by  
 which we justify a busy and scrupulous inquiry after  
 secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without  
 hope of redress; and no service to which others are  
 so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To  
 communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity,  
 especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of  
 folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice  
 but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent  
 an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse  
 wretchedness

wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife, and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears; but, when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an extacy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; "because," said he, "I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more." To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love. Flavilla,

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in the interval of languor and retirement, Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady which sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received, was the ground-floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the Horse-Guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face, than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family, and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance,

countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by its appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After such deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult



difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants: and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind; and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately, and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He, had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it ever produce any suspicion,

He

He was now hasting to inquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to inquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "that the child " was born within eight months after his last return " from abroad; that it was said to have come before " its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was " refused." This indeed was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation, Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had  
been

been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down, and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and 'lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness.

edness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle, believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that "the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented

consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready: her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her: she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet, which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence, and dishonouring his bed: "of this," he said, "he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover

cover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered Fulvius' business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return;  
that

that if possible, the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much intreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprise and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet; which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving, that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter, knew both the hand and the seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:—

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should  
 “ not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances,  
 “ but those in which I write. I do not, therefore,  
 “ but for your sake, wish them other than they are.  
 “ The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now  
 “ lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion  
 “ and

“ and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide  
 “ my pen. But I most earnestly intreat to see you,  
 “ that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear  
 “ me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal  
 “ our reconciliation on my lips, while they are yet  
 “ sensible of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post-horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the



levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

---

ANECDOTE  
OF THE  
DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

---

WHEN the amiable Duchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, called the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for herself and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of "Expences for the night, 14 louis d'ors." In vain did he remonstrate: the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Duchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many *congé's*, and expressing many thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her Grace's company on her return.

"Why,

“ Why, I don’t know but I may,” said the Duchefs, with her ufual good humour; “ but it muft be upon one condition, that you do not miftake me for your fign.”

---

ON TENDERNESS  
TO  
THE ANIMAL CREATION,  
AND THE COMMON BARBARITY OF OUR MOST  
CELEBRATED AMUSEMENTS.

---

**D**URING the time of the celebrated Thomas Kouli Kahn, it was a common amufement with him and his officers, to take a number of affes, and try who could make the deepeft incifion in the backs of thofe unfortunate animals with a fabre; he that cut fartheft was allowed the reputation of the ftrongeft man; and frequently it happened that one of the miferable creatures was entirely divided afunder by the force of a fingle ftroke. This anecdote was mentioned at a club, to which I have the honour of belonging, by a gentleman of unqueftionable veracity and good fenfe, who was many years a refident in Perfia, and was an occasional fpectator at feveral of thefe inhuman diverfions; the whole company, to their honour it muft be mentioned,

D 2

expressed

expressed an honest abhorrence at such barbarous relaxations; and we all congratulated ourselves upon living in a country, where it would be scandalous, for the very first orders, to imitate the Persian hero in his brutal exercises.

When I got home, however, I could not help reflecting, that, notwithstanding the conscious pride of heart which we all possessed in the moment of self-congratulation, a number of amusements could be pointed out in this kingdom considerably more barbarous than the practice of hewing an ass to pieces, though this appeared so justly shocking to our imaginations: nay, what is still worse, the enjoyment of several barbarities is particularly reserved for people of the first figure and understanding, as if those, whose feelings should be uncommonly tender, had an additional title to the commission of cruelties; and as if a violent outrage upon every sentiment of humanity should be the peculiar privilege of birth and fortune.—My readers may be surprised at this observation upon the people of England; yet let me ask, if it be more cruel to torture an ass, than to torture a stag? or whether it is not even more compassionate to dispatch the first at a blow, than to pursue the latter for a number of hours, increasing the wretched animal's agony at every step, and yielding it up at last to a death that  
must

must harrow up the bosom of any good-natured man, who allows himself a moment's space for reflection ?

The more in reality that we consider this point, the more we shall find it necessary to condemn the inhabitants of this civilized, this benevolent country. The Persian, when he dispatches the unfortunate ass, commits no trespass upon the property of his neighbour, nor manifests any disregard to the distresses of a friend: the animal whom he destroys is his own, it is confined to a particular spot, and nobody can suffer in its death but himself; whereas in the prosecution of the chase with us, we trample inconsiderately through half a country; perhaps, over the corn grounds and inclosures, which the industrious farmer has cultivated, or planted, at a very great expence; and if the person, whom we thus injure, expresses any resentment at our conduct, we possibly horsewhip him for his insolence, and send him home with the reparation of a bleeding head, to comfort his wife and children. This is not all, in the phrenzy of a hunting match, as well as being insensible to the wrongs which we offer to others, we become wholly unmindful of the prejudice which we do ourselves; for let our lives be of never such consequence to our families, we become regardless of danger; we never hesitate at leaps that are manifestly

festly big with destruction; and even if the brother of our breast should meet with any accident in this mad-headed course, so far from stopping to assist him, we make an absolute jest of his misfortune, and express a sense of pleasure in proportion as we find him involved in distress; if he dislocates a leg or an arm by a fall from his horse, he affords us an exquisite entertainment; but if he actually fractures his skull, our mirth becomes extravagant, and we continue wild with delight, till happiness is totally effaced by intoxication.

The civilized nations of Europe are extremely ready, upon all occasions, to stigmatize every other part of the world with the epithet of barbarians, though the appellation might with infinitely more propriety, be conferred upon themselves. Among the politest of our neighbours, there are a thousand customs kept up, which would fill the most uncultivated savage with horror, and give him, if possible, a still more contemptible idea of christianity. An Indian Brachmin, for instance, will frequently go to the sea-side, while the fishermen are drawing their nets, and purchase a whole boat full of fish for the humane satisfaction of restoring the expiring creatures to their natural element, and snatching them from death; nay, the tenderness of the Brachmins is so excessive, with regard to the animal creation, that

that they have been known to purchase cattle at an extraordinary price, merely to save them from slaughter; compassionately thinking the lowing heifer, or the bleating lamb, an equal, though an humble heir of existence, with themselves. What, then, would men of this exalted benevolence think of the British nation, were they to see with what solemnity the right of murdering an innocent partridge, or a harmless hare, is settled by the legislative power of the kingdom? were they to see the armies, which, at particular seasons, issue forth to destroy the warbling inhabitants of the air, for actual diversion; the sporting tenants of the river, for idle recreation? But above all, what would they feel to see a generous domestic little bird, scandalously tied to the stake, and denied the smallest change of life, at the eve of a sacred fast, set apart by our holy religion for the purposes of extraordinary sanctity, and the business of unusual mortification?—It is impossible to imagine what they would feel, when there are even Christians to be found, who cannot see the practice without horror, nor think of it without tears!

I am far from carrying my notions of tenderness to the animal creation beyond the bounds of reason, as the Brachmins do, who think it irreligious to feed upon any thing which has been ever endued with life; because I believe, the great Author of all things

things designed these animals principally for the use and sustenance of man: yet, at the same time that I suppose they were formed by the Deity for the relief of our necessities, I cannot imagine he ever intended they should be tortured through wantonness, or destroyed for diversion; nor can I imagine, but that even the superstitious forbearance of the Brachmins is infinitely more pleasing in his sight, than the inconsiderate cruelty of those who profess an immediate obedience to his word. A God, all mercy, never takes delight in the unnecessary agony of a creature, whom he has been pleased to endue with existence; we therefore offer an insult to him, when we give a needless pang to the meanest of his creatures; and absolutely pervert the design of his providence, whenever we sacrifice those animals to our amusements, which he has constituted entirely for the relief of our wants. I have thrown out these reflections with a benevolent purpose, as such numbers of the ignorant and the thoughtless are apt to promote their amusements at the expence of their humanity; should what I have here offered be attended with the reformation but of an individual, I shall think my time well employed. Ridicule I must naturally expect from numbers, for daring to combat with favourite prejudices; but it is my consolation, that no witticism whatever, which may be aimed

aimed at me as a writer, can, on the present subject of animadversion, do me the minuteest injury as a man.

---

## LORENZO AND VIOLETTA.

A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

---

FAMILY divisions frequently spring from very immaterial accidents, which gather strength by repetition, till they are augmented in so formidable a manner, as to sweep before them all the domestic virtues, and abolish all the amiable tenderness for which woman was originally intended by the divine Creator. I have been a frequent spectator of such scenes of infelicity. Where I was in most expectation of finding the celestial seeds of connubial happiness flourishing in exquisite beauty, there have I been the most disappointed. Instead of beholding a paradise, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occasions me to publish the following observations. For these may be of utility to society; as by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

LORENZO and VIOLETTA, have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in respect of fortune and age; the one being sufficiently



sufficiently affluent for the purchase, and the other for the enjoyment, of the pleasures of life. For some time after the celebration of the nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondness, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, instead of increasing, diminished their regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew less attractive to his heart; and his conversation grew less engaging, the more she partook of the natural levity of her sex. He renewed his bacchanalian acquaintance; she found more pleasure in discharging her visits, than her domestic offices. In short, both became disintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular, their conversation little; till, at last, their affection seemed dwindled away to nothing, but a ceremonial complaisance. Nature was soon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually bursting the formality of reserve; trivial accidents gave alternate uneasiness to one or the other; which were productive of such disputes, as often terminated in a silence for two and sometimes for three days together. Though they were both so far estranged from the lambent flame of love, their disagreement very frequently exhibited a conviction of their honesty, by a recollection which just served to blow up the dormant embers of affection; but still they were continually

continually manifesting the difference of their tempers. They were both hastily passionate; he was sometimes furiously ill-natured, while she was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both sensible of their folly, yet they still persisted in their obstinacy: if he spoke warm, she reddened with a glow of anger; if he was desirous of tranquillity, she grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree, and the ostentation of fortune, were often handled backwards and forwards; this ushered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a misguided passion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently swore, she railed; and blows ensued. She felt the effects of his violence; he bore the marks of her fury. When their passions abated, she sat pensively venting the gushing sorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified, and, after innumerable caresses, recomposed her agitated spirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderness: they gently upbraided themselves, confessed their folly, resolved to oppose the excursions of passion, and for some time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when passion has once got the head, reason vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became sensible of their smothered affection, yet they never  
endeavoured

endeavoured to light up the extinguished lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate follies, and were at last, so habituated to such an ignominious custom, as to give an unbounded loose to their passions before company, till they are now become the derision of all their acquaintance. As I have a regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him on his indiscretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, professes the strongest affection for his wife, and solemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed.

Violetta is also sensible of her erroneous behaviour, esteems her husband, and wears the throne of chastity on her brow. They are equally conscious of their faults, are equally sorry for them; and are equally desirous of correcting them: but they are so absolutely devoted to the storms of passion, as to be equally incapable of executing those salutary resolutions, which they are thoroughly sensible can alone give pleasure to the bridal bed, happiness to the prime of life, and comfort to the declension of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two persons, once united by the filken band of love, should so disown its empire, for the gratification of some ridiculous humour, it is most astonishing! That two persons, who could so easily enjoy the beauties of life, should so voluntarily banish themselves

selves from the flowery road of happiness, is amazing! But their conduct serves only to evince this golden maxim—that reason is the best gift of nature; for without her sacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are less happy than peasants in their cottages.

---

### JUVENILE DEGENERACY.

---

**I**F we take an enlarged view of the conduct of the younger part of the community, and survey their numerous foibles with attention and seriousness, our feelings will be greatly alarmed, and our attention irresistibly arrested. It must be obvious to every impartial and attentive observer, that the British youth, for the most part, are too unhappily prone to every vice of disgrace, disrepute, and ruin. Every amiable disposition, from the force, perhaps, of bad example, or fatal delusion, is corrupted and destroyed by an attachment to the most shameful excesses of irregular pleasure. Extravagance in dress, a vain ostentation of their persons, sensuality and impiety, are the leading features of their conduct. They plunge into a dangerous gulph of sin and absurd ambition; connecting themselves with the  
most

most loose and profligate, and sacrificing their all at the shrine of low sensuality and dishonour. Every virtuous motive is expunged from sober reflection, as the source of madness and melancholy.

Those virtues, the possession of which constitute the real and only permanent happiness of every rational being, are entirely disregarded, and considered as unimportant acquisitions and useless perfections. Piety, modesty, sympathy, charity, temperance, rectitude, fidelity, and all the finest feelings of human nature, are held in disdain and contempt; while sinful pleasure, in all its gay and fashionable allurements, is eagerly sought after and embraced.

Would youth but listen to the voice and persuasions of conscience, the vicegerent of God himself; would they but shun temptations in every point of view with a just abhorrence, and cultivate such manly and benevolent affections as are in themselves amiable or commendable; how much more solid pleasure and felicity might they enjoy, in comparison of those grovelling and contemptible pursuits, which reflect the highest disgrace on the natural character of a just and reasonable human creature! And yet, how many thousands are there, who debase their own nature, by a continued course of depraved and vicious gratifications! However lamentable the idea of such conduct may appear to every virtuous and considerate

considerate person, daily observation too glaringly confirms the truth of this remark.

How graceful and becoming, on the other hand, would it appear in youth, were they to seek the the lonely habitations of the necessitous and distressed, and alleviate the sorrows of real poverty and misfortune! The sweet reflection of having relieved and comforted the fatherless and the widow can only be known to the compassionate, the liberal, and the merciful. Instead of indulging in immoral pleasures, by poisoning their minds, and rendering their mental faculties callous to every gentle feeling; would it not be more meritorious and pleasing, and above all highly acceptable to the great Father of the universe, to accustom themselves to contemplate the miseries of human life?—I repeat it—to visit the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan? These are affections which ought particularly to be esteemed and cherished. Oh! say, ye happy possessors of riches, sympathy, and benevolence, whether young or old, how great a blessing it is to bless and feel another's woe!

TO A FRIEND.

## TO A FRIEND.

**H**APPY art thou, whom God does bleſs  
 With the full choice of happineſs!  
 And happier yet; becauſe thou art bleſt  
 With prudence how to chooſe the beſt.  
 In books and gardens thou haſt plac'd aright  
 Thy noble, innocent delight.  
 Oh! who would change theſe ſoft, but ſolid joys,  
 For empty ſhows and ſenſeleſs noiſe?  
 Who would not chooſe at early morn to wake,  
 That of the garden's charms they might partake?  
 The garden yields each day a freſh delight,  
 Regales the ear, the ſmell, touch, taſte, and ſight;  
 It yields a calm and cool retreat  
 From fell ambition's burning heat;  
 The thrift of av'rice here does never rage;  
 The garden's charms ſuch paſſions can aſſuage;  
 Cuſtom don't ſhed that influence here,  
 Which tyrannizes all the year  
 O'er ſuch as dupes to faſhion would appear.  
 We no where art do ſo triumphant ſee,  
 As when the gard'ner grafts or buds a tree.  
 He bids the ſour crab to produce  
 The wholeſome apple's pleaſant juice;

The

The rustic plumb and hawthorn he does teach  
 The one to bear a pear, th' other a blooming peach.  
 Where do we finer strokes or colours see  
 Than on the painted tulip, or the verdant tree?  
 And if we do but ope the mental eye,  
 Reflection sweet would lead us soon t'espy  
 E'en in a bush the radiant Deity. }  
 Scarce any plant is growing there,  
 Which against death some weapon does not bear.  
 Let cities boast that they provide  
 For life the ornaments of pride;  
 But 'tis the garden and the field,  
 That furnish them with staff and shield.  
 Who that has reason, and has smell,  
 Would not with roses and sweet jessamine dwell,  
 Rather than all their spirits choak  
 With exhalations of a city's smoke?  
 Where rank ambition daily breeds [weeds.  
 Flow'rs fair to view, which oft prove pois'nous  
 Nor does this happy place only dispense  
 Such various pleasures to the sense:  
 Here blooming health itself does live,  
 That salt of life which does to all a relish give;  
 Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,  
 The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune,  
 health.



## AN ANECDOTE.

A Certain popular Nobleman, in his return from Bath to London, was so delighted with his entertainment at a great Inn in his road, that he staid there a fortnight, with his retinue. On his departure, he took his leave of the landlord with great expressions of perfect satisfaction; but never asked for his bill. The landlord carried his politeness so far as not to deliver his account till his Lordship was seated in his carriage, and just ready to set off. His Lordship looked at the sum total, which was only two hundred pounds, said the bill was extremely reasonable, and bade the coachman drive on.

---

BON MOT  
OF  
HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

---

THE great Henry IV. of France being asked by one of his haughty favourites, why his Majesty gave himself the trouble to return the salute of so many beggars, who made their obedience to him in the streets, replied, "Because, I would not have my beggars in the streets exceed me in complaisance."

ON

## ON JEALOUSY.

**B**EFORE the temple of marriage, which is holy and sacred, we place the statue of jealousy, and daily offer a thousand sacrifices of sinister suspicions; yet it is far better to think well of a hundred that are ill, than ill of one that is innocent. A woman often is made loyal, by thinking her loyal: and he that doubts faith, well observed, puts himself in danger to ruin it by his suspicion; for many there are who care not to forsake innocence, when they have lost reputation. And when they are grounded in an opinion that their actions are ill interpreted, they thereby become apt to entertain all sorts of mischief. Jealousy is a bad daughter, born of a good house, which is that of love and honour: she hath eyes (like envy) so bleared, that they cannot endure a ray of the virtue or prosperity of another: a most unhappy passion, which, after it hath tormented all the world, devoureth itself, usually growing from the most beautiful loves, as those worms which are said to issue from the fairest flowers, or as the sharpest vinegar proceeding from the best wines: an executioner retained within our own entrails.

He that is good of himself, will hardly believe evil of another, and will rather distrust his own senses,

senses, than the fidelity of those he trusted. A small satisfaction contents those whom guilt hath not made scrupulous. Let your suspicions be charitable, your trust fearful, your censure sure. Jealousy is the phrenzy of wise men, the well-wishing spite and unkind carefulness; the self-punishment for others' faults; self-misery in others' happiness; in its limits, the daughter of love, and mother of hate. He that is truly good of himself, will hardly suspect evil of another; many have taught others to deceive, while they have appeared too jealous of being deceived. Open suspicion of others comes from a secret condemning of ourselves. Where distrust begins, friendship ends. It is no shame to be somewhat suspicious in matter of danger; whereas it is a great shame to be deceived through our own folly and facility: yet our suspicions ought to be grounded upon good presumptions; otherwise suspicion, fearing enemies, will make an enemy; but wisdom knows trust ought here to be applied, and makes suspicion jealous of losing him by suspicion. What this humour doeth undirected, it undoeth what directed full of preservation.

Jealousy is nothing else but love, impatient of a co-rival. The envious man cannot endure it, out of the hatred he hath of another man's contentment; and the jealous cannot suffer it, through the over-  
 much

much love he beareth to himself, perpetually fearing left the communication of love may tend to the diminution of the good he possesseth, or pretends to have a right to possess. It is undoubted that a good husband makes his wife loyal by accounting her such; and that he who suspecteth evil in an innocent creature, gives her occasion of sin. Moreover, the jealous man, like Ixion, lives upon the wheel of an eternal torment.

Alexander the Great was so free from suspicion, that he received with one hand the drink, which his physician brought him, and with the other shewed him the letter, by which he was advised that Darius had promised him great rewards to poison him. A noble disposition cannot believe that in another, which is not in himself, and will never distrust those whose services have deserved their trust. Suspicion is as great an enemy to wisdom as credulity.

It is but the middle kind of wits that are capable of this contagion: excellent ones are above, and mean ones below it; these are ignorant of the occasions, and the other unmoved with them. It is in this that stupidity arrives at the same points as wisdom, and clowns are as happy as philosophers. But those that afflict themselves for misfortunes, where there is no remedy but patience, do entertain this error in the world, and have a whole moon in their head,

head, when they think they have but half a one in their forehead. It is a passion very senseless, whereby we afflict ourselves, without obliging any body; and make a torment in this world, for fear of missing it in the next. If we discover our suspicions to be false, we are obliged to a repentance: if we find them true, we cannot be too miserable for being too curious.

Jealousy hath no bounds to its invention, but impossibility: there is no malice black enough to blind this passion's capacity; it gives craft to the dullest, and perverts the most virtuous to seek satisfaction for this injury.

Some, that are none of the chafteſt, are yet jealous of their husbands, and violate the law of nature, as well as of divinity, not enduring to be paid what they lend. An ingenuous liberty is a better guard than any restraint. Freedom extinguishes desire, and interdiction kindles it. When the opportunities of sin are common, they are neglected; when they are rare, they are made use of, lest they should not be met with again so commodiously. Jealousy is for love, envy for fortune, and emulation for virtue: the goods of fortune are too gross and material; those of love too light for our minds; only those of virtue deserve to be made their object. It is for her only that competitors endure one another in their designs;

designs; and there is no more sedition or dispute amongst them, than there is for the impropriation of the light of the sun, or the influence of the stars.

To find a retreat for the persecution of jealousy, let us make use of holy Joseph and the Virgin, to teach us that the chastest of women has made jealous the most innocent of men. There is sometimes more misfortunes in it than ill-meaning: we must neglect the apparency like him, and suffer suspicions like her. It is no small consolation to think, that after all the proofs and testimonies that may seem to be contrived to make us to conclude ill, it is better in this extremity to believe a miracle, than a sin; and to acknowledge the power of God, rather than the weakness of the creature.

---

ANECDOTE

OF

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

---

QUEEN Elizabeth (said Sir Walter Raleigh) would set the reason of her meanest subjects against the authority of her greatest counsellors. By her patience herein, she raised the ordinary customs of London, above fifty thousand pounds a year, without any imposition. The Lord Burleigh, the Earl

Earl of Leiceſter, and Secretary Walsingham, (all three penſioners to Cuſtomer Smith) joined to ſet themſelves againſt a poor waiter of the cuſtom-houſe, called Cardwarder, and commanded the grooms of the chamber not to give him admiffion. But the Queen ſent for him, on a petition, which he delivered into her hand, and gave him countenance againſt them all. It would not ſerve the turn with her to be told by her great officers, that ſhe diſgraced them by allowing her ear to the complaints of buſy heads, and that ſhe diſhonoured her own dignity. She had always this to answer:—  
 “ That if men ſhould complain unjuſtly againſt her  
 “ Miniſters, ſhe knew well enough how to puniſh  
 “ them; but if they had reaſon for the complaint  
 “ they offered, ſhe was Queen of all, the *ſmall*  
 “ as well as the *great*, and would not ſuffer herſelf  
 “ to be beſieged by ſervants, who could have no  
 “ motive for wiſhing it, but their intereſt in the  
 “ oppreſſion of others.”

---

### ANECDOTE OF SULLY,

MINISTER TO HENRY IV.

---

MADAME d’Entragues, Henry’s favourite miſtreſs, was extremely angry with Sully one day, on his not immediately paying to her brother,  
 ſome

some gratuity which that Monarch had ordered him.  
 “ The King,” said she to him, “ would act very  
 “ singularly indeed, if he were to displace persons of  
 “ quality merely to give into your notions. And  
 “ pray, Sir, to whom should a king be kind, if not  
 “ to his relations, his courtiers, and his mistresses?”  
 “ That might be very well, Madam,” replied Sully,  
 “ if the king took the money out of his own purse;  
 “ but in general he takes it out of those of shop-  
 “ keepers, artisans, labourers, and farmers. These  
 “ persons enable him to live. One master is enough  
 “ for us, and we have no occasion for such a number  
 “ of courtiers, of princes, and of king’s mistresses.”

---

## THE DUTIES

THAT OUGHT TO SUBSIST

BETWEEN FRIEND AND FRIEND,

---

OF all the relations wherein we stand towards  
 one another, there is none more strict and  
 binding, none more necessary and beneficial, than  
 that of Friendship. For human nature is imperfect;  
 it has not fund enough to furnish out a solitary life;  
 and the most delicious place, barred from all com-  
 merce and society, would be insupportable. Besides  
 there are so many adverse accidents attending us,  
 that,



that, without the communion of friendship, virtue itself is not able to accomplish its end; because the best good man, on several occasions, often wants an assistant to direct his judgment, quicken his industry, and fortify his spirits. ‘A brother,’ indeed, as the wise man observes, ‘was born for adversity; but there is a friend, that sticketh closer than a brother;’ and therefore he that has found this precious treasure has laid up a good foundation against the day of trouble; because every true and real friendship will be an alloy to his sorrows, an ease to his passions, a sanctuary to his calamities, a relief of his oppressions, a repository of his secrets, a counsellor of his doubts, and an advocate for his interest, both with God and man. And yet, as necessary and beneficial as this relation is, in all conditions of life, there is no one thing wherein we mistake ourselves more. Men usually call them their friends with whom they have an intimacy, though that intimacy, perhaps, is nothing else but an union and combination in sin. The drunkard, for instance, thinks him his friend who will swallow wine in bowls, and keep him company in his debauches; the proud man, him his friend who will blow up the bladder, and indulge his vanity with fulsome flattery; and the deceitful man, him his friend that will aid and assist him in carrying on his schemes

schemes of fraud and dishonesty. But, alas! this is so far from being friendship, that it deserves a very different appellation. A true friend loves his friend, so that he is very zealous for his good; and certainly he that is really so, will never be the instrument of bringing him into the greatest evil. How far soever, then, a resemblance in humour or opinion, a fancy for the same business or diversion, may, on some occasions, be a ground of affection; yet this is generally allowed, both by moralists and divines, that virtue is the only proper foundation of friendship, and that none but good men are capable of it: and, among these, it may not improperly be defined to be—An industrious pursuit of our friend's real advantages, or obliging ourselves to do unto him all the good offices that our fidelity and assistance, our advice and admonition, our candour and constancy, can effect.

Friendship, both in the Latin and Greek languages, takes its denomination from love: and as love is every where the same, so there is no principle more faithful, and what less consults the arts of dissimulation. A friend therefore will pursue the advantages of those he truly loves, as if they were his own; because there will be no great difference between the power of self-love, and the love of a person whom, by the laws of friendship, he is bound to  
love

love as well as himself. From this principle he espouſes his intereſt, whether the opportunities of doing him ſervice be known to him or not: he maintains his honour and right, though invaded by the moſt potent adverſary, or ſtruck at by the moſt clandestine malice. And, as he ſuffers none he can hinder to injure his character or fortune, ſo he is eſpecially careful himſelf to avoid all ill-bred familiarities in company, or mercenary incroachments upon his good nature; as very well knowing, that friendſhip, though it be not nice and exceptious, yet muſt not be treated coarſely; and that the neglect of good manners therein, is the want of its greateſt ornament. Above all, he is continually upon his guard to keep the ſecrets, which his friend has repoſed in his breaſt, with the moſt ſacred taciturnity; becauſe a diſcovery of theſe, in the opinion of the wiſe Son of Sirac, who well underſtood the laws and punctualities of friendſhip, is an offence, of all others, the moſt provoking and the moſt unpardonable. For ‘ who ſo diſcovereth ſecrets, loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but, if thou betrayeſt his ſecrets, follow no more after him; for, as one letteth a bird out of his hand, ſo haſt thou let thy friend go, and ſhall not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he is too far

far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up; and, after reviling, there may be a reconciliation; but he that betrayeth secrets is without hope.'

How far the measure of mutual assistance ought to extend among friends, is not so easy a matter, in each particular, to determine; but this we may say, in general, that as far as opportunity, discretion, and former pre-engagements will give us leave, we may be allowed to go; and that to break upon the score of danger or expence is narrow-spirited; provided the assistance may be given without ruin to ourselves or prejudice to a third person, without breach of honour or violation of conscience. Where the thing is unlawful, we must neither ask nor comply. All importunities against justice are feverish desires, and must not be gratified. He that would engage another in an unwarrantable action, takes him for an ill person, and, as the motion is an affront, ought to be renounced for the injury of his opinion. But where this is not the case, we ought to treat our friend, as far as prudence and justice will permit, with all the frankness and generosity imaginable; to counsel him, when he wants advice; to cheer him, when he wants comfort; to give unto him, when he wants relief; and, even with some hazard to ourselves, to rescue him, when he is in danger.

And

And in doing of this, we should consider his occasions and prevent his desires, and scarce give him time to think that he wanted our assistance; because a forwardness to oblige is a great grace upon our kindness, and that which doubles the intrinsic worth of it.

It is the observation of the wise King of Israel, 'Woe to him that is alone! for, if he falleth, he hath not another to help him up.' And this observation is verified upon none so much, as upon him that is destitute of friends; who, when he is under a perplexity of affairs, where a determination is dubious, and yet of uncommon consequence, cannot fetch in aid from another person, whose judgment may be greater than his own, and whose concern he is sure is no less. Every man, in his own affairs, is found to be less cautious than a prudent stander-by: he is generally too eagerly engaged, to make just remarks upon the progress and probability of things; and, in such a case, nothing is so proper as a judicious friend, to temper the spirits, and moderate the pursuit; to give the signal for action, to press the advantage, and strike the critical minute. Foreign intelligence may have a spy in it, and therefore should be cautiously received; strangers (I call all such, except friends) may be designing in their advice, or, if they be sincere, by mistaking

mistaking the case, they may give wrong measures: but now an old friend has the whole scheme in his head; he knows the constitution, the disease, the strength, and the humour of him he assists; what he can do, and what he can bear; and therefore none so proper as he to prescribe, to direct the enterprise, and secure the main chance.

But, among all the offices of friendship, there is none that comes up to our aiding and assisting the soul of our friend, and endeavouring to advance his spiritual state, by exhortations and encouragements to all virtue, by earnest and vehement dissuasions from all sin, and especially by kind and gentle reproofs, where there is reason to presume an offence has been committed. This is so peculiarly the duty of a friend, that there is none besides so duly qualified for it. The reproofs of a relation may be thought to proceed from an affectation of superiority; of an enemy, from a spirit of malice; and of an indifferent person from pride and impertinence; and so be slighted: but when they come from one who loves us as his own soul, and come armed with all the tender concern that an unfeigned affection is known to dictate, they must of course take effect, and become irresistible. Self-love, like a false glass, generally represents the complexion better than nature has made it; men have no great inclination  
to

to be prying into their own deformities, and have such unwillingness to hear of their faults that whoever undertakes the work, had need have a strong prepossession in his favour; and therefore the friend, that alone is qualified for it, acts the part of a flatterer, and betrays the offender into security, when he sees him commit things worthy of blame, and yet silently passes them by. ‘Open reproof,’ says the wise man, ‘is better than such secret love; for faithful are the words of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.’

But though we are required to admonish our friend when we see him do amiss, yet the manner in which we are to do it, will require our utmost care, and shew our skill and address, as well as our love and esteem for him. ‘A word, fitly spoken,’ says Solomon, ‘is like apples of gold in pictures of silver: as an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.’ What gracefulness there is in colours judiciously chosen, and rightly put together; what agreeableness there is in the most valuable metals, so oppositely placed as to add to each other’s lustre; what beauty arises from the richest and choicest ornaments; such is the gratefulness, such is the excellency, such is the beauty of a wise reproof, fitted to the occasion of it, to the person and character of those

those that reprove; and of those that are reprov'd: and this, in the case of friends, ought certainly to be managed with all candour and kindness, with all meekness and humility, without any signs of bitterness, and words of reproach, or airs of superiority.

But though we are allowed in this manner to reprove the faults of our friend, yet are we to remember that this is to be done in private; and that no care must be wanting, on our parts, to conceal them from the knowledge of others. And it is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes, and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his errors, and to display his perfections; to bury his weakness in silence, and proclaim his virtues upon the house-top. This, as one expresses it, is an imitation of the charities of heaven, which, when the creature lies prostrate in the weakness of sleep, spreads the covering of night and darkness over it, to conceal it in that condition; but as soon as our spirits are refreshed, and nature returns to its morning vigour, God then bids the sun rise, and shine upon the day, both to advance and shew our activity.

These are some of the duties or approved qualities of friendship, viz. to be faithful in our professions, and zealous in our services, prudent in our advices, and gentle in our reproofs, to our friend; to be



be dumb to his secrets, silent to his faults, and full of the commendations of his virtues; and, where these are mutually practised, there is less danger of the remaining duty, which is constancy, or such a stability and firmness of friendship as overlooks and passes by all those lesser failures of kindness and respect, that, through frailties incident to human nature, a man may be sometimes guilty of; and yet still retain the same habitual good-will, and prevailing propensity of mind to his friend, that he had before. Alas! there is no expecting the temper of paradise in the corruption of the world: the best of people cannot be always the same, always awake and entertaining; the accidents of life, the indispositions of health, the imperfections of reason, must be allowed for; nor must every ambiguous expression, or every little chagrin, or start of passion, be thought a sufficient cause of disunion. ‘Ointment and perfume,’ says the wise man, ‘rejoice the heart; so does the sweetness of a man’s friend;’ whereupon it follows, ‘thine own friend and thy father’s friend forsake not.’ To part with a tried friend, and one that is grown old, as it were, in the service of the family, besides the injustice done him, is both unreasonable levity, such as argues a mind governed by caprice only, and egregious folly, such as prodigally cast away one of the greatest blessings of human

human life. For 'a faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure.' And as nothing can countervail a faithful friend, so when we have once entered into that relation, I know of nothing that should dissolve it, but either downright malevolence or incorrigible vice. These indeed strike at the fundamentals, and make a correspondence impracticable; but, even when the case comes to this unhappy pass, there is still a decency in the manner of our disunion, and prudence seems to direct that we should draw off by degrees, rather than come to an open rupture.

From what has been said on this subject, it seems plainly to follow, that every one is not qualified to enter into the relation of friendship, wherein there is occasion for largeness of mind and agreeableness of temper; for prudence of behaviour, for courage and constancy, for freedom from passion and self-conceit. A man that is fit to be made a friend of, must have conduct to manage the engagement, and resolution to maintain it; he must use freedom without roughness, and oblige without design. Cowardice will betray friendship, and covetousness will starve it; folly will be nauseous; passion is apt to ruffle; and pride will fly out into contumely and neglect: and therefore, to conclude with the wisdom of the son of Sirac, in relation to the choice of a friend, 'If

‘ thou wouldest get a friend, (says he) prove him first,  
 ‘ and be not hasty to credit him; for some man is a  
 ‘ friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the  
 ‘ day of thy trouble.’ As, again, ‘ some friend is a  
 ‘ companion at the table; in thy prosperity he will be  
 ‘ as thyself; but if thou be brought low, he will be  
 ‘ against thee, and hide himself from thy face.  
 ‘ Wherefore, prove thy friend first, and be not hasty  
 ‘ to credit him.

---

A CURIOUS ANECDOTE  
 RELATING TO A  
 LORD ABERGAVENNY,  
 IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

---

THE Lord of Abergavenny was so fierce and  
 hasty a young nobleman, that no servant or  
 gentleman in that house could continue long quiet,  
 but he would quarrel with them upon any small  
 cause, till Mr. Perrot came thither, whom the gen-  
 tlemen and serving-men perceiving to be of a bold  
 spirit, comely stature, good strength, and seemingly  
 courageous, they then told the young Lord of  
 Abergavenny, that there was a young gentleman  
 come to the house, who would match him.—“ Is  
 “ there such a one?” said he, “ let me see him.”—

And

And so coming where Mr. Perrot was, for the first salutation he asked him—"What, Sir, are you the "kill-cow that must match me."—"No," said Mr. Perrot, "I am no butcher; but if you use me no 'better; you shall find I can give a butcher's blow.'" "Can you so?" said he, "I will see that."—And so being both angry, they buckled, and fell to blows; in trial and continuance whereof, the Lord Abergavenny found that he had his hands full of him, and was rather over-matched in strength, and had no advantage of him in stomach, whereby he was willing to be parted from him. So the serving-men and other gentlemen in the Marquis's house, (when they found the young Lord Abergavenny unruly) would still threaten him with Mr. Perrot.

---

A MEMORABLE INSTANCE

OF

HONOUR AND INTEGRITY.

---

A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by

by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, (giving him half a peach) "you now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learned from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but, as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son; his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far, while the night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood; but God is just and good,

“good, and I thank him I am innocent of your’s;  
“and that my faith given is preserved.”

---

## THE STUDY OF MAN.

---

THE life of man is a mixed state, full of uncertainty and vicissitude, of anxieties and fears. For no man’s prosperity on earth is stable and assured; hence no study, to a thoughtful mind, can appear more important than how to be suitably prepared for the misfortunes of life, so as to contemplate them in prospect without dismay; and, if they must befall, to bear them without dejection.

Throughout every age, power has endeavoured to remove adversity to a distance.—Philosophy has studied when it drew nigh, to conquer it by patience: and wealth has sought out every pleasure that can compensate, or alleviate pain.

But religion has been no less attentive to the same important object. The defence which it provides is altogether of an internal kind.—It is the heart, not the outward state, which it professes to guard, by affording the distressed that security and peace, which arises from a belief of divine protection.—It  
opens

opens to them sources of consolation which are hidden from others. By that strength of mind with which it endows them, it sets them upon a rock, against which, the tempest may violently beat, but cannot shake; for it prepares the mind for encountering with fortitude, the most severe shocks of adversity.

---

GROSS ABUSES  
IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

---

**A**MONG the many improvements that have been suggested upon the present system of education, it appears extraordinary, that one abuse, which still subsists in full force, should either have been altogether disregarded, or at least, not animadverted on with the severity which it certainly deserves. I mean here that tyranny which is so shamefully exercised at most of the public schools in this kingdom, and those especially which are of the greatest eminence, by those more advanced in life over the younger part of their fellows. Scarcely a gentleman who has been bred up at any of these seminaries of instruction, but must recollect, with some degree of indignation, the unworthy treatment  
he

he endured, in his early years, from his tyrannical superiors.

This reflection will probably suggest another still more painful to a liberal and generous mind, that he himself as he advanced in years and strength, was so far misled by custom and the example of his associates, as to practise the same cruelty and insult which he had been before compelled to undergo. To particularize instances of such treatment, would be unnecessary. No man, educated at a public school, can deny that the younger part of those sent there for education are treated not only in a servile and humiliating, and often in a cruel manner, but are often made panders to the vices of their superiors.

The scandalous impropriety of tolerating such abuses must be obvious to every one; but it may not be amiss to point out more particularly to the public some of the pernicious consequences that may result from thence to the conduct and manners of the rising generation, and the degradation and consequent disgrace that must necessarily be brought upon the national character.

Previous, however, to these considerations, it will be proper to view the subject with a regard to humanity.

Can the epithet of a tender parent be justly applied to any one who exposes his children, at an early  
and



and defenceless age, to danger, mortification, and insult; to hazard, not incurred in the performance of any duty, and therefore unnecessary; and to the wanton infliction of pain and vexation, from which no good can be produced? We have of late years been entertained with frequent declamations concerning the cruelty of masters; of the humiliation and depression of mind that is so likely to accrue from the severe discipline of a cruel pedagogue, and much common-place harangue of a similar kind; but I am satisfied these complaints are without foundation; and are generally propagated by those who wish to deceive mankind into an opinion, that learning and science are attainable without labour and strict application; and that this secret is in the possession of some advertising master, who professes to teach in a few months, what is, perhaps, no very difficult task, to make his pupils as wise as himself: or, in other words, to teach ignorance without trouble. I apprehend, that there is more reason to blame the schoolmasters of the present age for too great relaxation of discipline, than for too severe exertion of it. Had that been properly supported, we should scarcely have seen such a mutinous disposition prevailing among the boys at the public schools in this kingdom, as has taken place of late years; which has arisen, not from over exertion of authority,

authority, but from want of it;—not from resentment of ill treatment, but from impatience of reasonable controul;—not from a spirit of liberty, but from a factious licentiousness of disposition, encouraged by the backwardness or timidity of those who superintended their conduct, in repressing their irregularities before they burst forth into outrage.

The continuance of the abuse here complained of is a sufficient proof, were there no other, that the authority of the masters is at too low an ebb, instead of being tyrannically exerted. No man who has the charge of education, but must condemn such a system of domestic and petty, yet often cruel, tyranny. Yet, how few, if any, take measures to overturn, or even to moderate it! they are sensible that the abuse is too deeply rooted to be redressed by such coercion as they have the spirit to employ.

But, in reality, the discipline of a master, however severe we can reasonably suppose it to be, must be much more tolerable to an ingenuous mind, than the tyrannical authority assumed by his equals. The chastisements of master, we may presume, are, in a good degree at least, regulated by discretion, and intended to reform what is really amiss; they can scarcely recur often to an individual, unless it is obviously the fault of him who suffers it; and they do not carry with them the sting of insult, which always

ways accompanies the wanton tyranny of those whom we are sensible have no right to the power they assume.

Let us now take a view of the subject in a rational or political light. It is an observation of the most eminent author now extant, the sacred writers excepted, ‘ That a man is deprived of half his worth ‘ to society by being made a slave.’ If this be true, can we think it a promising circumstance for the nation, that the youth, on whom the conduct of it will, probably, in time devolve, receive their first principle of conduct in a state of tyrannical subordination to their equals? Is it probable, that the impressions made at those years should leave no traces of their effects on the mind? What more improper system of education could be devised for a free people, than one which commences with the slavery of an individual, and ends with his becoming a tyrant? The latter, indeed, is the natural consequence of the former. Those who have suffered in this manner, are impatient to revenge themselves on others in their turn. It is remarked at the court of Turkey, that those eunuchs who have suffered the worst usage in the first stages of their preferment, become the most cruel and severe over their dependents, when they get into power. Were we to educate a Captain Bassa, or an Aga of the Janissaries, such methods  
might

might be proper, but are totally opposite to a truly British system. It is not indeed improbable, that some qualities might hereby be produced, which impose upon incautious observers for those which are congenial to liberty. It may teach faction an overbearing disposition, and an impatience of legal restraint; but it will not inculcate the necessity of respecting the rights of others equally with their own; it will not instruct them to value themselves principally, if not altogether, on personal merit, and to prefer the interest of the public to their own private emolument. In short, the object of obedience seems in our public schools to be at present misplaced. Instead of its being paid to the instructors and guardians of the conduct of the youth, it is transferred, in a great degree, to those who are least proper of any to be intrusted with it. The masters complain of want of authority; let them recover their lost influence by the noblest means possible, that of freeing from undue restraint those whom it is their duty to protect. Obedience, at present unnaturally diverted, will then return into its proper channel, and collecting there, will produce the best effects on the conduct and behaviour of our youth. It is probable, that, in every insurrection at a public school, not one twentieth part of those apparently concerned engage in it voluntarily. They are compelled by  
the

the menaces or ill-usage of their superiors to mutiny and complaint, of what, perhaps, not one sixth part understands even the pretended cause. Were this tyranny abolished, rebellions at such places would be no more; or if they should break out, we might conclude that they were occasioned by some real misconduct of the masters. Much danger to the younger part would be avoided, and much unnecessary uneasiness. Principles of equality, liberty, and justice, would naturally diffuse themselves; order and regularity would be respected when they were alone entitled to command respect. The attention would then fix on its proper point, and probably continue through life to produce such effects as might be hoped; namely, of obedience to the laws, and a zealous attachment to the free constitution of their country.

---

ANECDOTE  
OF  
ANN BOLEYN.

---

**W**HEN Dr. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, was beheaded, the executioner carried the head away in a bag, with an intent to have it set on London Bridge that night, according to the orders he had

had received. The Lady Ann Boleyn, who was the chief cause of this pious man's death, expressed a desire to see the head before it was set up ; accordingly it was brought to her, and, after viewing it some time, contemptuously said the following words: " Is this the head that so often exclaimed against me? I trust it shall never do any more harm."

---

## UNIVERSALITY OF CRITICISM:

BY S. WHITCHURCH,

IRONMONGER, OF BATH.

---

**H**ARD is his fate, in these censorious days,  
 Who rhymes for pleasure, or who writes for  
 Who rakes the embers of poetic fire, [praise;  
 And sings, as love or friendship may inspire,  
 Let but his weeping muse the grave attend,  
 And pay her tribute to a lifeless friend ;  
 Let him but dare, in undissembl'd woe,  
 To tell in print how pure his sorrows flow ;  
 Let him to public view expose his lyre,  
 Though fraught his numbers with poetic fire ;  
 Lo! *would-be* Criticks rise—a snarling band,

To

To damn the work, they cannot understand;  
 Their thick, their sapient, skulls together lay,  
 Whilst ign'rance dictates what they have to say;  
 They throw the blot of censure on his work,  
 And treat the author as they would a Turk.

Leaving his tea, his sugar, and his plumbs,  
 Licking his fingers, sucking both his thumbs,  
 The learned grocer, with sagacious look,  
 Makes shrewd remarks upon the hapless book.  
 Mechanic preachers next in rank appear,  
 At the poor poet, and his verse, to jeer;  
 To sever wood, or wield the spade design'd,  
 They think by rule, to sense and reason blind;  
 As ever us'd, so still they work, or preach,  
 And proudly arrogate the right *to teach*;  
 Still the same hackney'd subject they pursue,  
 And ne'er produce a single thought that's new.  
 Yet when a genius, bold and unconfin'd,  
 Dares to unlock the storehouse of his mind,  
 Dares to depart from systematic rules,  
 Dulness alarms these systematic fools;  
 Then fir'd with cruel rage they soon condemn  
 What can't be known, or understood, by them.—  
 Thus fiddlers, tinkers, now-a-days will sit,  
 And judgment pass on works of real wit;  
 Knights of the razor, heroes of the goose,  
 Painters, and cobblers, ready in abuse,

Bakers,

Bakers, and smiths, and all the vulgar crew,  
 Which ign'rance owns, and wisdom never knew,  
 Conspire to run the work of genius down,  
 And with disgrace its author strive to crown.  
 But peace, my muse, for tho' thy treatment rough,  
 When thou canst please thyself—think that enough.

BATH, 1790.

---

*Copy of a letter from Sir RICHARD STEELE, to Mrs. SCURLOCK, mother of the Lady whom he afterwards married, which will be very acceptable to such readers as are capable of properly estimating superior talents, and unbounded philanthropy. This letter exhibits a minute statement of his affairs, at a certain period, and displays such a disposition for domestic happiness, as, if universally cultivated, would be found an infallible specific for half the evils that embitter life.*

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

*Lord Sunderland's Office, Whitehall, Sept. 3, 1707.*

MADAM,

---

THE young Lady, your daughter, told me she had a letter from you of the 22d instant; wherein you gave her the highest marks of your affection and anxiety for her welfare, in relation to

G

me



me. The main prospect on these occasions, is that of fortune; and therefore, I shall very candidly give you an account of myself, as to that particular. My late wife had so extreme a value for me, that she, by fine, conveyed to me her whole estate, situate in Barbadoes, which with the stock and slaves (proper securities being given for the payment of the rent) is let for 850*l.* per annum, at half-yearly payments; that is to say, 425*l.* each first of May, and 425*l.* each first of December. This estate came to her incumbered with a debt of 3000*l.* by legacies and debts of her brother, whose executrix she was, as heirs. I must confess, it has not been in my power to lessen the incumbrance, by reason of chargeable sicknesses, and not having at that time any employment of profit. But at present, and ever since May last, I have been appointed by the Secretaries of State to write the Gazette, with a salary of 300*l.* a year, paying a tax of 45*l.* I am also gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness the Prince, with a salary of 100*l.* a year, not subject to taxes.

Thus my whole income is at pre-	£.
sent per annum - - - - -	1250
	<hr/>
Deduct the interest of 3000 <i>l.</i> - -	180
Taxes for my employment - - -	45
	<hr/>
	225
	<hr/>
Remains after these deductions	1025
	This

This is, Madam, the present state of my affairs; and though this income is so large, I have not taken any regard to lay up any thing further than just what pays the interest above-mentioned. If I may be so happy to obtain your favour, so as we may live together with singleness of mind, I shall readily go into such measures as shall be thought most advisable for our mutual interest; and if it is thought fit, will sell what I have in the Plantations. Your daughter acquaints me, there is a demand of 1400l. upon your estate, the annual income of which, is better than 400l. per annum. You have now the whole view of both our circumstances before you; and you see there is a foundation for our living in a handsome manner, provided we can be of one mind; without which I could not propose to myself any happiness or blessing, were my circumstances ever so plentiful. I am at a pleasing juncture in my affairs, and my friends in great power, so that it would be highly necessary for us to be in the figure of life we shall think convenient to appear in, as soon as may be, that I may prosecute my expectations in a busy way while the wind is for me, with just consideration, that about a court it will not always blow one way. Your coming to town is mightily to be wished. I promise myself the pleasure of a virtuous and industrious wife, in studying

to do things agreeable to you. But I will not enlarge  
into professions. I assure you, I shall always contend  
with you, who shall lay the greater obligations on  
the other; and I can form to myself no greater  
satisfaction than having one day your permission to  
subscribe myself, Madam,

Your most obedient son,  
and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

---

ODE TO WINTER.

---

COME, social Winter, with your hoary train,  
Come with the torch that lights to science cell,  
Peace be thy guide, in whose sequester'd fane  
The sage delights, the muses love to dwell.  
For thee I quit the flowery paths of ease,  
No more I stray thro' pleasure's airy walks,  
The autumn frowns, the leaves desert their trees,  
The songsters mope, the flowers leave their stalks.  
Welcome, fond nurse of contemplative hours,  
No more the sons of folly can delight ;

The

The trump of wisdom calls me to her bow'rs,  
 Where, at her sacred shrine, my vows I'll plight.  
 Hail! stately virtue, who attends thy throne  
 In all the majesty of heavenly birth,  
 A ray of glory brightens from her zone,  
 And beams immortal on her sons on earth.  
 Haste on thy pinions of celestial down,  
 With fostering care beguile each irksome hour;  
 May flattering Somnus, when I lay me down,  
 Caress my fancy with his magic pow'r.  
 In the deep gulph of knowledge let me dive,  
 And search for truth within her golden mine,  
 And from the fount of nature pure derive  
 Th' inspiring genius, and the bliss divine.

---

## ANECDOTE OF ROSS,

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

---

**I**N the year 1752, during the Christmas holidays,  
 I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs.  
 Pritchard played Milwood. Doctor Barrowby,  
 physician to St. Bartholomew's hospital, told me he  
 was

was sent for by a young gentleman, in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a slow fever, a heavy hammer pulse, that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he sighed at times so very heavily, that she was sure something lay heavy on his mind. The Doctor sent every one out of the room, and told his patient, he was sure that there was something that oppressed his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine, unless he would open his mind freely.

After much solicitations on the part of the Doctor, the youth confessed there was something that lay heavy at his heart, but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. The Doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would by every means in his power serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world, but to those who might be necessary to relieve him. After much conversation, he told the Doctor, he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept mistress of a Captain of an Indiaman then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been intrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two hundred

hundred pounds; that, going two or three nights before to Drury-lane, to see Rofs and Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of George Barnwell and Milwood, he was so forcibly struck, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The Doctor asked where his father was? He replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master upon his being taken so very ill. The Doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of *him*.

The father soon arrived. The Doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would step to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every thing would be settled in a few minutes, to his ease and satisfaction; that his father was gone to his banker's for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention, or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the  
 Doctor

Doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father came with notes to the amount of 200*l.* which he put into his son's hands—they wept, kissed, and embraced—the son soon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Dr. Barrowby never told me the name, but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury-lane theatre; and after telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, “ You have done “ some good in your profession; more, perhaps, “ than many a clergyman who preached last Sun- “ day;” for the patient told the Doctor, the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, he would dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words: “ A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly “ obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. “ Ross's performance of Barnwell !”

ON

## ON GOD.

**E**VERY serious person must trace the marks of an invisible hand, in all the variegated paths of life. He must acknowledge, that it is not in man who walketh to direct his steps; yea, he will rejoice to find they are ordered by the LORD, who delighteth in his way: and were we more observant of the hand of providence, many of our enquiries would be needless: we should see the path marked out before us; and if at any time, thro' mistake, we should turn either to the right hand, or to the left, we should hear a still small voice whispering behind,

“ This is the way, walk in it.”

Amaz'd, the wonders of thy God behold!  
 And meditate his mercies manifold.  
 Oh! happy time, when, shaking off this clay,  
 The human soul at liberty shall stray  
 Thro' all the works of nature! shall descry  
 Those objects which evade the mortal eye.  
 No distance, then, shall stretch beyond its flight,  
 No smallness 'scape its penetrating sight;  
 But, in their real essence, shall be shewn  
 Worlds unexplor'd, creations yet unknown.

ON



ON

## MEMORY AND REFLECTION.

---

**M**EMORY and Reflection are so intimately connected, that it has ever appeared to me an impossible thing, how a man can persist in a course of error and vice, who has not in a very considerable degree, weakened the powers of memory: and that they may be weakened by many indulgences, independently of the natural decay of the human faculties, is consistent with the experience of all mankind. Slight instances of this every man is acquainted with, who has been accustomed to review his conduct, but the most melancholy ones are in the case of those who are suddenly arrested in the career of wickedness by some temporal calamity, which confines them to solitude, and who very soon discover, with repentant surprise, that their present unhappy situation is occasioned by their having forgotten the duties prescribed in early life, sanctioned by universal experience, and bounded by all the adversities to which human beings are exposed.

And why is it that men forget that which it would be so much their advantage to remember?

Why

Why is it they forego the pleasures of the rational, for the more low and groveling indulgences of the animal being? Because, involved in more of the cares of life than contentment would require, and partaking of more of its pleasures than the mind has any necessity for, they have no leisure to abstract themselves from such employments, to turn inwards, and to scrutinize the nature of those things which seem to give most delight. It is wise, therefore, to appropriate certain times for this retrospective duty. It is wise now and then to withdraw to the indulgence of cool deliberation, and enquire how far that which has engaged the passions, and gratified the curiosity, be consistent with those laws which fashion cannot alter, and which the example of a multitude, however fascinating, cannot abrogate.

Of such opportunities for reflection, some are accidental, and some voluntary. The former are, though perhaps more irresistible, yet more precarious than the latter. Among many such, may be mentioned the death of friends, who have been endeared to us by a long interchange of mutual kindness; the sudden and unexpected bankruptcy, whether in fortune, or in character, of those for whom we have entertained a favourable opinion; or, the adversities that may have happened to ourselves, whether we have or have not exerted our best abilities to avert them.

them. To these may be added any great calamity fallen upon persons with whom we have no particular intimacy, which we must feel as good Christians; or any national disasters, in which, though we may not ourselves be directly involved, yet we have a natural relation as good citizens. These, I observe, may be termed accidental, and they may be precarious: it may be long before we meet with them, or we may meet with them seldom. But voluntary opportunities for reflection cannot be wanting to any man, who has not lost the power of thinking. That they ought to be frequent, may be urged from the great power the affairs of life have to draw us from ourselves; and that they ought to be seriously embraced, will equally appear from the obligations of virtue and religion, which are binding on every man, and immutable through all revolutions.

The conclusion of a year presents itself as one of those occasions, on which it is almost impossible to resist some intrusions of a thoughtful mind. It is by years we estimate the length of human life; the account is not long in any of us, and when we arrive at a number which is not very great, experience tells us that it is hardly possible we shall live to double it. But we may yet hope there is yet time to amend what has been amiss, and to render the evening of  
 life

life correspondent to the bright morning when our day commenced.

In reflecting upon the concluding year it will not escape any one, that it has been checquered with numerous vicissitudes, that have befallen those who had a part in our esteem, or our affection. Nor is it less obvious, that such occurrences are a striking confirmation of the shortness and uncertainty of time, and of how little avail it is to labour and toil to excess for that upon which we can place no rational dependence. More absurd yet will it appear, to have sacrificed our principles to the attainment of objects that yield so precarious a satisfaction. Better far is it to consider that, as time is short, it ought to be husbanded so as that we may have some consolation in reflecting upon the manner in which it has been spent; and as it is uncertain, in providing that we may not be unprepared or appalled, should we be called to leave life in the midst of our most engaging schemes.

‘ Divines,’ says a learned author, ‘ have, with great strength and ardour, shewn the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance;’ a degree of folly, indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time. We subject  
‘ our-

' ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which  
 ' early diligence would have obviated, or perplex  
 ' our minds by vain precautions, and make provi-  
 ' sion for the execution of designs of which the op-  
 ' portunity once missed never will return. As he  
 ' that lives longest, lives but a little while, every  
 ' man may be certain that he has no time to waste.  
 ' The duties of life are commensurate to its duration,  
 ' and every day brings its task, which, if neglected,  
 ' is doubled on the morrow. But he that has al-  
 ' ready trifled away those months and years in which  
 ' he should have laboured, must remember that he  
 ' has now only a part of that, of which the whole  
 ' is little.'

---

COPY OF A LETTER

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF

A CLERGYMAN,

LATELY DECEASED.

---

AT a village not far from B——, in Yorkshire,  
 lived the good old Honoria, with her two  
 daughters, Clarinda and Myrtila. Clarinda, whom  
 nature first brought *into this breathing world*, was  
 but

but second to her sister in what is generally called beauty, but she might have been called a fine woman; and if her good sense, virtue, and discretion, had been thrown into the scale against her sister's personal charms, the more considerate part of mankind would not have found themselves at a loss to know to which side the balance inclined. Myrtilia was greatly indebted to nature, for a genteel shape, an easy air, an elegant set of features, and a brilliant complexion. She had also a lively disposition, and (setting aside all her consciousness of her own perfections) a tolerable share of good-nature.

Honorina, whom fortune had, in some measure, made independent of the world, lived in a genteel, though not in a splendid style. She walked to church when it was dry, and had a coach to carry her in when it rained: she spared no expence which was thought necessary for the education of her daughters, and she divided her favours to them with so much impartiality, that it would be unjust to say she loved one of them better than the other.

Clarinda, two years older than her sister, had arrived to the age of one and twenty, when Valerius, a neighbouring gentleman, was in search of a wife, to share a very considerable estate, and imagined that he could no where stand a fairer chance than at ——. He accordingly made his addresses in form to the  
eldest

ON

## MEMORY AND REFLECTION.

---

**M**EMORY and Reflection are so intimately connected, that it has ever appeared to me an impossible thing, how a man can persist in a course of error and vice, who has not in a very considerable degree, weakened the powers of memory: and that they may be weakened by many indulgences, independently of the natural decay of the human faculties, is consistent with the experience of all mankind. Slight instances of this every man is acquainted with, who has been accustomed to review his conduct; but the most melancholy ones are in the case of those who are suddenly arrested in the career of wickedness by some temporal calamity, which confines them to solitude, and who very soon discover, with repentant surprise, that their present unhappy situation is occasioned by their having forgotten the duties prescribed in early life, sanctioned by universal experience, and bounded by all the adversities to which human beings are exposed.

And why is it that men forget that which it would be so much their advantage to remember?

Why

Why is it they forego the pleasures of the rational, for the more low and groveling indulgences of the animal being? Because, involved in more of the cares of life than contentment would require, and partaking of more of its pleasures than the mind has any necessity for, they have no leisure to abstract themselves from such employments, to turn inwards, and to scrutinize the nature of those things which seem to give most delight. It is wise, therefore, to appropriate certain times for this retrospective duty. It is wise now and then to withdraw to the indulgence of cool deliberation, and enquire how far that which has engaged the passions, and gratified the curiosity, be consistent with those laws which fashion cannot alter, and which the example of a multitude, however fascinating, cannot abrogate.

Of such opportunities for reflection, some are accidental, and some voluntary. The former are, though perhaps more irresistible, yet more precarious than the latter. Among many such, may be mentioned the death of friends, who have been endeared to us by a long interchange of mutual kindness; the sudden and unexpected bankruptcy, whether in fortune, or in character, of those for whom we have entertained a favourable opinion; or, the adversities that may have happened to ourselves, whether we have or have not exerted our best abilities to avert them.



them. To these may be added any great calamity fallen upon persons with whom we have no particular intimacy, which we must feel as good Christians; or any national disasters, in which, though we may not ourselves be directly involved, yet we have a natural relation as good citizens. These, I observe, may be termed accidental, and they may be precarious: it may be long before we meet with them, or we may meet with them seldom. But voluntary opportunities for reflection cannot be wanting to any man, who has not lost the power of thinking. That they ought to be frequent, may be urged from the great power the affairs of life have to draw us from ourselves; and that they ought to be seriously embraced, will equally appear from the obligations of virtue and religion, which are binding on every man, and immutable through all revolutions.

The conclusion of a year presents itself as one of those occasions, on which it is almost impossible to resist some intrusions of a thoughtful mind. It is by years we estimate the length of human life; the account is not long in any of us, and when we arrive at a number which is not very great, experience tells us that it is hardly possible we shall live to double it. But we may yet hope there is yet time to amend what has been amiss, and to render the evening of  
 life

life correspondent to the bright morning when our day commenced.

In reflecting upon the concluding year it will not escape any one, that it has been chequered with numerous vicissitudes, that have befallen those who had a part in our esteem, or our affection. Nor is it less obvious, that such occurrences are a striking confirmation of the shortness and uncertainty of time, and of how little avail it is to labour and toil to excess for that upon which we can place no rational dependence. More absurd yet will it appear, to have sacrificed our principles to the attainment of objects that yield so precarious a satisfaction. Better far is it to consider that, as time is short, it ought to be husbanded so as that we may have some consolation in reflecting upon the manner in which it has been spent; and as it is uncertain, in providing that we may not be unprepared or appalled, should we be called to leave life in the midst of our most engaging schemes.

‘Divines,’ says a learned author, ‘have, with great strength and ardour, shewn the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance;’ a degree of folly, indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time. We subject  
‘our-

' ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which  
 ' early diligence would have obviated, or perplex  
 ' our minds by vain precautions, and make provi-  
 ' sion for the execution of designs of which the op-  
 ' portunity once missed never will return. As he  
 ' that lives longest, lives but a little while, every  
 ' man may be certain that he has no time to waste.  
 ' The duties of life are commensurate to its duration,  
 ' and every day brings its task, which, if neglected,  
 ' is doubled on the morrow. But he that has al-  
 ' ready trifled away those months and years in which  
 ' he should have laboured, must remember that he  
 ' has now only a part of that, of which the whole  
 ' is little.'

---

COPY OF A LETTER

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF

A CLERGYMAN,

LATELY DECEASED.

---

**A**T a village not far from B——, in Yorkshire,  
 lived the good old Honoria, with her two  
 daughters, Clarinda and Myrtilla. Clarinda, whom  
 nature first brought *into this breathing world*, was  
 but

but second to her sister in what is generally called beauty, but she might have been called a fine woman; and if her good sense, virtue, and discretion, had been thrown into the scale against her sister's personal charms, the more considerate part of mankind would not have found themselves at a loss to know to which side the balance inclined. Myrtilia was greatly indebted to nature, for a genteel shape, an easy air, an elegant set of features, and a brilliant complexion. She had also a lively disposition, and (setting aside all her consciousness of her own perfections) a tolerable share of good-nature.

Honoria, whom fortune had, in some measure, made independent of the world, lived in a genteel, though not in a splendid stile. She walked to church when it was dry, and had a coach to carry her in when it rained: she spared no expence which was thought necessary for the education of her daughters, and she divided her favours to them with so much impartiality, that it would be unjust to say she loved one of them better than the other.

Clarinda, two years older than her sister, had arrived to the age of one and twenty, when Valerius, a neighbouring gentleman, was in search of a wife, to share a very considerable estate, and imagined that he could no where stand a fairer chance than at ———. He accordingly made his addresses in form to the  
eldest

ON

## MEMORY AND REFLECTION.

---

**M**EMORY and Reflection are so intimately connected, that it has ever appeared to me an impossible thing, how a man can persist in a course of error and vice, who has not in a very considerable degree, weakened the powers of memory: and that they may be weakened by many indulgences, independently of the natural decay of the human faculties, is consistent with the experience of all mankind. Slight instances of this every man is acquainted with, who has been accustomed to review his conduct; but the most melancholy ones are in the case of those who are suddenly arrested in the career of wickedness by some temporal calamity, which confines them to solitude, and who very soon discover, with repentant surprise, that their present unhappy situation is occasioned by their having forgotten the duties prescribed in early life, sanctioned by universal experience, and bounded by all the adversities to which human beings are exposed.

And why is it that men forget that which it would be so much their advantage to remember?

Why

Why is it they forego the pleasures of the rational, for the more low and groveling indulgences of the animal being? Because, involved in more of the cares of life than contentment would require, and partaking of more of its pleasures than the mind has any necessity for, they have no leisure to abstract themselves from such employments, to turn inwards, and to scrutinize the nature of those things which seem to give most delight. It is wise, therefore, to appropriate certain times for this retrospective duty. It is wise now and then to withdraw to the indulgence of cool deliberation, and enquire how far that which has engaged the passions, and gratified the curiosity, be consistent with those laws which fashion cannot alter, and which the example of a multitude, however fascinating, cannot abrogate.

Of such opportunities for reflection, some are accidental, and some voluntary. The former are, though perhaps more irresistible, yet more precarious than the latter. Among many such, may be mentioned the death of friends, who have been endeared to us by a long interchange of mutual kindness; the sudden and unexpected bankruptcy, whether in fortune, or in character, of those for whom we have entertained a favourable opinion; or, the adversities that may have happened to ourselves, whether we have or have not exerted our best abilities to avert them.

them. To these may be added any great calamity fallen upon persons with whom we have no particular intimacy, which we must feel as good Christians; or any national disasters, in which, though we may not ourselves be directly involved, yet we have a natural relation as good citizens. These, I observe, may be termed accidental, and they may be precarious: it may be long before we meet with them, or we may meet with them seldom. But voluntary opportunities for reflection cannot be wanting to any man, who has not lost the power of thinking. That they ought to be frequent, may be urged from the great power the affairs of life have to draw us from ourselves; and that they ought to be seriously embraced, will equally appear from the obligations of virtue and religion, which are binding on every man, and immutable through all revolutions.

The conclusion of a year presents itself as one of those occasions, on which it is almost impossible to resist some intrusions of a thoughtful mind. It is by years we estimate the length of human life; the account is not long in any of us, and when we arrive at a number which is not very great, experience tells us that it is hardly possible we shall live to double it. But we may yet hope there is yet time to amend what has been amiss, and to render the evening of  
life

life correspondent to the bright morning when our day commenced.

In reflecting upon the concluding year it will not escape any one, that it has been chequered with numerous vicissitudes, that have befallen those who had a part in our esteem, or our affection. Nor is it less obvious, that such occurrences are a striking confirmation of the shortness and uncertainty of time, and of how little avail it is to labour and toil to excess for that upon which we can place no rational dependence. More absurd yet will it appear, to have sacrificed our principles to the attainment of objects that yield so precarious a satisfaction. Better far is it to consider that, as time is short, it ought to be husbanded so as that we may have some consolation in reflecting upon the manner in which it has been spent; and as it is uncertain, in providing that we may not be unprepared or appalled, should we be called to leave life in the midst of our most engaging schemes.

‘Divines,’ says a learned author, ‘have, with great strength and ardour, shewn the absurdity of delaying reformation and repentance;’ a degree of folly, indeed, which sets eternity to hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time. We subject  
‘our-



Every thing was now settled according to their most sanguine wishes, and the day appointed to consummate their nuptials, when an affair happened which retarded them for some considerable time, and had nearly proved fatal to both parties. A few weeks previous to the period of which we are now speaking, some very serious disturbances had arisen between the natives of Bengal and the garrison of Calcutta; and several of the most respectable inhabitants, amongst whom was Julius, (who had got much into the good graces of the governor) were sent as a deputation to the natives, to endeavour, if possible, to settle matters in an amicable manner. Such an honour done to so young a person as Julius, we may be sure, flattered his vanity not a little, and the only objection he could make, was, that it would procrastinate his nuptials with Maria longer than they had intended; however, with Maria's consent, and at the repeated solicitations of the governor, he set out, expecting to return at farthest in five or six weeks. Berinthius, once more, in the absence of his rival, redoubled his assiduities; but Maria continued deaf to all his proposals, and he had resolved to abandon his pursuit for ever, when an accident happened which refreshed his hopes, and induced him to redouble his protestations. In the beginning of this history I informed the reader, that Monsieur  
de

de St. Pierre, though esteemed and respected, as he had never descended to those arts which disgrace too many Europeans in the Eastern world, had never been able to realize a fortune. He had, for some time past, suffered many considerable losses; and having at this time received accounts of the failure of a British merchant, a gentleman in whom he had always reposed an implicit confidence, and who, at that time, owed him very considerable sums; he was unable any longer to conceal his situation from the world. To add to his misfortune, he had some time before borrowed several large sums of Berinthius, who, hearing of these domestic misfortunes, again renewed his addresses, in hopes that the fear of poverty might induce them to consent to a match which they detested; but, finding them resolute in their refusal, and sensible that de St. Pierre was then unable to satisfy his demands, he required immediate payment of the different sums he had advanced him, and added, that imprisonment would certainly be the consequence of non-compliance. Monsieur de St. Pierre said every thing he could to convince him of the impropriety of such a demand, and of his inability to comply with it; but all to no purpose; and Berinthius left him in a rage, determined next morning to put his threats in execution. It is easier to imagine than describe the situation of poor  
 Maria

Maria at this moment, but her father seemed to give himself very little uneasiness on the occasion, endeavouring, as much as possible, to conceal his own feelings to alleviate his daughter.

Next morning arrived, and Monf. de St. Pierre arose at his usual hour, expecting every foot he heard to be the fatal messenger. He walked through the room for some time very much agitated; and, at last, calling a servant, desired Maria might speak with him. The servant soon returned with an answer, that his daughter was not to be found, and that she had not been seen that morning.

The old man, at this intelligence, concluding that some misfortune must have befallen her, rushed into the streets, frantic with despair, questioning every one he met respecting his daughter, but no daughter could be heard of. At last, passing accidentally the house where Berinthius lived, he overheard a female voice calling for assistance; and satisfied that it must be his daughter, he immediately, drawing his sword, rushed into the house, and flying to the room from whence the noise proceeded, was met by four natives, servants to Berinthius, who opposed his entrance; but de St. Pierre, become desperate, rushed upon them, and at last forced his way; but not before he had mortally wounded two of them, and disarmed the others. The lady was in  
fact

fact Maria, and Berinthius, the moment he observed de St. Pierre, quitted her to defend himself. Mons. de St. Pierre attacked his adversary with all the fury injured honour could inspire;—but Berinthius, who was young, healthy, and vigorous, would have soon got the better of de St. Pierre, had not Maria, while as yet the fatal sword was suspended to plunge into her father, rushed between them, and for a moment kept his fate suspended; and de St. Pierre, who now in his turn trembled for his daughter, by the most fortunate thrust in the world, not only saved Maria's life, but rendered his opponent unable to make any further resistance.

The room was now filled with people from all quarters, drawn thither by the clashing of swords, and the shrieks of Maria, who seeing the danger to which her father was exposed, ran through the house calling for assistance, and tearing her hair in all the agony of despair.

The wounds which Berinthius had received, in this *rencontre*, were much more serious than was at first apprehended; and, as fears were entertained for his recovery, de St. Pierre, by command of the governor, was taken into custody, to answer for his safety. Maria was now more inconsolable than ever, on seeing her father unjustly dragged to prison, and that too on her account: however, she deter-  
mined

mined, whatever punishment he might be doomed to suffer, they should suffer together, and she accordingly accompanied him to prison. Here Maria had leisure to explain to her father the circumstances of her appearance at the house of Berinthius. Morning no sooner appeared, than this virtuous young lady had set out, in order, if possible, to prevail on Berinthius to retract the sentence he had passed the preceding evening against her father; and, as they had used every other means in vain, to try if he would yield to the intreaties of one he affected to admire; but the heart of Berinthius was proof against compassion, and having never been able to gain her consent to marriage, had seized the golden opportunity to force her to his purposes, when her father so providentially arrived to her assistance. They passed the whole night in prison, without bestowing a single thought on sleep, but ruminating on the occurrences of the day; and morning at last arrived, when the keeper came with the joyful intelligence, that Berinthius, in consequence of his wounds, had expired late the preceding night, but not before he had exculpated de St. Pierre in the most unequivocal manner; and that, to shew his sincerity the more, he had, previous to his death, caused the bonds he held of Monf. de St. Pierre to be cancelled in his presence. The consequence of course was, that the gentleman

gentleman was immediately liberated amidst the plaudits of the whole city. Affairs were scarcely settled in this manner, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, when the disagreeable intelligence arrived, that the natives, in consequence of some recent insults they had received, added to the news of the murder of two of their number in the affair of Berinthius, had broken off all negotiation with the gentlemen deputed from Calcutta, and that their prince, taking part in the affray, had commanded that all Europeans, residing in his dominions, should be immediately thrown into prison: he likewise gave notice, that next day he should bring to trial such of them as were within his capital; amongst which number Julius had the misfortune to find himself and colleagues included.

The wretched Europeans, now giving up every thing for lost, waited their sentence with great composure; well convinced, that in that country their trial and condemnation were synonymous terms.—The fatal morning at last arrived, and the prince, seated on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers, commanded the prisoners to be brought forth.—As they were just about to proceed on the trials, they observed, amidst the immense multitude that surrounded them, an uncommon noise and tumult; and the prince, ordering immediate enquiry to be made  
into

into the cause of it, was informed that an European, who had escaped the search of the citizens, now stung with remorse for his crimes, demanded to be brought before their prince, and to share the same fate with his countrymen.—The stranger, who by this time had reached where the prince was seated, falling prostrate before him, thus exclaimed: “Mighty and illustrious prince, deign to listen to the intreaties of a wretch, who has rendered himself unworthy to live, by taking away the life of his fellow-creatures. I am the guilty wretch who last night was the cause of putting to death two of your subjects; on me then inflict the most severe punishment, but spare those innocent men.” The Emperor, astonished at the uncommon speech he had just heard, and revolving in his mind that nothing but conscious guilt could prompt one to such a confession, gave orders that the stranger, who by his own confession acknowledged himself unworthy to live, should be led to immediate execution; and that, in the mean time, the other prisoners should be remanded back to prison. The Europeans, who were no less astonished at this transaction than the natives themselves, no sooner heard this sentence than their astonishment was changed into pity and compassion for one who had, with such heroism, endeavoured to save their lives, and demanded

manded as a small consolation, that they might be at least allowed to see their deserving countryman.

Julius, who was amongst the foremost in this demand, marching boldly forward, judge what was his astonishment, his surprise, at seeing the face of this supposed stranger, when he immediately recognized his lovely Maria! Forcing his way, therefore, through all opposition, he seized her in his arms, in all the transports of love and admiration, and addressing himself to the prince, intreated that on him alone he might inflict the punishment of the law, but that the prisoner was entirely innocent. Finding, however, all remonstrances were in vain, he told him that the prisoner, now under sentence, was a woman, and of course unable to commit the crime alledged against her. The truth is, Maria, as soon as she found her father was at liberty, and getting acquainted with the dangers her lover was exposed to, immediately disguised herself, and entering the city while they were proceeding to the trial of the Europeans, was determined to use every effort to save him.

The prince, now more astonished than ever at such a strange discovery, interrogated Maria on the inducements she could have to undertake such an adventure. Maria was not ashamed to relate the whole of the matter; and the prince was so pleased with the candid and simple manner in which she told  
I
it,



it, that he immediately set them all at liberty; presented Maria with a purse of ten thousand rupees; concluded a peace much to the advantage of the English interest; and Julius, and his virtuous Maria, having spent some days with the prince, returned to Calcutta, where they were received with the greatest joy, and were soon after married. They lived happy together, and comfortable for a number of years, blessed with a numerous family, admired by the good, and envied by all—a pattern of virtue and constancy.

---

## ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

## LORD CHESTERFIELD.

---

**T**O say that his Lordship was one of the most celebrated wits of his time, as well as the polite gentleman, the philosopher, and the statesman, would be superfluous. The following anecdote having been imperfectly told, it cannot be displeasing to see it in its true light.

Lord Chesterfield, being in company with Pope, Bolingbroke, Swift, and all the great geniuses of  
that

that time, it was agreed to sport their genius in extempore *bons mots* upon glasses. It came to Pope's turn, when he begged the favour of Lord Chesterfield's ring, and wrote as follows:

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit,

"Two bad lines, by Stanhope's pencil writ."

Mr. Pope politely offered to return the ring, (worth near five hundred pounds) when Lord Chesterfield said, "No, Mr. Pope, pray wear it—for it fits your hand infinitely better than mine."

---

#### ANECDOTE OF A MISER.

---

A Miser, having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser, to baffle him, alledged that there was a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and, when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken nor the bag ript, the judge said to

the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had an hundred and ten pounds in it, you say;" "Yes, my Lord," says he: "Then," replied the judge, "according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be your money; for here are only an hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears."

---

## THOUGHTS

ON THE

TWO OPPOSITE PATHS PURSUED BY MAN

THROUGH THIS LIFE.

---

**T**HERE are but two general roads to go through this world; the *agreeable* and the *useful*. The first is taken by those who are in search only of pleasure, and devote themselves to the imaginary delights of delusive happiness; the second is pursued by those sages, whose sole ambition is solid advantage, even in the social commerce of mankind.

The path of pleasure wears an agreeable aspect, adorned on each side with fruit trees of exquisite beauty that delight the eye; but when a traveller is desirous

desirous of tasting them, they appear, like the apples of Sodom, to contain nothing but ashes. As we advance a little, fountains are to be met with, from whence flow the most exquisite wines: on every side are large fields covered with a variety of the finest flowers; and their fragrance exceeds even their charming appearance; this enchanting prospect is bounded by little eminences, on which are erected magnificent palaces, with fine gardens, laid out in the most elegant taste; orange and citron trees form the groves and bowers which invite to love. In these palaces mirth and festivity reign. In some apartments, tables are laid out with Epicurean repasts, and side-boards with delicious wines: in others are the most lovely females, who sue you to their embraces. Here is a concert of harmonious music, there is a ball in masquerade, and play of every kind; in another saloon dramatic performers repeat the lively sallies of the most brilliant wits. In fine, whatever passion can desire, or fancy can suggest, to please and gratify, is here called forth to amuse and delight the traveller.

In this pursuit of gaiety and dissipation, three-fourths of his life has already elapsed, when, on a sudden, he finds a weariness seize him from the extent of the road, which induces him to traverse a horrid desert, at the extremity whereof is a thatched cabin.

cabin. He perceives at the door an old man of shocking aspect, wan and meagre, his eyes sunk in his head, with grey locks interspersed with black flowing down his shoulders, whilst his garment bespeaks a variety of wretchedness. The traveller, though terrified at the stranger's shocking appearance, has nevertheless the fortitude to ask him who he is? "I am MISERY," replies the ghastly spectre, "placed here by the decrees of fate, to receive and lodge such travellers as come this way by the road of pleasure." The traveller, astonished at this reply, enquires if there is no other place in the neighbourhood, where he may repose himself? "Yes," rejoins *Misery*, "ten paces from hence resides my neighbour DESPAIR; but I must inform you, that of all the number who have thought proper to visit him, not one has ever returned; and your choice is now confined to fix your abode either with him or me, for such is the certain termination of that career of pleasure which you have so long pursued."

As to the *useful* path, it is of more difficult access; it can only be obtained by scaling steep mountains. In this arduous toil is the traveller's juvenile years passed, ere he can attain the summit of the eminence; being surrounded by the most dangerous precipices. During this period he has no other  
constant

constant companions than labour and anxiety, who indeed solace him with the charms and advantages of riches; and sometimes *Hope* attends him for a minute, and persuades him he will soon accomplish his journey. His own wishes and desires give credit to the flattering intelligence; and, being satisfied by the charm of these seducing promises, he gradually reaches the pinnacle of this tremendous mountain. Here he observes a fine plain, and a sumptuous palace of beautiful construction, standing in a happy situation. He gains intelligence of the name of this edifice, and to whom it belongs; and finds it is called *Convenience*, and the host's name is *Repose*. He is greatly pleased with this information, and hastens to reach the agreeable spot, in order to rest and refresh himself after his fatigue and toil. The master of the mansion allots him an apartment agreeable to his request; and *Hope* now whispers to him, "Here are you, at length, settled for the remainder of your days." The traveller is enraptured at this information, and begins to meditate on the means of making himself master of the whole palace. He forms schemes, and bewilders himself with projects to compass this design, as he is far from being contented at occupying only this little chamber; and when he fancies he has just suggested the plan that will secure him success, *Death*, with his  
ghastly

ghastly mien, appears and beckons him. He at first pays no attention to the summons; and when the grim tyrant approaches nearer, the traveller repulses his attacks, and bitterly complains of the cruelty of fate, which compels him so soon to quit a situation that promised him felicity, after it had cost him so much labour and trouble to attain it: but *death*, ever inexorable, seizes him without pity, and casts him in a ditch six feet in length, where, covered with earth, he serves for food for the worms, and obtains no other recompence for all his toil, but a few words graven on marble, which tells posterity, that such a one *was a prudent, industrious man, and made his way in the world by dint of incessant application and indefatigable vigilance.*

VANITAS VANITATUM, ET OMNIA VANITAS.

---

## ANECDOTE

or

DEAN SWIFT AND AN OLD WOMAN.

---

THE Doctor having some knowledge of an old woman, known by the name of Margaret Stiles, and who was very much addicted to intoxication, against which the Doctor repeatedly admonished

nished her, whenever he met with her; but, as he perceived, altogether without effecting any visible reformation, notwithstanding her seeming penitence and promises of amendment. One day, as the Dean was taking his evening walk, he saw Margaret in her usual state of inebriety, sitting by the foot-path on a bundle of sticks which she had tumbled down with; the Dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her "Where she thought of going to," (meaning after death.) 'I'll tell you, Sir,' (replied Margaret) 'if you will help me up with my wood,' which, after he had done, "Well, Margaret," demanded he, "now tell me?" 'Where do I think of going to,' (repeated Margaret, staggering and staring) 'why where there is the best liquor to be sure, Doctor.'

---

ON

TRAVELLING, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

---

I Have frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers, who have penetrated any considerable way Eastward into Asia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce



commerce or piety, and their accounts are such as might reasonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising, that, of such a variety of adventurers, not one single philosopher should be found among the number? For as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets, either in nature, or art, which might be transplanted with success. Thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret unknown to the chymist of Europe. In the most savage parts of India they are possessed of the secret of dying vegetable substances scarlet; and likewise that of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves; but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, in the same manner, had they been told the

the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home. Of all the English philosophers I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature; and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human controul. Oh! had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! And what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person, who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling, should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed: he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the arts of subsistence; he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of  
living

living comfortably; and the inhabitant of a more refined country in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher, thus employed, spend his time; than by sitting at home, earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue, or one monster more to his collection? or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or sculpture of cherry-stones.

I *never* consider this subject, without being surprised that none of those societies, so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most Eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers.

It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themselves, as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for an European to preserve his health in the country. The missionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there were no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his

his religion, in places where there were neither bread nor wine: such accounts, with the usual appendages of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary: but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magick: and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the devil.

It was an usual observation of Boyle, the English chymist, that if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that if the useful knowledge of every country, how soever barbarous, were gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many useful inventions, known or practised but in one place? The instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known in only a part of France. If such discoveries therefore remain still to be known at home, what funds  
of

of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans?

The caution with which foreigners are received into Asia, may be alledged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspicious, under the character of Sanjapins, or Northern pilgrims? To such, not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller properly qualified for these purposes, might be an object of national concern: it would in some measure repair the breaches made by ambition; and might shew that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots; who professed themselves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an enterprise. He should be a man of a philosophick turn, one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swollen with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian: his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourse with men. He should be, in some measure,  
an

an enthusiast to the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger.

---

ANECDOTE

OF

Mrs. MADDEN, AFTERWARDS LADY ELY,

RELATED BY MRS. BELLAMY, AS FOLLOWS.

---

**W**HILST I resided at the sheds of Clontarf, a ludicrous incident happened, which, though it was like to have been attended with serious consequences to me, still excites such laughable ideas in my mind, whenever it occurs to my recollection, that I cannot forbear relating it.

One day the beautiful widow Madden, afterwards Lady Ely, came down to pay me a visit. As it was a holiday, a circumstance my visitor had not recollected, and she had come early in order to spend the whole day with me, she accompanied me to a barn some few miles off, where the service of our church, for the convenience of the neighbouring peasants, was usually performed.

As

As the place was situated upon the sea-coast, the congregation, which was very numerous, chiefly consisted of fishermen and their families; and unluckily some circumstances happened, which put our gravity to the test, and counteracted the intentional devotion with which we entered the sacred shed.

The weather being uncommonly warm, and the barn much crowded, the effects soon became visible on the countenance of the sacerdotal gentleman that officiated. The subtle fluid produced by perspiration, in plenteous streams bedewed his visage, which obliged him to have frequent recourse to his handkerchief; and as that happened to be deeply tinged with blue, and never to have been used before, his face was soon adorned with various stripes of that colour, and exhibited a spectacle that would have extorted a smile from the most rigid anchorite.

My fair companion, who, by the bye, loved laughing more than praying, and preferred a joke to a homily, by frequent jogs with her elbow, drew my attention to the outré figure that now presented itself. In any other place, so ludicrous a scene would have afforded me the highest entertainment; but as I always make a point, and hope I ever shall, of behaving myself in a place of worship with that reverence and solemnity which is due to it, I was not to be tempted to forget where I was.

After

After the prayers were ended, the Minister gave an exhortation to his auditors; and now, by the quaintness of some of his expressions, rendered that hilarity which his be-plastered countenance had first excited in my companion's mind, ungovernable. In the course of his oration, he took occasion to introduce the fall of our first parents. When addressing himself to the female part of his congregation, who, as I have already said, were fish-women, he exclaimed, with a much stronger tincture of the Hibernian brogue than even some of our present preachers, "Your mother Eve sold her immortal soul, and  
 "with it all mankind, for an apple; but such is your  
 "depravity, ye wretches, that you would sell your  
 "souls for an oyster; nay, even for a cockle."

Though my fair friend had been hitherto able to keep her risible faculties within tolerable bounds, an expression so replete with low humour—so truly ludicrous—was not to be withstood; she burst into a loud and violent fit of laughter, and hurrying out of the rustic chapel, left me to encounter the rage of the offended priest and his enthusiastic auditory.

It was happy for me, that I had even then obtained the reputation of being a devotee, as the clergyman instantly put a stop to his exhortation, and addressed himself particularly to me. He told me that if he were not well assured, from the general



tenor of my behaviour, and the character I bore, that I was incapable of countenancing such a flagrant affront to the Deity, he would cause me to be expelled from the mother church; but as he hoped that that was not the case, he would forgive my bringing with me a person, who, having no devotion herself, had dared to disturb those who had, if I would inform him of her name. In order to appease the offended priest, I gave him my word that I would send to him; and the service concluded without any farther interruption.

As to Mrs. Madden, she prudently mounted her horse, and returned with all speed to my lodgings; she otherwise would have stood a chance of being in the same predicament as poor Orpheus was; the common people of that country being no less revengeful, when their religious rights are supposed to be concerned, than the Thracian dames could be for the indifference shewn to their sex by the son of Apollo.

Agreeable to my promise to the priest, I sent to him soon after; not, indeed, to acquaint him with the name of my imprudent companion, but to endeavour to palliate her offence. Fortunately, Mr. Crump was his penitent, by whose means the affair was at length made up. And this interference was the only part of his conduct, with regard to myself, that I ever was pleased with.

THE

THE SOCIAL ATTACHMENT

OF

ANIMALS.

---

**T**HERE is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together. But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe,

still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows, with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her, but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, still she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture. Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped, with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when he puts the following

ing sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken:

Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape.

---

WE have remarked in a former letter how much incongruous animals, in a lonely state, may be attached to each other from a spirit of sociality; in this it may not be amiss to recount a different motive, which has been known to create as strange a fondness.

My friend had a little helpless leveret brought to him, which the servants fed with milk in a spoon, and about the same time his cat kitted, and the young were dispatched and buried. The hare was soon lost, and supposed to be gone the way of most fondlings, to be killed by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling with little short inward notes of complacency such as they use towards their kittens, and something gambolling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to support with great affection.

Thus

Thus was a graminivorous animal nurtured by a carnivorous and predacious one!

Why so cruel and sanguinary a beast as a cat, of a ferocious genus of *feles*, the *murium leo*, as Linnæus calls it, should be affected with any tenderness towards an animal which is its natural prey, is not so easy to determine.

This strange affection probably was occasioned by that desiderium, those tender maternal feelings, which the loss of her kittens had awakened in her breast; and by the complacency and ease she derived to herself from the procuring her teats to be drawn, which were too much distended with milk, till, from habit, she became as much delighted with this foundling as if it had been her real offspring.

This incident is no bad solution of that strange circumstance, which grave historians, as well as the poets, assert, of exposed children being sometimes nurtured by female wild beasts that probably had lost their young. For it is not one whit more marvellous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant state, should be nursed by a she-wolf, than that a poor little sucking leveret should be fostered and cherished by a bloody grimalkin.

ANÉCDOTE

## ANECDOTE

or

## JAMES I. KING OF ENGLAND.

OF all the qualities which marked the character of James I. King of England, there was none more contemptible than a pedantic disposition, which he had obtained from a narrow, though a laborious education. Some school-learning he had, the fruits of that unwearied application which is often united to mean parts. Of that learning he was ridiculously vain. His vanity was much heightened by the flattery he had met with from the minions of his English court. He was eager for an opportunity of displaying it to the whole nation: the opportunity was offered him by a petition from the Puritans, for a reformation of fundry articles of the established church. James gave them hopes of an impartial debate, though he mortally hated all the reformers, for the restraints they had laid upon him in his Scotch government. In this debate, James was to preside as judge; and an assembly of churchmen and ministers met at Hampton-Court for this purpose. From judge he turned principal disputant, silencing all opposition by his authority and loquacity,

loquacity, and closed his many arguments with these *powerful* ones. "That Presbytery agreed as well  
 "with monarchy, as God with the devil; that he  
 "would not have Tom and Dick and Will meet to  
 "censure him and his counsel. If this be all your  
 "party hath to say, I will make them conform them-  
 "selves; or else I will *barrie* them out of the land,  
 "or else do worse—only hang them—that's all!"  
 Great was the exultation and adulation of church-  
 men and courtiers on this occasion. Chancellor  
 Egerton cried out, 'He had often heard that roy-  
 'alty and priesthood were united, but never saw it  
 'verified till now.' Archbishop Whitgift carried  
 his flattery still farther; 'He verily believed the  
 'king spoke by the spirit of God.'

---

## ANECDOTE

or

### BISHOP BERKELEY.

---

**T**HE very ingenious and amiable Bishop  
 Berkeley, of Cloyn, in Ireland, was so en-  
 tirely contented with his income in that diocese, that  
 when offered by the late Earl of Chesterfield (then  
 Lord

Lord Lieutenant) a bishoprick much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it with these words:

“ I love my neighbours, and they love me: why “ then should I begin, in my old days, to form new “ connexions, and tear myself from those friends “ whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I “ can enjoy?”—Acting, in this instance, like the celebrated Plutarch, who, being asked, “ Why he “ resided in his native city, so obscure and so little?” answered, ‘ I stay, lest it should grow less.’

---

## RELIGION

### THE ONLY FOUNDATION OF CONTENT;

#### AN EASTERN STORY:

---

**O**MAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabes, which rises on the coast of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction



straction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city; the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me: and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request:

"It is now six years, since our mighty Lord, the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression; the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of  
age

' age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I  
 ' who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no  
 ' good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing  
 ' at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling.  
 ' He looked round with a smile of complacency;  
 ' perceiving that though it was mean it was neat,  
 ' and that though I was poor I appeared to be con-  
 ' tent. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I  
 ' hastened to receive him with such hospitality as  
 ' was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather  
 ' increased than restrained by his presence. After  
 ' he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many  
 ' questions; and though by my answers I always  
 ' endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I per-  
 ' ceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with  
 ' a placid but fixed attention. I suspected he had  
 ' some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his  
 ' country and his name.' " Hassan," said he, " I  
 " have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied;  
 " he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sove-  
 " reign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of  
 ' Medina, and whose commission is from above."  
 ' These words struck me dumb with astonishment;  
 ' though I had some doubt of their truth: but Al-  
 ' malic, throwing back his garment, discovered the  
 ' peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet  
 ' upon his finger. I then started up, and was about  
 ' to

‘ to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me.’ “ Hassan,” said he, “ forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.” ‘ I answered, Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.’ “ Hassan,” he replied, “ I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish.

“ By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content; and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition to exalt thee, which would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.” ‘ He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

‘ As

‘ As soon as I recovered from the confusion and  
 ‘ astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began  
 ‘ to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his  
 ‘ bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly,  
 ‘ which was the concomitant of poverty and labour.  
 ‘ I now repined at the obscurity of my station,  
 ‘ which my former insensibility had perpetuated:  
 ‘ I neglected my labour, because I despised the re-  
 ‘ ward; I spent the day in idleness, forming roman-  
 ‘ tic projects to recover the advantages which I had  
 ‘ lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that  
 ‘ sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to  
 ‘ rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I  
 ‘ dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue,  
 ‘ of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and  
 ‘ waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished.  
 ‘ My health was at length impaired by the inquietude  
 ‘ of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsist-  
 ‘ ence: and reserved only a mattrafs, upon which I  
 ‘ sometimes lay from one night to another.

‘ In the first moon of the following year, the  
 ‘ Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same se-  
 ‘ crecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing  
 ‘ once more to see the man, whom he considered as  
 ‘ deriving felicity from himself. But he found me,  
 ‘ not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and  
 ‘ vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected,  
 ‘ fitting

' sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which  
 ' contributed, to substitute the phantoms of imagina-  
 ' tion for the realities of greatness. He entered  
 ' with a kind of joyful impatience in his counte-  
 ' nance, which, the moment he beheld me, was  
 ' changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had  
 ' often wished for another opportunity to address  
 ' the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence,  
 ' and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand  
 ' upon my head, and was speechless. "Hassan,"  
 ' said he, "what canst thou have lost, whose wealth  
 " was the labour of thy own hand; and what can  
 " have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was  
 " in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee?  
 " Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy."  
 ' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied,  
 ' Let my Lord forgive the presumption of his ser-  
 ' vant, who, rather than utter a falsehood, would be  
 ' dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the  
 ' loss of that which I never possessed; thou hast  
 ' raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou  
 ' shouldst satisfy: but why should it be thought  
 ' that he, who was happy in obscurity and indigence,  
 ' would not have been rendered more happy by  
 ' eminence and wealth?'

' When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood  
 ' some moments in suspense, and I continued prof-  
 ' trate

'trate before him. "Hassan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I  
 "mistook thy character; I now discover avarice  
 "and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only  
 "because their objects were too remote to rouse  
 "them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to  
 "oppression; and because I would not be compelled  
 "to punish thee, for crimes which I first enabled  
 "thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee  
 "that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify  
 "the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me  
 "of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to  
 "thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me." 'I  
 'sprung from the ground as it were with the wings  
 'of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an  
 'extacy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out  
 'of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped  
 'from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the  
 'caravanfera in which he lodged; and after he had  
 'fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina.  
 'He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was  
 'attended by his own servants; my provisions were  
 'sent from his own table; and I received every  
 'week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the  
 'most romantic of my expectations. But I soon  
 'discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the  
 'food

‘ food to which labour procured an appetite; no  
 ‘ slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited;  
 ‘ and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which dili-  
 ‘ gence is expecting its reward. I remembered  
 ‘ these enjoyments with regret; and while I was  
 ‘ fighting in the midst of superfluities, which though  
 ‘ they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they  
 ‘ were suddenly taken away.

‘ Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his king-  
 ‘ dom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired sud-  
 ‘ denly in the bath; such, thou knowest, was the  
 ‘ destiny, which the Almighty had written upon his  
 ‘ head.

‘ His son Abubeker, who succeeded to the throne,  
 ‘ was incensed against me, by some who regarded  
 ‘ me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly  
 ‘ withdrew my pension, and commanded that I  
 ‘ should be expelled the palace; a command which  
 ‘ my enemies executed with so much rigour, that  
 ‘ within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of  
 ‘ Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger  
 ‘ and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all  
 ‘ the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart de-  
 ‘ spise me, thou whom experience has not taught,  
 ‘ that it is misery to lose that which it is not happi-  
 ‘ ness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had  
 ‘ not been written on the tablets of Providence! I

‘ have

' have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed ! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasure of neither can return.' Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till his agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, " My son," said he, " more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubeker take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

" Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; but when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldest not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed

L

" was



“ was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress  
 “ which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action.  
 “ Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things:  
 “ put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the  
 “ wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good: fix  
 “ thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of  
 “ which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and  
 “ the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy  
 “ labour; thy food shall be tasteful again, and thy  
 “ rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will be  
 “ added stability, when it depends not upon that  
 “ which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which  
 “ is expected in heaven.”

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction  
 impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate  
 himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned  
 upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he  
 returned to his labour with cheerfulness: his devo-  
 tion became fervent and habitual: and the latter  
 days of Hassan were happier than the first.



## ORIGINAL ANECDOTE

OF A

## COUNTESS,

WHO WENT A BEGGING.

---

THIS extraordinary incident, which was for many years proverbial in some parts of Staffordshire and Worcestershire, occurred about the beginning of the reign of George I. During the depth of an extreme hard winter, a charity sermon being preached at the parish church of Endfield, near Endfield-hall, a seat of the Lady Grey, near Stourbridge, Worcestershire, her Ladyship, who attended, was so affected by the pathetic address of the rector, that in order to sound the charitable dispositions of the hearers, most of whom she knew, she disguised herself in the habit of a beggar, and traversing the parish a whole day, the greatest part of which it snowed, she soon found that very few of the congregation, any more than the preacher, retained similar impressions of commiseration with herself after the sermon; and what was most remarkable, among a number of scanty pittances which with no small address she obtained, that of the Rev. Divine, though

a man of considerable estate, was the least of all; in fine, where she expected most, she obtained the least; only one poor cottager, an aged woman, asked her to come in and warm herself in the course of the day. The alms she had received elsewhere she had saved in a bag, which she was provided with. This aged woman, who was baking when she came to the door, made the unknown Countess sit down by the fire, while she baked her a cake in the mouth of the oven. The consequence of this unexpected kindness was, that the Lady, assuming her real character, the day after invited all her benefactors to a feast; but when they entered the hall, though there were two tables, only one of them was furnished with the fare of the season; but the other was, to the unspeakable surprise of the guests, garnished with the identical alms they had so illiberally bestowed before upon the noble beggar; a label specifying the portion of each; and finally, an explanation, and a most severe lecture by the lady, increased their confusion beyond all conception; whilst the different treatment of the poor cottager, &c. and an annual stipend settled upon her by the Lady, stamped her ever after with the love and respect of the whole country.

## AN ESSAY

ON THE

## FALSEHOOD OF MEN.

**T**HE generality of mankind are very apt to be severe on the ladies, on account of their ambition for coronets, their passion after wealth, and their inclination for parade. Time out of mind has it been a standing joke, that a red rag was a bait both for women and mackarel, and that where a celebrated toast might possibly be proof against the attacks of opulence and title, she has surrendered in an instant, at discretion, to a scarlet coat.

There may be some truth, perhaps, in these accusations; but if the ladies were to recriminate ever so little, we should find that the mighty lords of the creation, nine out of ten, are infinitely more sordid in their dispositions, and ridiculous in their pursuits, notwithstanding all the boasted superiority of their understandings, than those women whom they affect to treat with so much indifference and contempt.

When a young fellow, now-a-days, begins to look out for a wife, the first enquiry which is made relates  
not

not to the beauty of her person, or the accomplishments of her mind, but to her future expectations, and the present weight of her purse: whether she is a fury or a fool is a matter of no consequence; the greatness of her fortune stifles every other consideration, and, as if there were no possibility for the virtues to dwell any where but with opulence, he takes her without knowing whether she is possessed of any one, and gains the approbation of the whole world for so prudent a solicitude about the main chance.

As we know that the foregoing method is the general criterion of conduct among the men, why should they be offended with the fair sex for making it the standard of theirs?—Is it more surprising that a woman should marry a lumpkin for his money, than that a man should give his hand to a fool for her fortune?

Charles Courtly for a long time paid his addresses to Miss Harriet Hartley, and was fortunate enough to engage her esteem; a day was appointed for the wedding, friends were invited, clothes were made, and no preparations were omitted for the proper celebration of the solemnity. Two days before the appointed one, a widow, with a large jointure at her own disposal, made some advances to him. He was caught. The desire of having an unnecessary dish at dinner, or a useless set of horses in his stable, prevailed

prevailed over his honour and his love, and he sold that hand to a superannuated simpleton, which he had before, in the most solemn manner, promised to exchange with the every way engaging Harriet.—  
“ O shame! where is thy blush?”

---

## THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.

A TALE.

---

**L**AURA was one of the six daughters of Mr. Hartley, who resided in a small village in the county of Hereford, on an estate which he inherited from his ancestors. Laura was the eldest child; and from her birth had been the favourite of a maiden aunt, who left the whole of her property to her infant niece. The amount of the old lady's personal estate was very considerable; and that of her real formed an income of five hundred pounds a year. The residence of this relative was at a small distance from the village; and, being surrounded by a few scattered cottages, was denominated the Hamlet. Hence the heir to her fortunes acquired the appellation of—“ The Maid of the Hamlet.”

When

When Laura had obtained her eighteenth year, she found herself surrounded by a numerous levee of admirers; some of whom paid their court with a view of sharing the establishment which her departed relative had provided her; others were actuated by less interested motives; but none had effected the smallest impression on her heart.

Among the circle of her acquaintance, was admitted the only son of the curate of the village; a youth of modest mien and unassuming manners. Vincent Plomer had a heart susceptible of the most tender sensations: can it then be wondered at, that the united efforts of worth and beauty, which were eminently conspicuous in the mind and person of the fair Laura, should kindle in his breast the ardent flame of love? Such, indeed, were their effects on the humble Vincent; yet dare he not reveal the secret of his fondness. With much concern, his aged father saw the alteration which was daily making in his constitution: frequently would he urge him to disclose the cause of the grief which preyed on his mind, and drained from his cheek the bloom of health. Still he denied that he was unhappy; and strove, by a forced cheerfulness, to convince his friends of their mistake.

Vincent during his residence at the University, among his numerous studies, had made a considerable

able progress in the science of musick, of which he was always passionately fond. He played on several instruments; but his favourite was the German-flute, his execution on which was exquisitely fine.

Laura, was also much attached to musick, would frequently importune Vincent to play some of the most favourite airs then in vogue; and the pleasure hereceived in obeying the wishes of the woman he loved was too great to be resisted.

Calling accidentally in one of her evening walks at the parsonage, she discovered Vincent in his study, sitting at a table with a pencil in his hand, in the attitude of drawing. So attentive was he on the subject before him, that he heard not the entrance of Laura; who, crossing the room in soft and wary step, peeped over his shoulder, and beheld an admirable likeness of herself nearly in a finished state.

The thought, which she had long cherished, that he entertained a fond regard for the original, at this moment recurred to her mind with increased force; and she concluded that the concealment of his passion was the cause of his declining health and dejected spirits. Retreating a few paces from his chair, she sauted the attentive artist, who instantly rose; and, by his embarrassed address, confirmed the suspicion she had imbibed.

To



To the eyes of Laura, the features of Vincent were more than usually pale and languid. She intimated her thoughts of the visible decline there appeared in his constitution; observed, that the alteration could only be attributed to some hidden cause, which preyed on his mind; and lamented the error he committed in denying his friends the privilege of partaking in his sorrows and administering to his griefs.

Vincent thanked her for the concern she expressed for his happiness; and assured her that he should ever retain a due sense of the friendship and esteem with which she honoured him.

“Come, come, Vincent,” said Laura, with a smile of bewitching sweetness, “make me your confidant. I will not betray the trust, or my honour. Say, has not some girl got the possession of your heart? and is not love the source of your uneasiness?”

Vincent sighed heavily; and, taking up his flute, played, in the most pathetic manner—

“How sweet the love that meet’s return!”

His fair auditor listened with the most profound attention to the melancholy cadence of his favourite air; and Vincent, casting a glance on the attentive beauty, saw the tears of sensibility glistening in her lovely

lovely eyes. It was a favourable omen. A beam of joy darted through his frame; the dawn of hope rose in his lorn bosom; and though it did not remove, it in some measure dissipated the gloom of despair.

‘What favoured object, Madam,’ said Vincent, perceiving Laura deeply absorbed in thought, ‘has the happiness to engage your attention?’ The lucid drop still trembled in her eye, and an involuntary sigh escaped her bosom, ‘Has my too officious care,’ resumed the anxious youth, ‘to oblige the lovely Laura, waked in her mind the remembrance of some painful incident? Does she in silence mourn the pangs of unrequited love? It cannot be! Such worth, such beauty, the coldest heart—’

The unexpected entrance of his father checked the rapturous Vincent, and barred the progress of a conversation which promised to be very interesting.

Mr. Plomer, after paying his respects to Laura, addressed himself to Vincent; who had taken the opportunity which his father’s conversation with Miss Hartley afforded, to recover himself from the embarrassment he felt at this sudden and unexpected interruption. “I have just received a letter,” said Mr. Plomer, “from my college friend; who informs me, that he has obtained a curacy for you some short distance from Cambridge. I therefore  
“ would

“ would have you, my son, return to the University ;  
 “ and, at the ensuing ordination, receive the necessary  
 “ qualifications for accepting the office he has  
 “ generously employed his interest to procure.”

‘ Your wishes, Sir,’ returned Vincent, ‘ to me  
 ‘ are absolute commands. Little preparations,’  
 added he, ‘ will be necessary for my journey: I will  
 ‘ therefore take my departure in the morning.’

“ In the morning, Sir?” with eagerness, asked  
 Laura.

‘ No, Vincent!’ said Mr. Plomer; ‘ important  
 ‘ as the business is, it requires not the dispatch you  
 ‘ propose. A few days will be necessary for you to  
 ‘ take leave of your friends, whose partiality and  
 ‘ esteem ask a more liberal return than the time you  
 ‘ have fixed will enable you to pay.’

Vincent bowed assent: and, after a short conversation, but ill-supported on the part of the young people, Laura rose to take her leave. Vincent solicited permission to attend her home; and the pleasure which Laura experienced in his company, would not permit her to decline his politeness.

The superior merits of Vincent—abstracted from his personal accomplishments, which, though not strictly meriting the proud distinction of beauty, were particularly striking and engaging—had long attracted the attention of Miss Hartley; and if, on  
 a strict

a strict examination of her heart, she could acquit it of the charge of love, she certainly cherished a regard for him, not very much differing in nature from that tender passion. It is true, that she had, with becoming prudence, resisted the advances of the smiling deity, and in a great measure suppressed the wishes of her heart, aware that many obstacles would occur to prevent her union with the son of a poor and humble curate.

Mr. Hartley, it must be observed, though possessed of many excellent qualities, was a man of no little pride; and thought too much of his family descent, which boasted some of the most distinguished characters in the annals of history, either as statesmen, warriors, or eminent divines, to be easily prevailed on to bestow his daughter on one whose only boast was intrinsic merit. A poor and bootless recommendation in the present age of refined sentiment!

But to return to our lovers—for such, from this moment, the reader may consider them—slowly pacing a grove of firs, through which their road to the Hamlet lay; where we shall find them lost in deep reflection, and profound silence, save when the half-smothered sigh from either breast forced its painful passage. At length, the trembling youth, summoning all his courage, ventured to address the thoughtful maid:—

“ A few

“ A few short hours,” said he, in a melancholy tone of voice, “ and I shall no more enjoy the converse of each social friend; nor—what is bliss still greater far than these—with Laura stray through fields, where summer spreads her lovely blossoms to the wondering eye, and blushing Flora exalts her balmy sweets. Yet shall remembrance often dwell, enraptured, on each bliss which, in these secluded shades, my bosom knew; and fancy, from the wreck of time, revive each pleasing scene. But, chiefly, shall memory trace my Laura’s lovely form, and bring to fond imagination’s eye those matchless charms, and that unrivalled worth, it boasts.”

‘ And am I, Vincent, so dear to you? will you, in absence, hold me in your thoughts?’ enquired the blushing maid.

“ Come along, Jack!” said a rough voice, behind them. “ This is she we are looking for.”

The astonished lovers turned, to learn from whence the threatening sound proceeded; and beheld two men, with crape over their faces, advancing towards them.

As soon as the ruffians had reached the astonished pair, one of them seized Vincent by the arm; and, pointing a pistol to his breast, menaced him with instant death, if he dared to stir or speak. His companion,

companion, in the mean time, laid hold of Laura; who, sinking from his grasp, fell lifeless to the ground. The sight of the maid, whom he tenderly loved, in this perilous situation, roused the indignant spirit of the astonished Vincent; and, snatching the pistol which the villain pointed at his breast, he lodged its contents in his body, and brought him to the ground. His companion, seeing him fall, hurried from this scene of death; first discharging his pistol at Vincent, who unfortunately received the ball in his left shoulder.

Vincent's whole attention was now directed to the fainting Laura; who soon revived from this transitory state of death; and the first object that met her returning senses was her gallant lover.

"Hasten with me, my dear Laura," said he, "from this scene of horror! let us seek your father's mansion, where only we shall be safe; for still I fear danger surrounds us. This weapon," continued he, snatching a sword from the fallen villain's side, who lay weltering in his blood, and heaving deadly groans, "will be our sure defence, should the monster who has escaped return to execute his horrid purpose." Without waiting her reply, he raised the trembling beauty from the ground, and hurried her out of the grove. Fear lent them strength, and added swiftness to their steps. Just as they

they had reached the lawn that fronted the house of Mr. Hartley, the wounded lover found his strength exhausted; and, leaning on his sword, said—"I can go no farther, Laura! Here must I lay me down, till my wasted strength returns. A few short paces, and you will reach a place where danger has no dwelling. Fly, then!" added he, throwing himself on the ground; "and, ere too late, send me some friendly help."

The perturbed state of Laura's mind, from the rude treatment of the ruffians, had prevented her from discovering the situation of her deliverer; and, till this moment, she was a stranger to his being wounded. Swift as the winged arrow speeds its rapid flight, the lovely mourner bounded over the lawn; and meeting her father at the entrance of the house, who, beholding from a window her unusual haste, came to enquire the cause, rushed into his arms; and with wildness in her looks, and a trembling voice, informed him of Vincent's situation, and urged him to hasten to his assistance.

Mr. Hartley called his servants, and proceeded to the bottom of the lawn; where they found the brave youth so faint, through loss of blood, as to be totally incapable of speaking. With the assistance of his attendants, Mr. Hartley conveyed him to his house; and, having laid him on a bed, dispatched a messenger

a messenger for the surgeon of the village. Every possible care was taken of the unfortunate youth. The ball was extracted without much difficulty; and his surrounding friends had the happiness to hear the surgeon pronounce his wound remote from danger.

And now Mr. Hartley, having received the particulars of the accident which occasioned the wound of his young friend, sent a servant to the parsonage, desiring the presence of Mr. Plomer; while he himself, attended by the surgeon and a servant, directed his steps to the fatal spot, to learn from the fallen ruffian, if yet alive, the cause of the outrage committed against his daughter, and by whom he was engaged; for he suspected that he had been hired to effect the diabolical purpose of some unknown villain.

They found the poor wretch in a state of insensibility; and, having conveyed him to a neighbouring cottage, administered some cordials to his relief. After a length of time, he seemed to revive; but all he could articulate was, "Sir William!" and shortly after expired.

These words, however, afforded sufficient information for Mr. Hartley to conclude, that they had been hired by Sir William Ayliffe, to secure the person of his daughter, that by one efficient stroke of villainy he might revenge the disappointment he had

M

received



received from Laura's rejection of his hand: and this conclusion seemed to be justified by Sir William's sudden flight from this part of the country; which could only be attributed to the failure of his projected scheme, and the fear of exemplary punishment.

For several weeks Vincent was closely confined to his bed; and his friends experienced much anxiety at his situation. A variety of passions agitated his mind, and retarded the progress of his recovery. The fair Laura, too, suffered much from the state of uncertainty in which she was involved. The roses in her cheek each day disclosed a fainter blush; her spirits forsook her; and her anxious parents frequently discovered her in tears. Mr. Hartley readily divined the cause of her uneasiness, and charged her with the partiality she bore the humble Vincent. She sought not to elude the question, but frankly owned her love.

"I confess," said Mr. Hartley, "I did expect  
 "you would have selected a man of equal birth and  
 "fortune with yourself, to associate with in the marriage state. One of greater merit, I am persuaded,  
 "you could not have chosen than our young friend;  
 "and I can but think he well deserves your love.  
 "I have observed," continued he, "that an hopeless passion on his part is the chiefest, and, perhaps, only obstacle to his recovery; and that a  
 "similar attachment on that of your's is the source  
 "of

“ of your present uneasiness and declining health. It  
 “ would, indeed, be the very height of ingratitude  
 “ in us, Laura, not to esteem that valour, but for  
 “ which you might, at this moment, have been de-  
 “ prived of life, and I in fruitless grief mourned  
 “ your loss. Go then, my child,” added he, “ the  
 “ gladsome messenger of joy; remove from his  
 “ mind the clouds of uncertainty, and tell him  
 “ you are his for ever.”

Laura instantly threw herself on her knees; and,  
 snatching her father's hand, carried it to her lips—  
 ‘ And will you, will you, my dear father, make the  
 ‘ generous Vincent happy? will you ease the fears that  
 ‘ rack his tortured mind? Oh! matchless condescen-  
 ‘ sion! how shall I repay such unbounded goodness?’

“ Rise, my dear Laura,” said Mr. Hartley, wi-  
 ping from his eye the starting tear of paternal love:  
 “ your happiness is mine; and whatever gives joy  
 “ to you is to me an equal blessing.”

The grateful Laura impatiently sought the cham-  
 ber of her desponding lover; and removed from his  
 mind each fearful doubt, each lingering trace of  
 wretchedness.

“ Now each new day increasing strength bestows,  
 “ And his brac'd limbs the limping staff resign;  
 “ His humid lip with roseate lustre glows,  
 “ His lucid eyes with wonted brightness shine.”

The grateful pastor received the intelligence of Mr. Hartley's consent to the union of his son with the wealthy Laura, with tears of joy. To see his only child advanced to wealth and honour, raised from the painful state of low dependence to ease and affluence, blotted from his memory his former sufferings; relieved him from the tender fears he entertained for his fate; and warmed his soul with gratitude to the beneficent Ruler of the world. "Thus," said he, "when the angry tempest over the peopled globe its rage has spent, the balmy gales of health succeed, and nature gathers new beauties from the storm."

A few weeks from the dawn of this promised scene of bliss, the venerable curate joined the consenting hands of this virtuous pair. The happiness of their friends was considerably augmented by the felicity in which they lived; and the surrounding peasantry, who shared the benevolence of Vincent and Laura, with ceaseless gratitude sung the praises of—*The Maid of the Hamlet.*



ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR,

JOSEPH THE SECOND.

---

THE Emperor having gone to the vault of the palais royal, which is renowned for ice, the report spread; and among other people who came to wait in the passage, was a hackney-coachman, who had left his coach in order to see the Emperor: a gentleman comes out, and desires the coachman to carry him in his coach: "I cannot carry you, Sir, I am come to see the Emperor, and though you should give me a crown, I would not go along with you." "Come, come, I will give you six franks." "No, it is impossible—I must see the Emperor." "With all my heart, but the Emperor is no longer in the vault, but just gone out—" "Are you sure of that?" "Yes—Drive on to the Hotel Treville, Rue Tournon." The coach arrives, and the Count of Falkenstein comes out, and pays the coachman his fare, wrapped up in a bit of paper. Our modern Phaeton unrolls it, for fear of being deceived; but what was his surprise at finding, instead of six franks, a double louis! Quite confounded, he calls to the porter—"the gentleman is mistaken—he has given me two louis instead of six

“fix franks, which he promised me. Who then “may he be?” ‘It is the Emperor,’ replied the other. “Falkenstein,” exclaimed the coachman with energy, “how unhappy am I!—had I known “it was you, I should have turned round on my “coach-box to look at you:” with this he runs to the tavern to drink the Emperor’s health. It is added, that he put a cockade in his hat, and in the ears of his rozinantes, published to all the world, “I have carried the Emperor.”

---

FOLLY  
OF  
PLEADING INABILITY  
TO  
DISCHARGE THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

---

I Had the misfortune, some time ago, to be in company, where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the first class, was expected. Till this person came in, the conversation was carried on with the cheerful easy negligence of sensible good-humour: but we soon discovered, that his discourse was a perpetual effort

effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions; a practice in which he seems to have followed the example of that deep philosopher, who denied motion, "because," as he said, "a body must move either where it is, or where it is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd."

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful, till at last he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irresistible propensities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This proposition was answered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an absurdity which it is impossible to believe; and to expose him to the ridicule of the company, he was desired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit punishment of his design to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue; in which he retailed all the sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient consequence to provoke an antagonist.

I sat silent, and as I was indulging my speculations on the scene which chance had exhibited before me,  
I recollected

I recollected several incidents, which convinced me that most of the persons who were present had lately professed the opinion which they now opposed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest as impious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conversation there is a higher strain of pleasantry and humour than in any other person of my acquaintance; and Myrtila, the wife of our friend, at whose house we were assembled to dine, and who, during this interval, was engaged by some unexpected business in another room. Those incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the persons whom I have thus ventured to name be justly offended, because that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure. With Mr. Traffic, I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good; and by the risk of a certain sum, it was possible to retrieve his

his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drunk his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind, till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumstances too well to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request, and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: "for," says he, "though I could raise double the sum upon my own personal security, yet I would no more borrow of a man without acquainting him at what risk he lends, than I would solicit the insurance of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, by private intelligence, that she could swim no longer than every pump was at work."

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern; "he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious situation of a trader, whom oeconomy and diligence cannot secure from calamities which are brought upon others only by  
" profusion



“ profusion and riot; but as to the money,” he said, “ that I could not expect him to venture it without security: that my friend himself could not wonder that his request was refused, a request with which, “ indeed,” said he, “ I cannot possibly comply.” Whatever may be thought of the free agency of my friend and myself, which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular, I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact; for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds, from two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship; he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank-note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised, that the first vacancy he should be provided for: but when the vacancy happened,

pened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me, with evident compunction and distress, that he could not possibly fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domestics, whose solicitation for that reason it was not in his power to refuse. This gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a machine; and indeed, he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion: but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities, in these terms: “ Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather  
 “ act the character of a merry fellow, than a wise  
 “ man; that you should mortify a friend whom you  
 “ not only love but esteem; wantonly mangle a  
 “ character which you reverence; betray a secret,  
 “ violate truth, and sport with the doctrine and the  
 “ practice of a religion which you believe, merely  
 “ for the pleasure of being laughed at.” I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he shrugged  
 up

up his shoulders, and greatly extended the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance. ‘All this,’ said he, ‘is very true, but if I were to be hanged I could not help it.’ Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a slave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits himself to the most ridiculous drudgery, without one struggle for freedom.

Of the Lady, I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtilla will allow me to plead an irresistible impulse, when she reflects, that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an irresistible impulse to play. I remembered, that I had, at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity, when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequences of indulging so preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately accused herself, with an honest sensibility that burst into tears; but at the same time told me, “that she was no more able to refrain from cards than to fly:” and a few nights afterwards, I observed her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our necessitarian; and to  
confess

confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some, or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate to others a discovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself rather as an object of pity than contempt.

And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtila came in; and to atone for any dishonour which custom or prejudice may suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy fatality of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others, who preserve the birth-right of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may, without reproach, deny the doctrine of necessity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge,  
indeed,

indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reason illuminated by revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, "whose service is "perfect freedom."

---

#### ANECDOTE OF MR. POPE.

---

**D**URING Mr. Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, (Dr. Burton and Dr. Thomson, both since dead) Dr. B. charging Dr. T. with hastening his death by the violent purges he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope at length silenced them, saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, "by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous "way; therefore, all I have now to ask is, that the "following epigram may be added, after my death, "to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of "postscript:

"Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,  
 "The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last."

Others

Others say, that these lines were written by Dr. B. himself; and the following epigram by a friend of Dr. T's was occasioned by the foregoing one:

As physic and verse both to Phœbus belong,  
So the college oft dabble in potion and song;  
Hence Burton, resolv'd his emetics shall hit  
When his recipes fail, gives a puke with his wit.

---

ANECDOTE

OF

LORENZO DE MEDICI.

---

THIS great man, from his earliest years, exhibited that quickness of mind, which so much distinguished his maturer years. His father Cosmo, having one day presented him, when he was quite a child, to an Ambassador, to whom he was talking of him with the foolish fondness of a parent, desired the Ambassador to put some questions to his son, and to see, by his answers, if he was not a boy of parts. The Ambassador did as he was desired, and was soon convinced of the truth of what Cosmo had told him; but added, "This child, as he grows up, will probably become stupid; for it has generally  
" been

“ been observed, that those who, when young, are  
 “ very sprightly and clever, hardly ever increase in  
 “ talents as they grow older.” Young Lorenzo,  
 hearing this, crept gently to the Ambaffador, and  
 looking him archly in the face, faid to him, ‘ I am  
 ‘ certain, that when you were young, you were a boy  
 ‘ of very great genius.’

---

THE LIFE OF MAN.

---

.....**B**EHOLD, fond man !  
 See here thy pictur'd life: pafs fome few years ;  
 Thy flow'ring fpring, thy fummer's ardent ftrength,  
 Thy fober autumn fading into age,  
 And pale-concluding winter comes at laft,  
 And fhuts the fcene. Ah ! whither now are fled  
 Thofe dreams of greatnefs ; thofe unfolid hopes  
 Of happinefs ; thofe longings after fame ;  
 Thofe reftlefs cares ; thofe bufy bufdling days ;  
 Thofe gay-fpent feftive nights ; thofe varying  
     thoughts,  
 Loft between good and ill, that fhar'd thy life ?  
 All now are fled ! Religion fole remains  
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
 His guide to happinefs on high.

IN

IN WHAT

## TRUE HAPPINESS CONSISTS.

**T**RUE happiness consists in three things: 1st. In such an innocence, that the mind has nothing criminal to reproach it with. 2dly. In learning to be content with that station wherein Heaven has placed us. 3dly. In the enjoyment of perfect health. If any of these be wanting, we cannot be truly happy: virtue is at that time of service to comfort us; but it cannot exempt us from the evils which we suffer. There is a great difference between comforting a man, and curing him: we assist the former to bear up under his misfortunes, but we change the pain and sorrow of the latter into pleasure and joy.

It is certain that a man who abandons himself to wickedness, be his estate, dignity, or post, ever so great or eminent, cannot be happy. The wicked are their own judges; the horror of their crimes follows them wherever they go; and, though their guilt be so far unknown to the public that they pass for men of virtue, yet they are not easy in their minds. ‘The worst punishment,’ says Juvenal, ‘which a wicked man suffers, is, that he cannot  
N declare



‘ declare himself innocent, though he is acquitted  
 ‘ and discharged out of court; and though the  
 ‘ prætor takes a bribe, and obtains him a pardon,  
 ‘ yet he cannot absolve himself.’ It is a mistake to  
 think that bad men can entirely stifle the remorse of  
 conscience: sometimes they fancy they are above  
 the reproaches of it; but soon after they condemn  
 themselves, they are struck with a secret horror,  
 persecute themselves, and are their own executioners.  
 The torments which they endure are not to be ex-  
 pressed; and is it not a question whether there is any  
 one more cruel in hell, than a conscience bearing  
 secret witness in the soul against a man’s guilt day  
 and night? No pleasures, banquets, plays, or any  
 other representations, nor even the charms of love,  
 can restore a calm to a breast which is troubled with  
 a remorse for wickedness. Conscience is not silent  
 in the most pompous entertainments; but, like an  
 implacable fury which nothing can pacify, it poisons  
 the most dainty dishes, and turns the most lively  
 mirth into uneasiness.

They who appear to us to be the most daring  
 offenders, are the most timorous after the commis-  
 sion of their crimes. They are equally afraid of  
 the indignation of men and the wrath of Heaven,  
 and turn pale at the least flash of lightning. If it  
 thunders, they are half dead; for they do not con-  
 sider

sider it as proceeding from a natural cause, but imagine that Heaven, provoked at their wickedness, is ready to dart its thunder-bolts at their guilty heads. Nor are they much more tranquil when the storm is over; for they imagine it only a reprieve from their deserved punishment. The slightest malady that seizes them they take to be mortal, and what will deprive them of this life, to give them a new one full of torments. If the wicked did but foresee what troubles their crimes would involve them in, they would abstain from committing them; but they do not begin to see and feel the enormity of them till after they have committed them; yet they go on to perpetrate new ones, because of their natural bias to wickedness; so that they cannot help doing the evil which in their judgment they condemn. They hope to be less troubled in conscience by fresh transgressions than by the former, and flatter themselves that they shall make wickedness familiar to them by repeated acts of it. What wretches are these, who think to obtain a cure by what increases their disease, and are incessantly procuring themselves new torments!

The common people, who only judge by external appearances, very often think men happy, who are actually devoured with chagrin: they cannot conceive how a sovereign, to whom all is obedience,

can be unhappy; that a great nobleman, who keeps a plentiful house, who has mistresses, domestics, equipages, palaces, and manors, can be tormented with a thousand uneasinesses: but wise men know that this sovereign, who does not govern by the rules of justice, finds that he is hated by his people, despised by foreign nations, and doomed to be transmitted to posterity as a wicked prince. There is no man, be he ever so bad, but is sorry to be hated and despised. The wicked have a love for themselves as well as the good; and, while they have so, hatred and contempt wound them. If we read the history of the most cruel and savage tyrants, we shall find them more than once lamenting that they were the abhorrence of mankind; and their vexation at the thoughts of it made them still more fierce and barbarous; whereas they had not been so bloody and inflexible, if they knew they had not been so much detested. They committed the more crimes, to be revenged for the abhorrence formed of them; and such their vengeance added to the measure of their own uneasiness and of their public hatred.

Therefore no man can be truly happy, let his condition be what it will, if he be not virtuous. The prince and the peasant are on the same footing in this respect; and the one is as much punished by remorse on his throne, as the other at his plough.

Whoever

Whoever seeks to live a happy life, ought to be more afraid of guilt than of death; for the latter only puts an end to our days, whereas the former only renders them unhappy. The virtuous man, when he dies, goes to the enjoyment of much greater happiness than what he loses; whereas the criminal, while he lives, is overwhelmed with misfortunes here, and tormented with the fear of those that threaten him in the life to come; and, though he should not believe the immortality of the soul, yet he would not be the less unhappy, because he would have no hopes of finding a change in his misfortunes into happiness after his death.

The second thing which is absolutely necessary towards leading a happy life is, to know how to make ourselves easy in the station wherein Heaven has placed us. If a man has a competency, if he has every thing that is needful to keep him from want, why should he envy others the possession of great riches, which perhaps would only conduce to make him unhappy? ‘It is not wealth,’ as Horace wisely says, ‘that makes a man happy. None can be esteemed happy, but they who are so wise as to be satisfied with whatever the Gods send them.’ When men give themselves up to their ambition, and do not put a check to their desires, they become slaves to their passions; and whenever those bear arbitrary

trary sway over a man, he is sure to be always unhappy. The wisest and most important thing in life is, to be able to know how to be content with the portion allotted us by Heaven. He who is for increasing his revenue by illegal methods, is tormented by remorse; and he who strives to increase them by honest methods, but such as are painful, is oppressed with care and anxiety; two faults, which must equally be avoided, if we would live happy. Why should we be perpetually thinking of what we may want some years hence? We should leave every thing to contingencies, and make the best of it that we can. Besides, do we know certainly that it would be for our advantage, if Heaven were to gratify our wishes? Perhaps, from the very moment that we saw them fulfilled, we should date the beginning of misfortunes which would sink us, and never leave us till death; at least certain it is, that they would increase the thirst after riches in us, and would only render our avarice the stronger. When once the heart is set upon the amassing of wealth, the treasures of all the princes upon earth cannot satisfy it: the more a man has, the more he covets. Avarice is a passion which never can be satisfied: the more we seek to gratify it, the stronger it grows, and the more it manifests its power. A man needs not to be a philosopher, to be sensible that an honest mediocrity

mediocrity is infinitely more desirable than immense riches; it is sufficient if we hearken to plain reason, and if we will but make use of it.

Great honours and dignities are altogether as unlikely as riches to procure a happy life. A peasant may be happy, though he is not a judge, or justice of the peace, in his village; a citizen ought not to envy the office of the sheriff, nor a member of parliament that of the chancellor. In all states we may be easy, if we acquit ourselves in all relations to them with honour and prudence. Employments are so far from rendering a man the more happy, that commonly they do but diminish his felicity, by subjecting him to a greater number of duties, that are indispensable, and which he cannot neglect without failing in his obligations to himself and the public, and consequently without forfeiting his happiness; because, by the principle we have established, it is proved, that whoever is dishonest cannot be happy.

It may be said of offices, birth, kindred, and riches, that all these things are according as they are considered by those who enjoy them. They may be reckoned as blessings to those that know how to make use of them; but they become great misfortunes to those who do not make the use of them which they ought to do: and, as it requires great  
wisdom

wisdom for a man to know how to conduct himself in prosperity, the wealth and grandeur which raise us above other men are commonly more prejudicial than useful: from being real advantages they become misfortunes, and are obstructions to the happiness of life.

Perhaps it will be asked, that, if it be easier for mere private men to be happy than great ones, why the latter, who desire to be happy and tranquil, do not descend to be private men? The reason is very plain; it is because they are so attached to their office or station, by what they owe to their family, their country, their prince, and themselves, that they cannot quit it without a breach of their duty. Should they take a step which they knew was not fitting for them, they would not be happy in such new state, because the thing which is most essential to the happiness of life is, to have nothing wherewith a man can reproach himself. It is natural, therefore, for men of wisdom and penetration to continue in the posts wherein Heaven has placed them, and to which it is allotted them; and that they should endeavour therein to make themselves happy, without having recourse to an alteration, which, instead of being for the better, would be to their prejudice, and distance them for ever from the mark which they would fain arrive at.

ON

## ON THE DIFFERENCE

BETWEEN

## GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

**G**ENEROSITY, properly applied, will supply every other external advantage in life, but the love of those with whom we converse. It will procure esteem, and a conduct resembling real affection; but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind; no generosity can purchase, no rewards increase, no liberality can secure the continuance of it: that very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affection upon the objects he should love, and voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.

Imparted fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor's good-will, may lead the person obliged with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate; this is gratitude; and simple gratitude, untinged with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow for preceding benefits.

But gratitude and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently



frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us; we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous favours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits are a load, till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation, and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels the debt.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating, operation of the mind. We never reflect on the man we love without exulting in our choice; while he, who has bound us to him by benefits alone, rises to our idea as a person to whom we have, in some measure, forfeited our freedom.

Love and gratitude are seldom, therefore, found in the same breast, without impairing each other:

we

we may tender the one or the other singly to those with whom we converse, but cannot command both together. By attempting to increase we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to affection.

In all our connexions with society, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow; and endeavour to make the obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by stratagem, and not by open force; we should seem not to know that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections. Constraint may, indeed, leave the receiver still grateful, but it will certainly produce disgust.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition; a benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our due.

It were much more prudent, however, to forego our right on such an occasion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive little advantage from repeated protestations of gratitude; but they cost him very much, from whom we exact them in return. A grateful acknowledgment exacted, is a  
debt

debt demanded: by which proceeding, the creditor is not advantaged, and the debtor makes his payment with reluctance.

While Mencius, the philosopher, was travelling in the pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was straying during a thunder-storm accompanied with rain, which conspired to make solitude still more hideous, he perceived an hermit's cell, and approaching, asked for shelter. "Enter," said the hermit, in a severe tone, "men deserve not to be obliged, but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue."

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, as their actions taught the truest lessons of wisdom. "Mention not the name of man," cried the hermit with indignation; "here let me live retired from a base ungrateful world; here among the beasts of the forest, I shall find no flatterers: the lion is a generous enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile while he presents it."

'You have been ill-used by mankind,' said the philosopher shrewdly, interrupting him. "Yes,"

“ Yes,” replied the hermit, “ on mankind I ex-  
 “ hausted my whole fortune; this staff, that cup, and  
 “ those roots, are all I have in return.”

‘ Did you bestow your fortune, or did you lend  
 ‘ it?’ asked Mencius.

“ I bestowed it, undoubtedly,” replied the other,  
 “ for where is the merit of being a money-lender?”

‘ Did they ever own that they received it?’ still  
 adds the philosopher.

“ A thousand times,” said the hermit: “ they  
 “ loaded me every day with professions of gratitude  
 “ for favours received, and solicitations for future  
 “ benefactions.”

‘ If, then,’ said Mencius smiling, ‘ you did not  
 ‘ lend your fortune, in order to have it returned, it is  
 ‘ unjust to accuse them of ingratitude. They owned  
 ‘ themselves obliged, you expected no more, and  
 ‘ they certainly earned each favour by a frequent  
 ‘ acknowledgment of it.’

The hermit, struck with the reply, surveyed his  
 guest with emotion. “ I have heard of the great  
 “ Mencius,” said he, “ and you are certainly the  
 “ man. I am now fourscore years old, but still a  
 “ child in wisdom; take me back to *the school of men*,  
 “ and educate me as one of the youngest, and most  
 “ ignorant of your disciples.”

‘ Indeed,

‘ Indeed, my son,’ replied Mencius, ‘ it is better  
 ‘ to have friends in our passage through life, than  
 ‘ grateful dependents; and as love is a more willing,  
 ‘ so is it a more lasting tribute than extorted obligation. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged,  
 ‘ gratitude once refused can never after be recovered.  
 ‘ The mind that is base enough to disallow the just  
 ‘ return, instead of feeling any uneasiness upon recollection, triumphs in its new acquired freedom,  
 ‘ and, in some measure, is pleased with conscious  
 ‘ baseness.

‘ Very different is the situation of disagreeing  
 ‘ friends; their separation produces mutual uneasiness. Like that divided being in fabulous creation,  
 ‘ their sympathetic souls once more desire their former union; the joys of both are imperfect; their  
 ‘ gayest moments are tinctured with uneasiness; each  
 ‘ seeks the smallest concessions to clear the way to a  
 ‘ wished explanation: the most trifling acknowledgments, the slightest accidents, serve to effect a  
 ‘ mutual reconciliation.’



## LOVE.

---

**L**OVE is a passion felt by all people, and talked of by most people; by very few people is it understood. By nothing more than its despotic sway over all the other passions, is its omnipotence discovered. According to the different operations of love in our bosoms, we are furious or tame, compassionate or resentful; animated with hope, or plunged into despair. By love, the proudest of men is converted into an abject slave. By love, those who have the meanest opinion of their intellects are inspired with towering ideas, and consequential sensations. Nay, even the most miserable miser, when love has thawed his icy heart, will dash about his money with an air of liberality. Love, indeed, makes many a man ridiculous; but, "of all the various fools which love has made," the old dotard is justly to be placed in the highest form. When grey-beards turn inamoratos, human nature appears in a very contemptible light. The appearance of such a wretch is sufficient to make us ashamed of our existence. Let no man, however, when such an object is before his eyes, be too severely

severely farcaſtical; for no man, without great preſumption, can ſay, “ I ſhall never expoſe my-  
“ ſelf like him.”

---

A LETTER  
FROM  
ELIZABETH, PRINCESS PALATINE,  
TO  
SIR SIMONDS D'EUES.  
SIR,

---

I Have received your kind letter, and learned diſ-  
course, with much contentment. Indeed, we  
have ſuffered much wrong in this world, yet I com-  
plain not at it, becauſe, when God pleaſeth, we ſhall  
have right. In the mean time I am much beholden  
to you for your good affection, hoping you will not  
be weary to continue your friendly offices towards  
me, in the place where you ſit, which ſhall never  
be forgotten by

Your moſt aſſured friend,

ELIZABETH.

*To Sir Simonds D'Eues, &c.*

*Aug. 21ſt, 1645.*

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF

HENRY II. KING OF FRANCE.

---

THIS Prince, though of a very easy and accommodating disposition, knew occasionally when to give a refusal. His favourite sister, married to the Duke of Savoy, was very earnest with him to give up to her husband, the strong fortresses of Pignerol, Tarillon, and Perouse, which may be looked upon as the keys of France towards Italy. He told the Ambassadors from Savoy, who intimated his sister's desire to him, "I am extremely fond of my sister, but I would much sooner give her my two eyes out of my head, than these three fortresses."

---

THE LEAF.

---

SEE the leaves around us falling,  
 Dry and wither'd to the ground;  
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling  
 In a sad and solemn sound:

O

Sons



Sons of Adam, once in Eden  
Blighted when like us he fell,  
Hear the lecture we are reading,  
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming  
On your boasted white and red,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping misers, nightly waking,  
See the end of all your care;  
Fled on wings of our own making,  
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,  
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,  
Lo! the fickle air, that raises,  
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,  
Who for new ones daily call,  
Cease at length by us persuaded,  
Ev'ry leaf must have its fall!

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay in health and manly grace,  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable

[ 195 ]

Venerable fires, grown hoary,  
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,  
Think, amidst your falling glory,  
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay;  
Thus we preach this truth concerning,  
"Heav'n and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,  
Man! let all thy hope be staid,  
Which alone, for ever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

---

ANECDOTE

or

DR. JOHNSON.

---

WHEN the Doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went, with some other gentlemen, to laugh an hour at Bartholomew fair. At one of the booths was an amazing large bear, which the showman assured them was "*catch'd* in the *undiscovered* parts of Russia." The bear

bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, was very surly and ill-tempered: of the Doctor he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and shewed every mark of awkward kindness. "How is it, (said one of the company) "that this animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" "Because, (replied Mallet) he knows that Linnæus 'would have classed them together, as *two* animals 'of *one* species.'

The Doctor disliked Mallet for his tendency towards infidelity; and this sarcasm turned his dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted his name in the Octavo Dictionary under the word *Alias*.

---

### ANECDOTE.

---

AS Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the Rev. and corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerey reproved him for breaking the sabbath; telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should  
have

have taught him better. The poor poet replied,  
 " Reverend Sir, your external appearance says, that  
 " if your dinner was at the bottom of the river, as  
 " mine is, you would angle for it, though it were a  
 " fast day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you."

---

### PEEVISHNESS

EQUALLY WRETCHED AND OFFENSIVE.

THE CHARACTER OF *PEEVISHNESS*.

---

**M**EN seldom give pleasure, where they are not  
 pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore,  
 to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness,  
 that in whatever state we may be placed by Provi-  
 dence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive  
 benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may  
 secure the love of those with whom we transact. For  
 though it is generally imagined, that he who grants  
 favours may spare any attention to his behaviour,  
 and that usefulness will always procure friends; yet  
 it has been found that there is an art of granting  
 requests, an art very difficult of attainment; that  
 officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as  
 to

bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, was very furly and ill-tempered: of the Doctor he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and shewed every mark of awkward kindness. "How is it, (said one of the company) "that this animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" "Because, (replied Mallet) he knows that Linnæus 'would have classed them together, as *two* animals 'of *one* species.'

The Doctor disliked Mallet for his tendency towards infidelity; and this sarcasm turned his dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted his name in the Octavo Dictionary under the word *Alias*.

---

### ANECDOTE.

---

AS Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the Rev. and corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerey reproved him for breaking the sabbath; telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have

have taught him better. The poor poet replied,  
 “ Reverend Sir, your external appearance says, that  
 “ if your dinner was at the bottom of the river, as  
 “ mine is, you would angle for it, though it were a  
 “ fast day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you.”

---

### PEEVISHNESS

EQUALLY WRETCHED AND OFFENSIVE.

THE CHARACTER OF *TETRICIA*.

---

**M**EN seldom give pleasure, where they are not  
 pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore,  
 to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness;  
 that in whatever state we may be placed by Provi-  
 dence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive  
 benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may  
 secure the love of those with whom we transact. For  
 though it is generally imagined, that he who grants  
 favours may spare any attention to his behaviour,  
 and that usefulness will always procure friends; yet  
 it has been found that there is an art of granting  
 requests, an art very difficult of attainment; that  
 officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as  
 to

severely sarcastical; for no man, without great presumption, can say, "I shall never expose myself like him."

---

A LETTER  
FROM  
ELIZABETH, PRINCESS PALATINE,  
TO  
SIR SIMONDS D'EUES.

SIR,

---

I Have received your kind letter, and learned discourse, with much contentment. Indeed, we have suffered much wrong in this world, yet I complain not at it, because, when God pleaseth, we shall have right. In the mean time I am much beholden to you for your good affection, hoping you will not be weary to continue your friendly offices towards me, in the place where you sit, which shall never be forgotten by

Your most assured friend,

ELIZABETH.

*To Sir Simonds D'Eues, &c.*

*Aug. 21<sup>st</sup>, 1645.*

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

or

HENRY II. KING OF FRANCE.

---

**T**HIS Prince, though of a very easy and accommodating disposition, knew occasionally when to give a refusal. His favourite sister, married to the Duke of Savoy, was very earnest with him to give up to her husband, the strong fortresses of Pignerol, Tarillon, and Perouse, which may be looked upon as the keys of France towards Italy. He told the Ambassadors from Savoy, who intimated his sister's desire to him, "I am extremely fond of my sister, but I would much sooner give her my two eyes out of my head, than these three fortresses."

---

THE LEAF.

---

**S**EE the leaves around us falling,  
 Dry and wither'd to the ground;  
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling  
 In a sad and solemn sound:

o

Sons



Sons of Adam, since in Eden  
 Enslaved when first we fell,  
 Hear the lecture we are reading,  
 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, no much, preforming  
 On your bosoms white and red,  
 View us, late in beauty blooming,  
 Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping rifles, miserly waiting,  
 See the end of all your care;  
 Fled on wings of our own making,  
 We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,  
 Flunking high in fabled worth,  
 Lo! the fickle air, that raises,  
 Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sops, in systems jaded,  
 Who for new ones daily call,  
 Cease at length by us persuaded,  
 Ev'ry leaf must have its fall!

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,  
 Gay in health and manly grace,  
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
 Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable

for the coarseness of truth, a little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour, he soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

TERRICA had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a state of superiority to all about her. Having no superfluity of understanding, she was soon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, such as she, had nothing to do but take pleasure their own way; that she wanted nothing from others, and had therefore no reason to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themselves ill-treated, should look for better usage among their equals.

Warm with these generous sentiments, Terrica came forth into the world, in which she endeavoured to force respect by haughtiness of mien, and vehemence of language; but having neither birth, beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, she suffered such mortifications from those who thought themselves at liberty to return her insults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her  
to

bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, was very furly and ill-tempered: of the Doctor he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and shewed every mark of awkward kindness. "How is it, (said one of the company) "that this animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" "Because, (replied Mallet) he knows that Linnæus 'would have classed them together, as *two* animals 'of *one* species.'

The Doctor disliked Mallet for his tendency towards infidelity; and this sarcasm turned his dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted his name in the Octavo Dictionary under the word *Alias*.

---

### ANECDOTE.

---

AS Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the Rev. and corpulent Mr. Brown chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerey reproved him for breaking the sabbath; telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have

have taught him better. The poor poet replied,  
 " Reverend Sir, your external appearance says, that  
 " if your dinner was at the bottom of the river, as  
 " mine is, you would angle for it, though it were a  
 " fast day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you."

---

### PEEVISHNESS

EQUALLY WRETCHED AND OFFENSIVE.

THE CHARACTER OF *TETRICA*.

---

**M**EN seldom give pleasure, where they are not  
 pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore,  
 to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness;  
 that in whatever state we may be placed by Provi-  
 dence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive  
 benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may  
 secure the love of those with whom we transact. For  
 though it is generally imagined, that he who grants  
 favours may spare any attention to his behaviour,  
 and that usefulness will always procure friends; yet  
 it has been found that there is an art of granting  
 requests, an art very difficult of attainment; that  
 officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as  
 to

to lose the greater part of their effect; that compli-  
ance may provoke, relief may harass, and liberality  
distress.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable  
it from benevolence, the chief duty of social beings,  
than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks  
not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into  
clamour, turbulence, or bloodshed, it wears out  
happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries in-  
cessantly repeated. It may be considered as the  
canker of life, that destroys its vigour and checks its  
improvement, that creeps on with hourly depreda-  
tions, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as  
to outrun the motions of the will, and discover it-  
self without premeditation, is a species of depravity  
in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, be-  
cause no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address,  
can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and  
indignity. While we are courting the favour of a  
peevish man, and exerting ourselves in the most  
diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an  
unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and  
in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon  
having gained a friend, our endeavours are frustrated  
at once, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual  
tumult of some trifling irritation.

This

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptoms of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his repentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such an alarming apprehension of the least increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch; such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care or tenderness can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness, is the capriciousness of old age. When the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneasiness to causes not wholly out of our power; and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, unkindness, or an evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of tenderness and assistance.

But

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harrassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness or pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles; or pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have long lived in solitude, indeed, naturally contract this unsocial quality, because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their singularities, therefore, are only blameable, when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him on the down of absolute authority, to soothe him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate  
for

ANECDOTE

or

HENRY II. KING OF FRANCE.

---

THIS Prince, though of a very easy and accommodating disposition, knew occasionally when to give a refusal. His favourite sister, married to the Duke of Savoy, was very earnest with him to give up to her husband, the strong fortresses of Pignerol, Tarillon, and Perouse, which may be looked upon as the keys of France towards Italy. He told the Ambassadors from Savoy, who intimated his sister's desire to him, "I am extremely fond of my sister, but I would much sooner give her my two eyes out of my head, than these three fortresses."

---

THE LEAF.

---

SEE the leaves around us falling,  
 Dry and wither'd to the ground;  
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling  
 In a sad and solemn sound:

o

Sons



to practise her arts of vexation only where she might hope to tyrannize without resistance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors, with so much diligence, that she has formed a principle of disapprobation, and finds in every place something to grate her mind and disturb her quiet.

If she takes the air, she is offended with heat or cold, the glare of the sun, or the gloom of the clouds; if she makes a visit, the room in which she is to be received, is too light, or too dark, or furnished with something which she cannot see without aversion. Her tea is never of the right sort; the figures on the *Cbina* give her disgust. Where there are children, she hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, she cannot bear a place without some cheerfulness and rattle. If many servants are kept in a house, she never fails to tell how Lord *Lavish* was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, she relates the story of a miser that made his company wait on themselves. She quarrelled with one family, because she had an unpleasant view from their windows; with another, because the squirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, because she could not bear the noise of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers she is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their  
work,

work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another fashion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at first; then will have a small improvement. Thus she proceeds till no profit can recompence the vexation; they at last leave the clothes at her house, and refuse to serve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, professes to take her own course, and hear her mistress talk. Such is the consequence of peevishness; it can be borne only when it is despised.

It sometimes happens, that too close an attention to minute exactness, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the standard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the understanding, and teaches the mind to discern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident, likewise, to men of vigorous imagination to please themselves too much with futurities, and to fret, because those expectations are disappointed, which should never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by suggesting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man rashly determine, that his unwillingness to be pleased is a proof of understanding, unless his superiority appear from less doubtful evidence; for though peevishness may  
sometimes

sometimes justly boast its descent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of base extraction, the child of vanity, and nursing of ignorance.

---

CURIOUS ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

KING OF FRANCE.

---

WHEN Louis XVI. ascended the throne, he was only twenty years of age; and had, at first, no other counsel than the written advice left him by his father, the late dauphin. This precious paternal bequest was ordered to remain sealed till his son should succeed to the throne. Immediately on his accession, he hastens to open it, with a pious design to obey its every injunction. It advises him, by all means, to engage for his mentor M. De Machault, as the most able person to direct his steps, if the weight of royalty should descend on him at a period so premature, that he could only be supposed to possess rectitude of intention for the performance of his duties. Faithful to the wishes of a beloved father, he immediately writes the following letter to M. De Machault:

*“ Choisy,*

*“ Choisy, May 11, 1774.*

“ IN the just grief which overwhelms me,  
 “ and which I participate with the whole nation, I  
 “ have great duties to fulfil: I am king, and this  
 “ name includes innumerable obligations. But I  
 “ am only twenty, and have not acquired all the  
 “ knowledge which is necessary for my situation.  
 “ In the mean time, I must not see any of the mi-  
 “ nisters, who have been with the king during his  
 “ contagious distemper. From the confidence  
 “ which I repose in your probity, and the profound  
 “ knowledge which you are known to possess, I am  
 “ induced to desire that you would assist me with  
 “ your advice. Come, then, the first moment  
 “ possible, and you will afford me a great pleasure.

“ LOUIS.”

The confidence of the young monarch was well merited by M. De Machault, who had long been the minister of the finances and of the law, under Louis XV. He had, however, been for some time dismissed from his employments, through the intrigues of the ecclesiastical cabal, because he was desirous of obliging the clergy to pay taxes like other subjects; and he had ever since lived on his estate, in the deepest retirement, universally esteemed, except by those who had so successfully conspired against him.

Nothing

Nothing now was wanting to this letter, but the direction; when, either from a native timidity, or a desire to have the excellence of his choice confirmed, Louis XVI. went to his aunt, Mademoiselle Adelaide, communicated the desire of his father, and shewed her the yet unaddressed letter, which he had in consequence written. The princess highly approves his conduct, and even requests him instantly to send off a courier with the letter. *The king, unfortunately, keeps it back several hours!* Mademoiselle Adelaide, in the mean time, as most ladies would naturally do, informs her female suite who was to be the prime minister. The news flies, with the rapidity of lightening, and alarm spreads among the courtiers. Every individual of this sycophantick swarm dreaded the integrity, and the austere virtues, of him who was now to be appointed state pilot. Intrigue is put in motion; corruption, of course, follows. A hundred thousand crowns are offered to a lady, who is well known to have great influence over the princess, if she can so far succeed, as to change the choice of a minister in favour of M. De Maurepas. This nobleman had been minister at the juvenile age of fifteen; and, at thirty, he had been dismissed. Though now far advanced in years, he was known to have lived a life of dissipation, and to possess a large fund of intrigue, gaiety, frivolity, and

and pliability. He had written epigrams; he was a voluptuary, and a wit: in short, he was the person best adapted to the views of the dissolute courtiers of Versailles, who were desirous of prolonging the abuses of the late reign. The lady of honour, tempted by the hundred thousand crowns, now adroitly insinuated to the princess that the choice of M. De Machault would not fail to offend the clergy; and that, in consequence, there was reason to fear the commencement of the new reign would be stormy. Having contrived to alarm Mademoiselle Adelaide, that princess hastens to disclose her anxiety to the king; and the unfortunate Louis XVI. naturally timid, and dreading the consequences of his first regal act, finished the business by directing the same letter to the Count De Maurepas!

Thus, at his first step towards the throne, this unhappy monarch fell into a net; and this error was the fertile source of innumerable others. M. De Maurepas, tottering with age and infirmity, on the brink of his tomb, thought it necessary to procure friends, who might, by every where extolling his abilities, fix him firmly in the office of grand-vizier. To augment their number, he purchased them by all possible methods. To some he gave pensions, for others he created new offices; and, by these means, soon completed the ruin of the finances, and  
paved

paved the way for the fate of Louis XVI. and all the irretrievable misery with which France has been subsequently overwhelmed. Never, surely, did such fatal consequences arise from changing the direction of a letter!

---

### ON LAUGHTER.

---

**L**AUGHTER, like many other dispositions of our minds, is necessarily pleasant to us, when it begins, in the natural manner, from some perception in the mind of something ludicrous, and does not take its rise unnaturally from external motion in the body. Every one is conscious that a state of laughter is an easy and agreeable state: that the recurring or suggestion of ludicrous images, tends to dispel fretfulness, anxiety, or sorrow, and to reduce the mind to an easy and happy state: as, on the other hand, an easy and happy state is that in which we are most lively and acute in perceiving the ludicrous in objects: any thing that gives us pleasure, puts us also in a fitness for laughter, when something ridiculous occurs; and ridiculous objects occurring to a soured temper, will be apt to recover it

it to easiness. The implanting then a sense of the ridiculous in our nature, was giving us an avenue to pleasure, and an easy remedy for discontent and sorrow. Again, laughter, like other affections, is very contagious: our whole frame is so sociable, that one merry countenance may diffuse cheerfulness to many; nor are they all fools who are apt to laugh before they know the jest, however curiosity in wise men may restrain it, that their attention may be kept awake.

We are disposed by laughter to a good opinion of the person who raises it: if neither ourselves, nor our friends, are made the butt. Laughter is not one of the smallest bonds of common friendship, though it be of less consequence in great heroic friendship.

Laughter is received in a different manner by the person ridiculed, according as he who uses the ridicule evidences good-nature; friendship and esteem for the person whom he laughs at, or the contrary.

Fantastical circumstances accompanying a crime may raise laughter, but a piece of cruel barbarity, or treacherous villainy, of itself, must raise very opposite passions. A jest is not common in an impeachment of a criminal, or an oration full of invectives; it rather diminishes than increases the abhorrence in an audience, and may justly excite contempt of the orator for an unnatural affectation



of wit. Jestling is still more unnatural in discourses intended to move compassion towards the distressed. A forced ridicule, on either of these occasions, must be apt to kindle in the guilty or the miserable, hatred against the laugher; since it must be supposed to flow from hatred in him towards the object of his ridicule, or from want of all compassion. The guilty will take laughter to be a triumph over him as contemptible! the wretched will interpret it as hardness of heart, and insensibility. This is the natural effect of joining to either of these objects, mean, ludicrous ideas.

If smaller faults, faults not inconsistent with a character amiable in the main, be set in a ridiculous light, the guilty are apt to be made sensible of their folly, more by an exposure of their follies than by grave admonitions.

Ridicule upon very little faults, when it does not appear to flow from kindness, is extremely provoking; for by the application of mean ideas to our conduct, the ridiculer discovers contempt for us, and shews a desire to render us contemptible to others.

Ridicule upon any slight misfortune or injury, which we have received with sorrow or resentment, when it is applied by a third person, with appearance of good nature, is exceedingly useful to abate our concern, or resentment, and to reconcile us to  
the

injured us, if he does not persist in  
 proceedings.

ration of the effects of laughter,  
 what end a sense of the ridi-  
 cule in human nature, and in what  
 manner it is produced.

A considerable moment in human  
 conversation is productive of great pleasure, and  
 conversation exceedingly when it is  
 produced by good-nature. It spreads a pleasantry  
 over hundreds at once; and one merry,  
 easy mind frequently diffuses a similar disposition  
 over all who are in company. There is nothing of  
 which we are more communicative than a good jest;  
 and many a man who is incapable of obliging us in  
 any other shape, can oblige us by his mirth, and  
 really insinuate himself into our kind affections and  
 good wishes.

But this is not all the use of laughter: it is well  
 known that our passions of every kind lead us into  
 wild enthusiastic apprehensions of their several ob-  
 jects. When any object seems great in comparison  
 with ourselves, our minds are apt to run into a per-  
 fect veneration; when an object appears formidable,  
 a weak mind will fly into a panic, an unreasonable  
 impotent horror. Now, in both these cases, by our  
 sense of the ridiculous, we are made capable of re-

lief from any pleasant ingenious well-wisher, by more effectual means, than by the most solemn sedate reasoning. Nothing will sooner prevent our excessive admiration of mixed grandeur, or hinder our being led by that which is perhaps really great in such an object, to imitate also and approve what is really mean.

This engine of ridicule may be undoubtedly abused, and have a very bad effect upon a weak mind; but with men of any reflection, there is little fear that it will ever be very pernicious. The only danger is in objects of a mixed nature, before people of little judgment, who, by jests upon the weak side, are sometimes led into neglect or contempt of that which is truly valuable in any character, institution, or office: and this may shew us the impertinence and pernicious tendency of general undistinguished jests upon any character or office which has been too much over-rated. But that ridicule may be abused, does not prove it useless or unnecessary, more than a like possibility of abuse would prove our senses and passions impertinent or hurtful.

The rules to avoid abuse of this kind are, first,  
 “ Either never to attempt ridicule upon what is  
 “ every where great, whether it be any great being,  
 “ character, or sentiment; or, if our wit must some-  
 “ times run into allusions on low occasions, to the  
 “ expressions

“ expressions of great sentiments, let it not be in  
 “ weak company, who have not a just discernment  
 “ of true grandeur: and secondly, concerning ob-  
 “ jects of a mixed nature, partly great, and partly  
 “ mean, let us never turn the meannesses into ridicule,  
 “ without acknowledging what is truly great, and  
 “ paying a just veneration to it.”

Another valuable purpose of ridicule is, with relation to smaller vices, which are often more effectually corrected by it than by grave admonition: men have been laughed out of faults, which a sermon could not reform; nay, there are many little indecencies, which are, and cannot be properly mentioned in such solemn discourses. Now, ridicule with contempt or ill-nature is indeed always irritating and offensive; but we may, by testifying a just esteem for the good qualities of the person ridiculed, and our concern for his interests, let him see that our laughter at his weakness flows from our love for him, and then we may hope for its proving efficacious.

As to jests upon imperfections which one cannot amend, they are, I think, entirely useless. Men of sense have no relish for such jests: foolish trifling minds may be led by them to despise the truest merit, which is not exempted from the casual misfortunes of our mortal state. If these imperfections

fections occur with a vicious character, against which people should be alarmed and cautioned, it is below a wise man to raise averfions to bad men from their necessary infirmities, when they have a jufter handle from their vicious difpofitions.

---

ANECDOTE

or

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

---

**I**MMEDIATELY after the fatal battle of Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry VI. his fon and queen, (the illuftrious Margaret of Anjou, of whom the Abbé Provost has given us fo entertaining a hiftory) afraid of trufting to any perfon's fidelity, fled for refuge into woods and defarts, where they fuffered all the extremity of diftreff, till at length they were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and, attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal prifoners to make their efcape. They had not proceeded far when they were met by another ruffian,

fian, who approached them with a drawn sword in his hand, and fury in his aspect. On this occasion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of presence of mind and resolution. Taking her son by the hand, and assuming an air of confidence and majesty, "There, friend," said she, "save my son, the son of good King Henry." The robber was struck with the dignity and beauty of her person, as well as with the nature of her address. He happened to be one of those who had been outlawed for adhering to the cause of her husband. His savage heart was melted into compassion at the sight of his queen and prince in such deplorable distress. He comforted them with assurances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the sea-side, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a vessel for Flanders.

---

## THE TENDER POINT.

A MORAL TALE.

---

**H**ARRY Greville, the third son of a gentleman of fortune in the north of England, was a student in the Temple, with a genteel allowance from

from his father. Having always had a strong relish for theatrical entertainments, and being an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspear, he was naturally driven, by an irresistible impulse, to Stratford, to be present at the jubilee in honour of his favourite bard. During his stay at Stratford, his eyes and his ears were sufficiently delighted: the latter were particularly feasted by the parts of the Commemoration Ode, which our Roscius recited in a masterly manner, more easily to be conceived than described.— Highly delighted, however, as he was with the festivities of the place, his transports upon the mirthful occasion were prodigiously increased by a little adventure which he met with as a man of gallantry.

Happening to sit by a fine young girl, apparently about nineteen, on the last day of the jubilee, he was so struck with her personal charms, that he could not help addressing some panegyrical speeches to her; but he addressed them with a delicate obliquity which prevented them from being the least offensive. So far, indeed, were they from being offensive to the young lady, that she received them with smiles evidently expressive of satisfaction; and those smiles encouraged him to throw additional spirit into his conversation, especially as he found by the answers which she very modestly returned, that her conversable talents were by no means contemptible. Fired  
with

with her beauty, and in raptures at every syllable which dropped from her lovely lips, he "with "greedy ear devoured up her discourse, and looked "and sighed unutterable things."

Miss Morley was, indeed, pretty nearly of the age Mr. Greville had supposed her to be: she was little more than nineteen, and very much admired by every body who beheld her. She was at Stratford under the protection of an aunt, who, by her behaviour to Harry, gave him no small reason to believe she was extremely well pleased with his attentions to her niece. Harry, in short, made himself so agreeable in Mrs. Barnard's eyes, that, on the day of her setting out for London, she gave him an invitation, a pressing one, to her apartments in Bond-street.

Mrs. Barnard was a gay widow of five and thirty; but no girl of fifteen had ever a higher relish for what is commonly called pleasure. She was lucky enough, with a fortune of five hundred pounds, to get a settlement of five hundred a year; in return for which, she broke her husband's heart in little more than a twelvemonth, by turning out totally different from the person to whom he made his addresses, and by committing several indiscretions, indiscretions which, as a man of nice sensibility, he could not overlook, but which he could not resent without



without exposing himself to the ridicule of the polite world; and he was utterly unable to stand firm against the laugh of those with whom from his genteel situation in life he associated. Mr. Barnard, being very much in love himself, fondly imagined, for want of penetration, during the delusive moments of courtship, that he was truly beloved; matrimony soon opened his eyes, and he was almost ready to tear them out of his head, before the honeymoon was over, for having so cruelly deceived him. From that time the matrimonial yoke grew less and less supportable; and the cutting reflections which rose every hour in his mind, very soon impaired his health. He could not unmarry himself; but he altered his will, that his wife might not, at his death, have a penny more than the sum which he had settled upon her.

Mrs. Barnard was extremely disappointed when the will was read, fully imagining that she should have been left a richer widow. Her first effusions upon this mortifying occasion were rather indecent. Some of her husband's relations, scandalized at the gross impropriety of her behaviour, severely reprehended her for it; but their reprehensions only excited her mirth. "Well," replied she, flouncing out of the room, "since the old fellow has left me  
"no more than my jointure, I must make the most  
"of it, that's all."

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnard's jointure, however, handsome as it was, by no means proved sufficient to support her in her favourite sphere of life: her income was in no proportion to her taste; so that finding her affairs in a short time pretty much embarrassed, she began to look out for another dupe to disentangle them. She was in this situation when Harry waited on her in town, in order to renew his addresses to Miss Morley.

Harry met with the reception from Mrs. Barnard which he had reason to expect from her: she was, indeed, remarkably polite in her behaviour to him, and as she had, previously, enquired into his family and connections, pleased herself not a little with the thoughts of getting off her niece, who began to be much in her way. She had taken her out of compassion to a sister of her's in the West of England, a widow, also encumbered with a large family, and in very narrow circumstances, when her affairs enabled her to be kind to her: but she now heartily wished to be rid of her almost at any rate.

Harry, quite satisfied with his reception, soon came to the point, by seriously asking Mrs. Barnard's permission to marry her niece; and she immediately gave him her consent without the least hesitation. "I shall think myself honoured, Sir," continued she, "by being allied to your family, and I will  
" venture

“ venture to answer for my niece’s readiness to be-  
 “ come Mrs. Greville; I must, however, deal in-  
 “ genuinely with you: she has no fortune: her  
 “ mother is utterly unable to give her a shilling;  
 “ but as Fanny has always been an exceeding good  
 “ girl, I shall certainly be her friend as much as it is  
 “ in my power.”

By the latter part of the speech, Harry was induced to overlook the want of fortune in the idol of his heart. Dazzled by the widow’s appearance, which was in every respect elegant, genteel, and rather superb, he hastily concluded, that she was in affluent circumstances; and upon the strength of his false conclusions, he fixed a day for the celebration of his nuptials. With the naming of that day Mrs. Barnard was so well pleased, that she expressed her satisfaction in the strongest terms; Miss Morley modestly assented to it by a graceful motion of her head.

In the midst of his preparations for his wedding-day, Harry received an express from Greville-hall. His father was given over by the physicians who attended him, and he earnestly wished to see him with his other children.

In consequence of this hurrying summons he set off immediately.

On

On the evening of the third day after Harry's precipitate departure, Mrs. Barnard returned from Lady Rook's rout with such a diminution of her fortune, that she really alarmed Fanny, whom she had left at home indisposed with a cold, by her distracted behaviour. She walked up and down the room most violently agitated, wrung her hands, and ravingly cried several times, "I am ruined, abso-  
lutely ruined."

The next morning she received a visit from Sir George Frampton, in whose company she had played the evening before; but not at the same table.

Sir George being a man who knew a great deal of the female world, and who was as artful as he was amorous, opened his mind with much ease and conciseness, "I have long had a prodigious passion  
"for Miss Morley, madam, and if you will favour  
"me with your assistance—You understand me,  
"I imagine—These notes," spreading out five  
of an hundred each—"will be extremely at your  
"service."

Mrs. Barnard paused. Sir George immediately reckoned upon her assistance: when a woman deliberates upon such an occasion, she is certainly in a captivating condition.

After a short consultation, a mock marriage was agreed upon. Fanny, not having any partiality

lity for Mr. Greville, was easily persuaded to become Lady Frampton.

In less than a fortnight after the sham marriage of her niece, Mrs. Barnard surprised her one day at her new apartments, by appearing in tears, and by exclaiming bitterly against Sir George—"O Fanny! " my dear Fanny," said she, " we have been shockingly deceived; Sir George is a villain. The person whom he employed to perform the ceremony " was not a clergyman, but one of his libertine " companions disguised."

Fanny instantly fainted. When she came to herself, Mrs. Barnard took an infinite deal of pains to comfort her; and to render her consolations the more efficacious, told her, they had nothing to do but to hush the matter up, and wait with patience for the return of Mr. Greville from the North. In cases of necessity there is no time for demurring: Fanny consented to impose upon Greville, by concealing the ill-treatment she had met with; but could not be prevailed on to stay in the apartments which Sir George had hired for her. Sir George made his appearance just when she was going to leave them; and she discovered a becoming resentment in her behaviour to him. Harry arrived at Greville-hall only time enough to receive his father's blessing: the good old man died in a few hours after his arrival.

Harry

Harry had great reason to be satisfied with the distribution of his father's fortune; but as there were many family affairs to be settled, he was obliged to remain with his brothers longer than he intended to stay with them, for his heart was in Bond-street.

As soon as he came to his chambers in the Temple, he found a card from the most intimate friend he had in the world.

"Charles Bruton begs the favour of his old friend to call on him without delay, after the perusal of this card."

Harry, though strongly prompted by love to make his first visit to Bond-street, was just at that moment more strongly urged by curiosity to stop in the Paper-Buildings before he proceeded to his mistress.

Charles, after having cordially embraced, intreated him with uncommon earnestness to give up all thoughts of Miss Morley.

So extraordinary a request, so abruptly delivered, threw Harry into astonishment; and he desired his friend, hastily, to explain the meaning of these words.

Charles, like a true friend, disclosed all he had heard, and from unquestionable authority, concerning the connection between Miss Morley and Sir George Frampton. Harry would not believe a syllable of the allegation against his Fanny. High words

words arose between them, and Harry set off for Bond-street, as fully convinced of the virtue of his mistress, as he was irritated against the credulity and impertinent officiousness of his friend.

His reception at Mrs. Barnard's gave him so much satisfaction, that when he returned to his chambers, he sent a challenge to his friend.

They met the next morning in Hyde-Park: Charles, having in vain endeavoured to reason with his adversary, fought, fell, and—died.

Harry, in a few days afterwards, was married to Miss Morley: but he in a very short time found out how grossly he had been imposed upon. To describe what he felt at that instant is impossible. His feelings must have been of the most torturing kind; but those feelings were of a short duration, for utterly unable to bear the ignominy which he had brought upon himself, and severely smarting for the murder of his friend, he shot himself through the head soon after the afflicting discovery.



ANECDOTE  
 OF  
 HARRY FIELDING.

---

IN the character of the late Harry Fielding, good-nature and philanthropy, in their extreme degree, were known to be the prominent features. The following anecdote of that second Timon, not of universal notoriety, is given in illustration of such his peculiar characteristic. This invoker of the Nine, in common with all the verse-making tribe who climb Parnassus' hill, had not the mines of Potosi at command. His receipts were never large, and his pocket was an open bank for distress and friendship at all times to draw on. Marked by such a liberality of mind, it is not to be wondered at, if he was frequently under pecuniary embarrassments. In one of these predicaments, his conduct was so truly social, so perfectly oblivious of self, that it ought to be recorded to his immortal honour, as exhibiting the proof dernier of friendship *inter homines*. Some parochial taxes for his house in Beaufort-Buildings being unpaid, and for which he had been demanded again and again, or, in the vulgar phrase, dunn'd *de die in diem*, he was at last given to

understand



understand by the collector, who had an esteem for him, that he could procrastinate the payment no longer. In this dilemma the author of *Tom Jones* called a counsel of his thoughts, to whom he should apply for a temporary accommodation on the pledge of the embryos of his own brain. Jacob Tonson was his resource on these occasions:—to him therefore he addressed himself, and mortgaged the coming sheets of some work then in hand. He received the cash—some ten or twelve guineas. Full freighted with this sum, he was returning home; when, lo! fate, in the guise of friendship, had determined to intercept him, and prevent his reaching his destination with his pecuniary cargo. In the Strand, within a few yards of his own house, he met an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years. Harry felt the enthusiasm of friendship; an hundred interrogations were put to him in a moment; as, Where had he been? Where was he going? How did he do? &c. &c. His friend told him, in reply, he had long been buffeting the waves of adverse fortune, but never could surmount them:

*“ Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.”*

The result may be anticipated. Fielding's glow of friendship led him to ask his quondam intimate

to

to take a dinner at the neighbouring tavern, to talk over old stories, and taste the Tuscan grape. The invitation was accepted—the viands were spread—the exhilarating juice appeared—and cares were given to the winds. The moments flew joyous, and unperceived; they both partook largely of “the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.” In the course of their *tête à tête*, Fielding became acquainted with the state of his friend’s pocket. He emptied his own into it; and parted, a few periods before Aurora’s appearance, greater and happier than a monarch. Arrived at home, his sister, who waited his coming with the greatest anxiety, began to question him as to his cause for staying. Harry began to relate the felicitous rencontre—his sister Amelia tells him *the collector had called for the taxes twice that day*. This information let our worthy author down to earth again, after his elevation, in his own reflections, to the seventh heaven. His reply was laconic, but memorable: “Friendship has called for the money, and had it:—let the collector call again.” A second application to Tonson gave him the ability to satisfy the joint demands of the parish and his friend.

ON THE  
SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

---

**W**HEN, gently swelling from the genial root,  
The buds of balmy spring begin to shoot,  
The eye, inquisitive, from day to day,  
Observes the progress of the solar ray;  
And, as the warmth and vernal airs inspire,  
The leaf expanding glows with rich attire:  
The insect tribes, upon its glossy vest,  
Their hours of pastime o'er, return to rest,  
Depose their eggs, in velvet safely lie,  
And nature fully satiate, buzz, and die.

Thus we, poor actors, on this transient stage,  
Pass a short interval from youth to age;  
Can scarcely con our mortal lesson o'er,  
Before we languish, sigh, and are no more.

---

BON MOT.

---

**A** Lawyer being very pleasant on one of the witnesses concerned in an action against a Lottery Office-keeper, saying, "Sir, the lottery business  
" appears

“ appears to me to be very profitable ; I desire you  
 “ will give me some insight into it, as I mean to  
 “ commence lottery office-keeper myself.” The  
 witness replied, ‘ The business is not so lucrative as  
 ‘ your own, but equally as honest. You now cut a  
 ‘ respectable figure, but, depend upon it, in the new  
 ‘ business you would cut a ridiculous one.’

---

AN INSTANCE OF VALOUR AND FORTITUDE  
 IN  
 LORD ROBERT MANNERS,  
 DURING THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT APRIL 12, 1782,  
 BETWEEN THE  
 ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS.

---

**L**ORD Robert Manners was among the very  
 first wounded on board his own ship the *Resolution*. He was endeavouring to get to his cabin  
 upon one leg, when he was perceived by a very stout  
 man, stationed at the wheel, who instantly took him  
 up in his arms and carried him into his cabin. Be-  
 sides the loss of his leg, Lord Robert received some  
 other wounds and contusions. Notwithstanding his  
 maimed

maimed condition, he continued to issue his orders through the whole day, with as much composure as if he had been perfectly at his ease. This astonishing circumstance, however, will not surprise those who had the honour and happiness of knowing him. His behaviour in such extreme bodily pain, is a strong proof of the power of a firm and collected mind. After being engaged with several ships, he bore down on the *Ville de Paris*, at that time engaged with the *Barfleur*, Admiral Hood, and a 64, and soon after he got within gun-shot she struck. The *Compte de Grasse* in some degree kept up his fire to the last, for several of his cannon-shot struck the *Resolution* as she was coming on his quarter. From his Lordship's fortitude, composure, and excellent constitution, after some days, his recovery was not doubted of; when most unfortunately, a locked jaw came on, and he expired on board the *Andromache* frigate, having been about a fortnight on his passage home. His body was committed to the ocean. The not bringing it to England gave his noble relations great and just uneasiness.



DEFINITION

## DEFINITION OF WIT.

---

**W**IT by some persons is esteemed a lively imagination, fraught with images humorous and satirical, by others it is held to consist in a quickness of fancy, and a keenness of apprehension. But what is wit? that is the present question; to answer which, I would first observe, negatively, that it is not humour, it is not mirth, it is not a lively fancy, or quickness of apprehension, but it includes all of them; and, positively, that it is a brilliant thought happily expressed. Dryden defines it a propriety of thought and words, or thought and words elegantly adapted to the subject. Hence, then, it appears plainly to be an utter stranger to all obscenity, levity, and ill-nature. Mr. Locke describes it as consisting in the assembling of ideas together with quickness and variety, wherein may be found any resemblance or congruity, making up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Whence it is evidently no friend to personal satire, ridicule, or contumely; in a word, true wit includes all such pleasing observations and remarks as delight and surprise at the same time.

False

False wit is only another term for meanness, scurrility, and low humour; it too frequently lights on the defects of nature, or subjects of indecency, and generally betrays a shallow understanding, a degenerate taste, or a trifling spirit. A true wit is a man of genius, education, sentiment, and acuteness; and, so far from being severe on the natural failings of others, or giving the least encouragement to indelicacy or unmanly reflections, he always approves himself the friend of virtue, humanity, and good-breeding. According to Mr. Addison's opinion, "Good-sense is his father, Truth is his grandfather, and Mirth and Good-humour are his chosen companions."

---

## FALSE PROMISES.

AN ESSAY.

---

A False promise is a lie, and of the worst kind too. I presume no man is fond of being justly branded with the odious appellation of liar, and yet every man who pays no regard to his promises certainly deserves it; I will therefore propose that a law shall immediately take place to this effect: That every

every person who regards not his promises, or is not punctual in performing them, shall (so soon as he is found out) have a slip of white paper pasted upon the back of his coat, in the most conspicuous place, with the following motto written thereon in large capitals: I AM ONE OF THE KINGS OF THE LIARS. He shall be obliged to wear the same one month for every trivial offence, and a whole year for such promises as were attended with bad consequences. Or suppose, as government is now in want of cash, you know for what purpose, we should lay another tax upon the whole race of promise-breakers, and let L—d N---- be appointed receiver-general of all the money arising from such tax, and have under him deputies appointed, one for every town in Europe.

Troth, Sir, I think this is no bad scheme, since, in the first place, it would shame numbers into *some* principle, who at present have *none*. In the next place, P--t would have no occasion to devise methods for raising new taxes, for I think a supply might by this means be obtained sufficient to hire mercenaries to cut a million of throats. But perhaps to this my scheme you will make one objection, viz. suppose the receiver-general should break his promise, to whom shall he pay his fine.—Oh, Sir, this is not difficult—let him be obliged to condescend to  
pay



pay it himself into the hands of one of the deputies, and the mortification may serve as some punishment.

Well but, Sir, if you do not chuse to adopt my plan for curing those who break their promises, yet I hope you will be kind enough to tell them that they must hereafter be answerable for their conduct, and perhaps in such a manner as they now least think of.

It is the peculiar property of the devil to deceive with false promises; what else induced our first parents to eat of the forbidden fruit, but a false promise that they should become as gods, knowing good and evil? In what manner does the devil continue to gain servants, but by false promises? What man would even run into sin, unless he were persuaded that he should find some pleasure or advantage therefrom? And does not the devil promise him, that he shall enjoy just what he wishes for or expects? Whereas it is evident, at the same time, that this promise is a most deceitful lie. In short, it is not common for the devil to make very large and advantageous promises? But did you ever know him perform any of them? Whosoever thou art, then, that thus imitatest the devil, thou art not far from being a second devil. Remember, therefore, ere it be too late, from whence thou art fallen, and repent; promise no more, for the future, than thou  
art

art able to perform, and be punctual in the performance thereof.

In the common concerns of life, the false promises made to the fair sex are the most unpardonable, because they very often tend to their ruin. Let, therefore, the lawless libertine be ashamed of his conduct, unless he can make it appear that it is laudable to ruin those who sue unto us for protection. Let him likewise consider, that whilst he is thus delighting in the destruction of those whom God and nature intended that he should preserve, protect, and defend, he is most effectually ruining himself; for shall not he, in some measure, be answerable for those crimes which he induced them to commit? If thou art not able to answer for thy own sins, how shalt thou be able to answer for those which thou hast caused others to commit? If, therefore, thou wilt indulge thyself in lawless follies, only for the sake of momentary gratifications, yet remember that for all this God will one day bring thee into judgment.



ANECDOTE  
OF AN  
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

---

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village; and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the whole village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocking at the door, a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. "I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar, "can you give me a lodging for one night?"—"Alas!" said the peasant, taking him by the hand, 'you will have but poor fare  
' here;

' here: you are come at an unlucky time: my wife  
 ' is in labour; her cries will not let you sleep: but  
 ' come in, come in; you will at least be sheltered  
 ' from the cold; and such as we have you shall be  
 ' welcome to.'—The peasant then made the Czar  
 enter a little room, full of children: in a cradle were  
 two infants sleeping soundly; a girl, three years old,  
 was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two  
 sisters, the one five years old, and the other seven,  
 were on their knees, crying, and praying to God for  
 their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and  
 whose plaints and groans were distinctly heard.—  
 ' Stay here,' said the peasant to the Emperor, ' I  
 ' will go and get something for your supper.' He  
 went out, and soon returned with some black bread,  
 eggs, and honey.—' You see all I can give you,'  
 said the peasant; ' partake of it with my children.  
 ' I must go and assist my wife.'—" Your charity,  
 " your hospitality," said the Czar, " must bring  
 " down blessings upon your house: I am sure God  
 " will reward your goodness."—" Pray to God, my  
 ' good friend,' replied the peasant, ' pray to God.  
 ' ALMIGHTY, that she may have a safe delivery:  
 ' that is all I wish for.'—" And is that all you wish  
 " to make you happy?"—" Happy! judge for your-  
 ' self. I have five fine children, a dear wife that  
 ' loves me, a father and mother, all in good health;  
 ' and

‘and my labour is sufficient to maintain them all.’  
 “Do your father and mother live with you?”—  
 ‘Certainly; they are in the next room with my  
 ‘wife.’—“But your cottage here is so very small!”  
 —‘It is large enough, it can hold us all.’—The  
 good peasant then went to his wife, who, an hour  
 after, was happily delivered. Her husband, in a  
 transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar:  
 ‘Look,’ said he, ‘look; this is the sixth she has  
 ‘brought me! What a fine hearty child he is!’  
 ‘May God preserve him, as he has done my others!’  
 The Czar, sensibly affected at this scene, took the  
 child in his arms: “I know,” said he, “from the  
 “physiognomy of this child, that he will be quite  
 “fortunate: he will arrive, I am certain, at great  
 “preferment.”—The peasant smiled at this predic-  
 tion; and at that instant the two eldest girls came to  
 kiss their new born-brother, and their grandmother  
 came also to take him back. The little ones fol-  
 lowed her; and the peasant, laying himself down  
 upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the  
 same. In a moment, the peasant was in a sound  
 and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked  
 round, and contemplated every thing with an eye  
 of tenderness and emotion—the sleeping children and  
 their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned  
 in the cottage. “What a happy calm! What de-  
 “lightful

“lightful tranquillity!” said the Emperor: “Avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!” In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of all the Russias spend the night! The peasant awoke at break of day; and his guest, taking leave of him, said, “I must return to Moscow, my friend: I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening: I will be back in three hours at farthest.” The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise; but in the good-nature of his heart, he consented, however, to the stranger’s request. The Czar immediately took his leave: the three hours were soon gone; and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard, on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many coaches. He looked out, and presently saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid carriages. He knew the Imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by: they all run out in a hurry, and stood  
before

before the door. The horsemen and carriages formed a circular line; and, at last, the state-coach of the Czar stopped opposite the good peasant's door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach-door was opened; the Czar alighted; and, advancing to his host, thus addressed him: "I promised you a godfather; I am come to fulfil my promise; give me your child, and follow me to church."—The peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the Emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turning to a crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger, who had lain ill with him all night upon straw. The Emperor, for some moments, silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: "Yesterday *you* performed the duties of humanity: to-day *I* am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, that of recompensing VIRTUE. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy: but I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures,

" and

“and a house that will enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your newborn child shall become my ward; for you may remember,” continued the Emperor, smiling, “that I prophesied he would be fortunate.”—The good peasant could not speak; but, with tears of grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected: he took the child in his arms, and carried him himself to church; and, after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother’s milk, he took him back to the cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him as soon as he could be weaned. The Czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his future settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favours upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

---

#### A PERSIAN ANECDOTE:

---

A Virtuous young Emperor, very much affected to find his actions misconstrued and defamed by a party among his subjects, who favoured another



ther interest, while he was one day sitting among the ministers of his divan, and amusing himself, after the eastern manner, with the solution of difficult problems and enigmas, proposed to them, in his turn, the following one: "What is the tree that bears 365 leaves, which are all black on the one side, and white on the other?" His grand-vizier immediately replied, 'It was the year which consisted of 365 days and nights: but, sir,' continued he, 'permit me, at the same time, to take notice, that those leaves represent your actions, which carry different faces to your friends and enemies, and will always appear black to those who are resolved to look upon the wrong side of them.'

---

#### AN ODD ANECDOTE

OF AN

#### EARL OF SUFFOLK.

---

EDWARD Howard, Earl of Suffolk, with great inclination to versify, and some derangement of his intellects, was so unlucky as not to have his *furor* of the true poetic sort. A gentleman, on his first appearance as an author, was sent for by this lord

lord to his house. His lordship told him, that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry, but that having the misfortune to be of the same name with the Honourable Edward Howard, so much ridiculed in the last age, no printer would meddle with his works, which he therefore desired the gentleman to recommend to some of the profession of his acquaintance. The gentleman excused himself as well as he could: the Earl then began to read some of his verses, but coming to the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, "I am not like most poets, sir; I do not draw from ideal mistresses, I always have my subject before me." Then ringing his bell, he said to a footman, "call up *fine eyes*." A woman of the town appeared. "*Fine eyes*," said the Earl, "look full on this gentleman;" she did so, and retired. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed the respective charms for which they had been distinguished by his lordship's pen.



## THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

A MORAL TALE.

---

**A**MONG the numerous heroes of antiquity, whose names have been buried in oblivion for want of a poet or an historian to transmit them to posterity, Alcander and Cephifus are certainly to be classed. They were (according to the manuscript from which the following history is extracted) Athenians of a good family, and brothers: esteemed for their private, still more for their public virtues, which prompted them, upon every occasion, to shew their patriotism with their tongues, or their swords. With the latter they nobly distinguished themselves under the command of Miltiades, in the battle of Marathon; but as no historian has thought proper to take notice of their military achievements, dazzled by the superior lustre of the general himself, those achievements have not been recorded in the manner they merited. Luckily, however, some account of these brothers is preserved in the annals of an obscure Grecian writer, by whom their martial behaviour in the above-mentioned battle is highly extolled, and a few curious anecdotes, with regard to their private characters, are introduced, which will  
afford

afford more entertainment, perhaps, to the readers of them, than a long detail of the wounds they gave, or the wounds they received, while they were bravely hazarding their lives in the pure spirit of patriotism, with a true love for their country.

Alcander and Cephifus were both amiable, but there were several traits in their dispositions which served to make them appear distinct characters. Their persons were striking, their manners were polished, their eloquence was persuasive, and their courage was unquestioned: but they were of tempers diametrically opposite. Alcander, free, open, and unreserved, thought every body as sincere as himself, and was consequently often deceived in his commerce with the world. Cephifus, on the other hand, by having made more observations on mankind than his brother, was full of suspicions, and of course more upon his guard: he wrapped himself up in his own virtue, and as he had no sort of inclination to injure others in any shape whatever, he did all in his power to prevent others from injuring him: and as his private suspicions only led him to be thus armed with circumspection in his public dealings, they could not be deemed censurable. Men who discover no doubts concerning the honour and integrity of those with whom they have any transactions, will, indeed, be more popular characters;

ters; they will be laughed at too, perhaps, for dupes ; but they will be loved at the same time for good-natured creatures, who are only enemies to themselves.

No two brothers ever lived more happily together than Alcander and Cephifus: a fraternal affection, like that subsisting between them, was a proverbial expression; and as for the opposition discernible in their tempers, it proved, on many occasions, serviceable to them: the unjust suspicions of Cephifus were, sometimes, happily corrected by Alcander, and the excessive credulity of Alcander was as happily corrected by Cephifus; so that there was a perfect agreement between them upon the whole; and a few home-bred discords, like those in music, did but contribute to render their domestic harmony more complete.

As these brothers had often distinguished themselves by their valour in the field, as well as by their elocution in the senate; they were greatly esteemed by Miltiades, and they gave him particular pleasure by the eagerness which they shewed to accompany him in his expedition against Xerxes; an expedition which proved as honourable to himself, as it was inglorious to the haughty, over-bearing monarch that opposed him; imagining, with all the false spirit and real insolence of a Drawcanfir, from the  
superiority

superiority of his military force, that he should certainly conquer those against whom he dared to lead his unwieldy armies. If royal ambition did not now and then receive very mortifying disappointments, the world would be full of carnage and desolation: but fortunately, when a king discovers too great a propensity to be a scourge than a blessing to his subjects, Providence enables them, at some time or other, and in some shape, to throw off the yoke which is too heavy for them to bear.—Happily for us, our sovereign is not of a sanguinary disposition; he is willing to rule us with the sceptre of peace.—But to return to the two brothers.

Doubly animated by the pleasure which Miltiades expressed at their alacrity, when they heard of his being appointed to check the career of the Persian king, glorying in his strength, and supposing him invincible, they prepared for their departure from Athens without delay; and, without being in the least intimidated by the magnified accounts of the Persian army, attended their general.

Every school-boy knows that Miltiades gained a victory over Xerxes in the plains of Marathon; a victory particularly brilliant, as he had only ten thousand to oppose six hundred thousand; it is, of course, unnecessary to enter into minutiae relating to the battle which redounded so much to his own honour,

honour, and to the glory of his countrymen: but every body is not acquainted with the share which Alcander and Cephifus had in it.—They fought with the ferocity of lions, side by side, and exhibited the most indubitable proofs of their powers. Their valorous feats procured them the highest commendation from their successful general; but he was uncommonly touched by the noble behaviour of Cephifus, who, seeing himself separated from his brother, during the bloody conflict, by a body of Persians, by whom he was carried away their prisoner, immediately determined to rescue him out of their hands, or perish in the attempt. Stimulated by his fraternal affection as well as martial ardour, he followed the flying corps, pushed into the thickest part of them, with a few young Athenians, who generously offered their assistance, and, after a severe engagement with them, relieved Alcander. Alcander, perceiving his brother advance, greatly facilitated the execution of his affectionate design by the exertion of his own strength and address; but the heroism of Cephifus was not, however, by that exertion, diminished. The scene betwixt the two brothers, in consequence of their meeting again after a short separation, was very pathetic. Miltiades himself, when he heard of the tears which they mingled with their embraces, could hardly refrain from

from weeping, so powerfully did he feel, by the force of sympathy, the pleasure—exquisite almost to pain, which they felt by their animated interview upon their being at liberty to display new proofs of their patriotic zeal.

Soon after this junction between the two brothers, Alcander and Cephifus were warmly employed in two parts of the field of battle with some of the best troops in the Persian army. Alcander was so fortunate with his little corps, that he put his adversaries to flight, and took a lady, who had accompanied the commanding officer, prisoner.

Alcander was very much pleased with having routed any part of that army by which Xerxes, presuming upon numbers, thought, no doubt, in the pride of his heart, that the Greeks, who were daring enough to appear in arms against him, would be all cut to pieces: he was additionally pleased with the capture he had made. With the beauty of Celimene, indeed, he was transported to such a degree that he could not mention her without having recourse to the most rapturous-expressions. So happy a mixture of beauty and grace, of dignity and ease, he had not, even among his own country-women, ever seen before; and as he was of an amorous complexion, her personal charms operated upon him in a violent manner. To increase the transports which  
he



he felt upon the occasion, he beheld in her rather a satisfaction than a concern at her captivity. This seeming paradox must be explained.

Celimene, the only daughter of a man in a very humble sphere, was all his comfort: he loved her with an unusual share of parental affection, and her behaviour to him, from her earliest infancy, left him no room to question the sincerity of her filial attachment to him. Her whole study, indeed, was to make her father's life happy, and she succeeded so well, that he derived from her dutiful attentions much the greatest part of the rural felicity which he enjoyed in his lowly cottage, respected by all who knew his worth (though doomed by fortune to labour for a subsistence) for the innocence of his life, and the integrity of his conduct. The birth of his daughter gave the poor peasant small pleasure, as he had wished for a son, and as her mother died in bringing her into the world; but as she grew up, she not only rendered herself perfectly agreeable, she made herself also really useful to him. As she was exceedingly handsome, however, he sometimes sighed to think of the temptations to which she would be exposed, should he be snatched suddenly from her by the omnipotent arm of death; but he drew consolation on the other hand, from the discretion which she discovered in all her actions, and from  
her

her never appearing to be censurably conscious of her beauty ; so that he was, upon the whole, more inclined to believe, that she would be always governed by prudence, than do any thing to blast her honour. To those among the libertines of the age who happen to dip into this artless tale, this passage may, perhaps, afford merriment, and prompt them to be as witty as they can upon the honour of a country girl ; but such a girl has surely a character to support as well as the daughter of a peer ; and if every female, both in high and low life, would look upon a good name as the immediate jewel of their souls,

. . . . “ Men would adore them,  
“ And all the business of their lives be loving.”

Thoroughly happy in her humble situation, Celimene, though she had been often tempted by some of the licentious men of fashion in her father's neighbourhood, to put them in possession of her beauty, upon their own terms, would never make any deviations from the paths of virtue, in which her father had laudably trained her. Never dazzled by the splendour of their offers, she rejected them all with a commendable disdain ; and by so doing she rendered her dishonourable admirers almost mad with vexation and pride ; but she, at the same time,

shone

shone with redoubled lustre in the eyes of all those who consider the union between beauty and virtue in a female form, as “ a consummation devoutly to “ be wished:” for without that union, the man who takes a Venus to his arms, may be justly apprehensive of every young Mars who comes in his way.

On his march with the Persian troops under his command towards the plains of Marathon, Harpagus could not, without deviating unnecessarily from the direct road, avoid passing within sight of that cottage in which the above-mentioned beauty lived in a state of the purest simplicity. The sight of this cottage would have been no object of this general's attention, had he not beheld, at the entrance of it, a female figure, the most alluring, in spite of the rusticity of her attire, which he had ever met with. The meanness of her dress could not divest her person of the power of striking whenever it appeared. Harpagus felt its force to such a degree that he could not restrain himself from halting, in order to solicit her company in his expedition.

Celimene, happening at that moment to be quite alone, and waiting impatiently for the return of her father from the nearest city, on whose account she endured no small uneasiness, fearful of his having been detained from his homely, but happy dwelling, by some disagreeable accident, was very much embarrassed

barrasted and confused at the approach of a fine young fellow, extremely pleasing in his person, and by his habiliments evidently a man of importance in the Persian army. The nearer he approached, the greater was her confusion; her eyes were so powerfully attracted at the same time by the pompousness of his appearance, that she had not sufficient presence of mind to retire, in order to shun an interview which she dreaded. Harpagus, having advanced near enough to take a very accurate survey of her personal charms, was still more inflamed than he had been by a distant view of them, and, with all the politeness of a satrap, made her an offer which few English girls in her situation would have refused: nor would she have rejected them, had her admirer given her reason to believe that his generosity proceeded from the most disinterested motives. As soon as she found that his magnificent offers were only intended as a bribe to seduce her from the paths of virtue, she felt her soul superior to all his glittering temptations, and fled from his presence. Impelled by love—or rather by a passion which deserves not that name—he followed; and perceiving, with the utmost pleasure, that there was not a creature except herself in the cottage, he forced her from it, regardless of her intreaties and her prayer, doubly affecting by the tears with which they were accompanied.

accompanied. By this compulsive mode of acting, he gained her for a companion in his march; but he had taken the worst way imaginable to gain her heart. She conceived, indeed, from the brutality of his behaviour, (the politest men act the brutes in some situations) such an aversion for him, that she felt joy springing up in her bosom on her being made prisoner by Alcander. That joy was greatly increased by his carriage to her; for with as much politeness in his manners as her Persian lover had discovered, he shewed himself to be a man of a very different turn, a turn which prevented her from being alarmed on account of her virtue. Alcander, indeed, was not less sensible of her personal attractions than Harpagus had been; but as he had no dishonourable points to carry, his deportment, if not so insinuating as that of her Persian admirer, was far more satisfactory.

Celimene, transported to find in her deliverer (for in that light she looked upon Alcander) a man who, while he appeared transported with her beauty, behaved also with a respectfulness which seemed to arise from the operation of a laudable passion, and not assumed with a design to draw her into a criminal connection, felt herself as happy as she could be in a state of separation from a father whom she loved with the sincerest filial affection; and her Grecian lover

lover made her still more happy, by assuring her that he would do all in his power, on his return to Athens, to find him out, that he might partake of the felicity which he promised himself by her acceptance of his hand, heart, and fortune.

Soon after this event, Cephifus, having received dispatches from Athens, relating to the unexpected conduct of a man in whom he had—presuming too much upon his insight into characters—placed too much confidence, begged leave of Miltiades to withdraw himself from the camp; and his request was readily granted. As a soldier, indeed, he removed himself not without some reluctance; but as he had sufficiently proved his valour against the enemies of his country, he was willing to hope that the deeds he had done would preclude any constructions, upon his sudden return to Athens, injurious to his military reputation.

It was not, however, on account of such constructions only, that he felt disquiet at his being summoned from the field of war, to make his appearance in the field of litigation. At the moment he saw his brother's beautiful captive, he felt an unusual commotion in his breast; and as that commotion grew more violent every time he beheld her, he not only began to wish to have her in his own possession, but to lay schemes for the gratification of his

his amorous desires. His bosom no longer throbbed with that kind of fraternal love, by which it had before been animated. Celimene's beauties, beyond expression, and not to be resisted, separated the brother from the man, and he now, in the character of a rival, thought of nothing but how to win the heart of the Persian prisoner, how to get her person into his power. His efforts to win were seducing, but they were unsuccessful: she had no eyes, no ears for Alcander; and he, transported at the double conquest he had gained, undesignedly, because unsuspectingly, increased the flame which love had kindled in his brother's breast by his rapturous effusions. Fortunately, as Cephifus thought, while he was preparing to return to his native city, Celimene was attacked with a disorder which, though not of an alarming nature, had such an effect upon her spirits, that Alcander imagined she would be more happily situated, at that time, with some of his female relations at Athens, than with him, amidst the clamours and bustle of a camp, and therefore proposed to her a removal with Cephifus; and she, having no objection to him as a fellow-traveller, with the more readiness consented, as Alcander assured her, repeatedly, that he would follow her as soon as he possibly could, without fixing a stain upon his honour as a soldier, and complete the happiness

happinefs he had already enjoyed with her, by attending her to the Temple of Hymen.

Having no fufpicions with regard to his brother's paffion for Celimene, and having the higheft idea of his integrity in every refpect; he committed her to his care with the greateft fatisfaction. Their adieus were the tendereft to be conceived, and the feelings of Celimene upon the occafion may be more eafily imagined than described.

Celimene, with her head and her heart full of Alcander, paid little attention to Cephifus during her journey under his protection, but behaved to him with a proper civility whenever he addreffed himfelf to her. Many were the compliments which he paid to her beauty, though directed to her in the moft artful manner; but ſhe was not fufficiently moved by them, to infpire him with any hopes of her changing the object of her affection in his favour. The firft accounts which Alcander received from Cephifus relating to Celimene, were very pleafing, as they informed him of the full recovery of her health: but he ſoon received others of a difagreeable nature. Cephifus, though he had vainly endeavoured to alienate Celimene's affections from his brother during her journey, did not entirely give up all hopes of fuccefs after his arrival at Athens; but finding all his efforts ineffectual, he at laft de-  
s
terminated



terminated to render her an object of detestation in the eyes of Alcander, who would not look upon himself in the wished-for light: accordingly he sent from time to time intelligence to his brother, concerning her behaviour, which made him extremely uneasy, as it gave him too much reason to suspect her fidelity to him. Not willing, however, to credit the information he received from Athens, relating to her conduct, he procured permission of Miltiades to return, and set out from the Grecian camp in a state of mind not easily to be expressed.

Cephisus, having been apprised of Alcander's departure from the army, prepared new forgeries against Celimene, and with them in his hand received him on his approach to his own house, without giving himself time to change his military dress.

"If you have any doubts remaining," said he to him, "concerning Celimene's inconstancy, these papers (presenting them to him) will confirm all I have advanced—with the greatest reluctance you may be assured,—(added he, with an affected sorrow) as I have taken no small pains to convince her of the ingratitude of her behaviour." Alcander at first started back, as if fearful of receiving a confirmation of what his brother had, in successive dispatches, urged against the idol of his heart; but at length, from a desire to be thoroughly convinced  
of

of her inconstancy, before he totally abandoned her, he took the papers which related to her, read them, and was almost distracted with the perusal. After having lamented the desertion of the first woman for whom he had felt the tenderest of sensations; he accompanied his brother to the place where Celimene, he said, entirely regardless of him, was engaged with her new lover; and he saw her there, indeed, with a nobleman who was, he knew, remarkable for his dishonourable connections with the fair sex. Almost petrified at the sight, he could not at first utter a syllable. When he recovered himself a little, he left the spot overwhelmed with grief, as he really loved her to an extreme.

To his unspeakable astonishment, soon after he returned to his own house, the noble Athenian, whom he had seen with his fair captive, made him a visit, and after having told him he was the happiest man in Athens, to be loved by such a woman as Celimene, gave him so favourable an account of her behaviour, and made such discoveries with regard to the conduct of Cephifus, that he was at once charmed with the constancy of his mistress, and shocked at the more than duplicity, the infamous attempts of his brother to seduce her from the paths of honour especially as he knew that she was, though not actually, yet virtually his wife. By the discoveries

which Arcas made, Alcander found that Cephifus, not being able to prevail on Celimene to be false, had thrown him in her way, at a time when he thought his interview with her would have the most suspicious appearance: but he, to his great satisfaction, found also that Arcas, being struck at the firmness of her carriage to him, upon his taking steps not to be justified by the rules of honour, had repented of the insolence of his deportment, and revering that virtue which he could not shake, had resolved to make a free confession of his own precipitation, in consequence of the encouragement he had received from the disappointed Cephifus.

Restored to all his former tranquillity by this unexpected visit, Alcander hastened to the place which he had not long before quitted, truly distressed.

Celimene, upon his appearance, (for she had not seen him till then, as he was concealed in another apartment) flew to his arms, in a manner which convinced him that all the stories he had heard against her were void of truth; and he embraced her most tenderly in return. The first effusions between them were scarcely articulate.

Upon such occasions, however, the language of love, if it is not intelligible, is exquisitely delightful. It would be needless, surely, to add, that after this happy meeting, Alcander and Celimene had their  
felicity

felicity compleated by Hymen. They were indeed, in a few days; united by the strongest bands, and they did not, during a long union, ever wish to break them.

---

AN ADDRESS

TO THE SETTING SUN.

---

PARENT of Beauty! oft as I behold  
 The veil of evening thy resplendence shroud,  
 See thee empurple yon slow-sailing cloud,  
 And o'er the ocean show'r a paler gold;

And from this height discern a deeper hue  
 Steal o'er yon wood, checking the linnet's stay,  
 Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,  
 And mark the rock-rose droop beneath the dew.

The grandeur of *his* powerful hand I own,  
 Who clothes in amber light thy morning-throne,  
 And bids thee in the zenith radiant shine:  
 But when from western skies thy beauty flows,  
 His mercy in thy soften'd splendour glows,  
 And fills my pensive soul with love divine!

TIME.

## TIME.

**H**OW speedily will the consummation of all things commence! for yet a very little while, and the commissioned Arch-Angel lifts up his hand to heaven, and swears by the ALMIGHTY name, that "*Time shall be no longer.*" Then abused opportunities will never return, and new opportunities will never more be offered. Then should negligent mortals wish ever so passionately for a few hours,—a few moments only,—to be thrown back from the opening eternity; thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

A wise man counts his minutes. He lets no time slip, for time is life; which he makes long, by the good husbandry, by a right use, and application of it.

"Make the most of your minutes," says Aurelius, "and be good for something while you can."

Know the true value of time, snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

We should read over our lives as well as books; take a survey of our actions, and make an inspection into the division of our time. King Alfred (that truly

truly great and wise monarch) is recorded to have divided the day and night into three parts: eight hours he allotted to eat and sleep in, eight for business and recreation, and eight he dedicated to study and prayer.

To come but once into the world, and trifle away our right use of it, making that a burthen which was given for a blessing, is strange infatuation.

Time is what we want most, but what we use worst; for which we must all account, when time shall be no more. There is but little need to drive away that time by foolish diversions, which flies away so swiftly of itself, and, when once gone, can never be recalled.

An idle person is a kind of monster in the creation; all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them, that they do not know what to do with themselves. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better.

Should the greatest part of the people sit down, and draw a particular account of their time, what a shameful

shameful bill would it be! So much extraordinary for eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much for gaming, plays, and masquerades; so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits, in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbours; so much in dressing and talking of fashions; and so much lost and wasted in doing nothing.

There is no man but hath a soul; and, if he will look carefully to that, he need not complain for want of business. Where there are so many corruptions to mortify, so many inclinations to watch over, so many temptations to resist, the graces of God to improve, and former neglects of all these to lament, sure he can never want sufficient employment. For all these require time, and so men at their death find; for those who have lived carelessly, and wasted their time, would then give their all to redeem it.

It was a memorable practice of Vespasian, through the whole course of his life, he called himself to an account every night for the actions of the past day, and so often as he found he had skipped any one day without doing some good, he entered upon his diary this memorial, "*I have lost a day.*"

If

If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world,—but yet not a full one;—for even this would be such an œconomy, as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

Time is one of the most precious jewels which we possess; but its true value is seldom known till it is near a close, and when it is not in our power to redeem it. The right improvement of time is of the greatest consequence to mankind. The present moment is only ours. The present moment calls for dispatch; and, if neglected, it is a great chance if ever we get another opportunity. To-day we live, to-morrow we may die. Besides, we have a great work to do, and an appointed time in which it must be done. The uncertainty of this time adds much to its brevity; the velocity of it urges its improvements the more. Seneca observes, “ We all  
“ complain of the shortness of time, but spend it in  
“ such a manner as if we had too much.”

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use which has been made of it. It is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals!



prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make time glide away imperceptibly, and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt.

---

ANECDOTE

or

DR. GOLDSMITH.

---

THE Doctor, having inadvertently paid an hackney-coachman a guinea instead of a shilling, and, with great consistency, forgot to take the number of the coach, was obliged to apply to the fraternity of the whip about Temple-Bar, to find the coachman again, by the description of his person. The fellow being well known, the Doctor had soon the satisfaction to be informed he was a very honest man, and would certainly return the guinea, if he knew where to find him. "Well," says the Doctor, "I am going to dine at the Devil " with my friend Dr. Johnson and Mr. Stevens: if  
" he

“ he should come before six o’clock, send him to “ me.” The Doctor went to dinner, and before the cloth was taken away, the waiter informed him the coachman was below stairs with his guinea. On this information, the Doctor largely descanted on the singular honesty of the fellow, and the expediency of his being properly rewarded for it. This drew a voluntary subscription from the company of about nine shillings; which the Doctor took down to the coachman, putting it into his hand with many encomiums on his honesty; at the same time receiving the guinea from the coachman, which he slipped into his pocket; on turning to go up stairs, however, the honest hack-driver modestly reminded his honour, that he was not paid his fare; very arithmetically conceiving, that the nine shillings being given as a reward for his honesty, his fare was not included. “ Right,” cries the Doctor; “ there is “ a shilling for thee, my lad.”—“ God bless your ‘ honour,’ returned John; ‘ I see you know how ‘ to consider a poor man.’ Then artfully dropping, that, though poor, he was honest; yet, God knew, he had a wife and four children; concluding with a hint on family sickness, and the dearness of provisions: this melted the Doctor, and drew another half-crown from his pocket, which he gave him, desiring he would then go about his business, lest he

he should take the silver back again, and return him the whole guinea. On this hint, the coachman declared himself fully satisfied; and with many scrapes and bows took his leave. The Doctor returned to his company, exulting to think he had met with so favourable an opportunity to reward honesty, and to indulge his natural propensity to benevolence. The company renewed their encomiums, both on the coachman and the Doctor; but with what propriety, was discovered, when, the reckoning being called for, the Doctor pulled out the guinea to discharge his quota; not, indeed, the identical guinea the Doctor gave the coachman, but the guinea the coachman gave the Doctor, which, being of silver gilt, was worth just eight-pence halfpenny.

---

#### ANECDOTE OF DENNIS.

---

THE extravagant and enthusiastick opinion Dennis had of the merit and importance of his tragedy, called *Liberty Asserted*, cannot be more properly evinced, than by the following anecdote: He imagined there were some strokes in it so severe upon the French nation, that they could never be forgiven;

forgiven; and consequently, that Louis XIV. would not consent to a peace with England, unless he was delivered up as a sacrifice to national resentment. Nay, so far did he carry this apprehension, that, when the Congress for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, he waited upon the Duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his interest with the Plenipotentiaries, that they should not consent to his being given up. The Duke, however, with great gravity, told him, "That he was sorry it was not in his power to serve him, as he really had no interest with any of the Ministers at that time;" but added, that he fancied his case not to be quite so desperate as he seemed to imagine; for that indeed, he had taken no care to get himself excepted in the articles of peace; and yet he could not help thinking, that he had done the French almost as much damage as Mr. Dennis himself.—Another effect of this apprehension prevailing with him, is told as follows:—That being invited down to a gentleman's house on the coast of Sussex, where he had been very kindly entertained for some time, as he was one day walking near the beach, he saw a ship sailing, as he imagined, toward him: on which, taking it into his head that he was betrayed, he immediately made the best of his way to London, without even taking leave of his

his host, who had been so civil to him; but, on the contrary, proclaimed him to every body as a traitor, who had decoyed him down to his house only in order to give notice to the French, who had fitted out a vessel on purpose to carry him off, if he had not luckily discovered their design.

---

EPISTLE

FROM

MATTHEW SHORE TO JANE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BEFORE HE LEFT THE KINGDOM.

---

**T**O thee, my fair, whom now the court attends,  
 Thy mournful, sad, distracted husband sends;  
 Oh! on his tears, that drop at every word,  
 Some pity let his gentle Jane afford;  
 Before he quite despair, assuage his pain,  
 Nor let him sigh, nor let him pray in vain.  
*Wainstead!* dear name, that to my mem'ry brings  
 A thousand soft, a thousand tender things;  
 Thy virgin smiles, thy dear resistless grace,  
 And all the wounding sweetness of thy face;  
 Those happy times of kind enjoyment past,  
 Which once I vainly thought would ever last:

What

What cruel fiend, to all our peace a foe,  
 In death delighting, proud to overthrow,  
 Could tempt thee to forget thy rightful lord,  
 And fall in vices you so late abhorr'd?  
 Alas! 'twas dazzling pomp subdu'd thy fears,  
 Thy struggling virtue, and thy conscious tears.  
 But when I led thee to the sacred shrine,  
 And every holy vow confirm'd thee mine,  
 Then all around us could dire omens see,  
 But I was blind to every thing but thee:  
 Our kindred's vault sent forth a mournful sound!  
 Thrice dropt the nuptial ring, and ran along the  
 ground!

Pale priests aghast the sweating rood survey'd!  
 And every look unusual fears betray'd;  
 A sudden gloom o'er-shadow'd all the place,  
 And tears amidst my joy prophan'd my face.  
 This saw our friends, who all preferr'd this prayer,  
 "Heav'n shield from future woes the tender pair."  
 But ah! that pray'r could ne'er the clouds surpass,  
 The winds dispers'd it, or the skies were brass;  
 For all the storms these portents cou'd foretell,  
 Burst o'er my head, and sorrows daily swell:  
 Raving I see thee plac'd to shine above,  
 With smiles reflecting EDWARD's guilty love;  
 Myself, while thee such pageantry furrounds,  
 Forgot, tho' bleeding at a thousand wounds;

And

And these reflections makè me loath the light  
 That cheers the day, the watches of the night.  
 In fruitless sighs and silent thought I spend,  
 For Somnus never shall my soul befriend;  
 But when his downy wings are o'er me spread,  
 Vain dreams inhabit my disorder'd head :  
 Stretch'd on a bank of flow'rs methinks I lie  
 In calm repose, beneath a purple sky ;  
 No noise is heard, no rude re-murmuring rill,  
 The woods' wild race, and all the winds are still;  
 'Tis then some flute (far off) awakes my pain,  
 While soft and sweet is sung this pleasing strain :  
 (My lovely JANE advancing to my side,  
 Her charms all swelling to their native pride,  
 Her graceful locks and garments all unloos'd,  
 Her breasts, and every wond'rous charm, expos'd)  
 " Lift up thy streaming eyes, now cease to mourn,  
 " Behold thy fondest wish—thy JANE, return;  
 " Her the kind Gods on thee again bestows,  
 " To crown thy mighty love, and end thy woes."

The golden dream my joyful soul deceives,  
 And for one kind embrace a thousand lives I'd give,  
 Elate I strive to catch my beauteous fair,  
 But ah! I grasp uncorporeal air;  
 Then swells my heart, and pain obstructs my breath,  
 I wake to weep, and wish in vain for death;

I rise,

I rise, and wandering seek to find relief,  
 Mourn to the winds, and tell the stars my grief.  
 O! then my Wife, the softest, dearest name  
 A feeling heart can give, or love can claim,  
 Hear me complain, for once my sorrow know,  
 And feel my wrongs, for 'tis a debt you owe;  
 For you, my fair, whenever you complain'd,  
 These arms enfolded, and this breast sustain'd;  
 The rugged road of life for you I smooth'd,  
 Drank all your tears, your griefs with kisses sooth'd,  
 Your gentle soul to peaceful slumbers sung,  
 And o'er your sleep with watchful fondness hung.  
 Thy causeless flight hath ruin'd thy good name,  
 Broke all thy vows, and fill'd my face with shame,  
 My heart with deepest woe, my eyes with tears,  
 Thy friends and parents with distracting fears:  
 O! would'st thou come, and hear our mournful tale,  
 See how we're chang'd! how sorrowful! how pale!  
 Thy tender breast would strong relents find,  
 For thou wast always pitiful and kind.  
 'O! leave the court before the storm is nigh,  
 Thy stars may frown, or England's king may die;  
 Heaven, to avenge my cause, may wrath employ,  
 Envy prevail, or jealousy destroy:  
 Think—EDWARD has a queen—(alas! for she  
 One tear shall fall constrain'd by sympathy)

T

To



To her alone are his embraces due,  
 That love is sinful he extends on you;  
 Ponder what rage in her this must create,  
 O! heav'n for ever save thee from her hate,  
 And soon restore thee to my longing heart:  
 O! come, the thought doth extacies impart,  
 No murmur shall be heard, no tear be seen,  
 Nor whisper say how cruel thou hast been.  
 But this our fates deny, O! cruel fate!  
 For thou wilt live ador'd in regal state,  
 Know all the pleasures that from pomp can spring,  
 The envy'd darling of a mighty king;  
 But if, when years are o'er, thy pomp and power  
 Remain the same, if then some midnight hour,  
 In thought's revolving glass shall calmly show  
 Thee fortunes past, and seasons long ago,  
 Griefs, joys, compassions, thro' thy mind shall roll,  
 And if, in the reflections of thy soul,  
 (With pleasure cloy'd, and sinking into rest)  
 One tender thought of me shall fill thy breast,  
 How once I lov'd and left my native home,  
 Prompt by despair thro' the wide world to roam,  
 Think then thou seest me on some stormy coast,  
 By tempests beaten, and by furies tost;  
 Or pale and breathless on some shore unknown,  
 And for the faithful love that I have shown;

Tho'

(Tho' folded in a sleeping king's embrace)  
A tear shall trickle down thy lovely face.  
Too late thou mayst the cruel wrongs deplore  
Of thy unhappy husband—MATTHEW SHORE.

---

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS

MADE UPON OUR MINDS

BY

## STORIES OF APPARITIONS.

---

—A House haunted—the inhabitants frightened—and a ghost rattling his chains, *are* circumstances that are constantly reiterated to us in our infancy, and that makes such an impression upon our minds, as is extremely difficult to eradicate. The most rational men of all nations have agreed in disbelieving stories of this sort, which appear only the effects of fancy, and cannot be defended from the principles of religion, reason, or philosophy. They were first invented, perhaps, from a pious intention to keep mankind in awful reverence of heaven, and to affix a thorough belief of a future state.

Among the many extravagant opinions which, in religious matters, have been entertained in the world,

the *mortality of the soul* was a doctrine that was sufficiently prevalent in the days of Tully, to oblige him to a declaration of his own sentiments on that head. He says, "*Neque enim assentior iis, qui hæc nuper asserere cæperunt, cum corporibus simul animas interire, atque omnia morte deleri.*" 'I cannot agree with those, who have lately begun to assert that our souls perish with our bodies, and that death destroys all our faculties.' Bold and uncommon assertions are too often received with applause; but an assertion of this kind takes away the most comfortable prospect that human nature is capable of enjoying. It encourages the most impious practices that can be devised, and it imprints an idea of the Supreme Being absolutely repugnant to the wisdom, benignity, and goodness, that so visibly display themselves throughout the works of the creation. It is impossible, indeed, to join with Pliny in the credit he gives to fabulous accounts of ghosts and preternatural apparitions: on the other hand, it is equally impossible to conceive that our soul perishes entirely, and after a severe trial of threescore or fourscore years, moulders, like our body, into dust. We perceive in ourselves, and in all our species, a natural desire of complete and perfect happiness. Every action of our lives tends to this ultimate end. Our thoughts and faculties are  
 constantly

constantly employed to this particular purpose. We exert ambition, we pursue riches and honours, we form friendships and alliances, always with a view of possessing one certain particular situation, which exists only in our own thoughts, and cannot be found on this side of the grave. But since none of the effects of nature are formed in vain, and since all other beings, mankind excepted, enjoy benefits sufficient and satisfactory to their natural appetites, it is far from a presumption to believe that the **ALMIGHTY** cannot have implanted this natural desire so strongly in all the sons of Adams, without having allotted a proper and agreeable satisfaction for it: that satisfaction, we must confess, is not attainable within the limits of this world. Our most reasonable inference then is, to conclude, that it may be appropriated to a future state.

---

### THE DREAM.

---

**I** Went to bed one night full of such thoughts and reflections as are naturally suggested to a considerate being, by a retrospect of our past lives; which altogether wrought so upon my mind, that  
 blending

blending itself insensibly with sleep, it formed the following vision:—

Methought I was instantly conveyed and set down in a place that my eye saw no end to. I looked on one side of me, and observed a gate of most exquisite workmanship, the parts that composed it were as fine as threads, and a child might have opened it, had it not been guarded by two very powerful, but beautiful figures, whose names I found to be PROVIDENCE and RELIGION. I saw in letters of gold written over it, "THE GATE OF LIFE." I turned myself from this gate to look forward, and see what was to be done, when all at once I found myself very much dwindled in form and apprehension, suitable to a child of about seven or eight years old. I was quite charmed, however, with the endless variety I saw before me, hills, dales, woods, rivers, plains rising in prospect one above another.

I wandered with this playful fancy into the first path that presented itself, where I met with vast numbers of my own age conducted by governesses of very different dispositions; some of these little companions beat me, because I happened to gather flowers they were not able to find; others, who were dressed very fine, seemed to pity me for wearing plain clothes, and for having what they fancied a poor name and no governess.

As

As I wandered farther into this path, I saw a lovely woman approaching towards me, she was dressed in a long white robe, and a veil which almost entirely hid all her beauty, save what the sporting of a breeze discovered. Every body (for there were multitudes of people in the place) strove to see as much of her as they could; old and young pressed forward to look at her; whilst she, unmindful of them all, regarded nothing but the flowers, me, and my companions; this sweet person's name was SIMPLICITY. I must own I felt a pleasure not to be equalled when she took me by the hand, and seeing me without a guide, promised to conduct me for as long a time as I chose, or for ever. I made no scruple to resign myself to her direction: as there is no accounting for the workings of a dream, or any unity of time or place preserved in them, I cannot pretend to say how it was that I felt my stature and reason increasing, as I had before felt them diminish. I was employing myself in such tasks as my governess had allotted me, when a venerable person accosted me, telling me, that she was going to make a trial of that wisdom, that it was whispered about by my companions I was possessed of; that her name was EXPERIENCE; that she would be of more use to me in the path I had entered, than any person I could meet with; that if I slighted her I should

should bitterly repent it; and that though my governess was very amiable, and well-meaning, yet she was apt to lead people astray. As this address was delivered with some little severity, and at the same time reflected on my fair conductress, I gave no heed to it. A beautiful, blooming, tall figure of a man, who they told me was YOUTH, put a bandage over my eyes, and I saw my sage adviser no more.

The breezes of pleasure whistled in my ears; I went on swiftly, happy enough with SIMPLICITY at my side; she introduced me to AFFECTION, who embraced me with looks of bewitching tenderness; and entertained me with nothing but discourses of love and friendship. But as I advanced, I began to recollect the words of EXPERIENCE, and to wish I had paid a little more attention to her; for I found that both SIMPLICITY and her companion AFFECTION, were confoundedly mistaken in the persons they met with. They presented me in one day CIVILITY for ESTEEM, OBSTINACY for PERSEVERANCE and EXTRAVAGANCE for GENEROSITY. I found out afterwards, that they had industriously kept me in the most retired windings of this vast place, lest I should meet with EXPERIENCE, and so leave them; which whenever I spoke of, AFFECTION, who was infinitely enchanting, clung round me, protesting she would never leave me wherever I went. I found it very  
difficult

difficult to get from either of these companions, though they were perpetually involving me in some misfortune. I sometimes thought I would endeavour to go back and find EXPERIENCE, but in endeavouring so to do, I found I had not the power to tread one step over again that I had already come.

Whilst I was in this cruel dilemma, I saw a tall figure that almost frightened me, he was called ADVICE; he had several heads and as many mouths, that were always talking, and contradicting each other; at times I thought I had heard some things that would prove for my advantage to follow; but before I could put it in practice, another of the heads told me something else; and PRUDENCE, who was very partial to this monster, stood by me, and intreated me to listen to all he said. I was not likely to reap much benefit from it, from the reasons I have related. Meantime my favourite guides SIMPLICITY and AFFECTION, who never left me for a moment, pointed to the Temple of Hymen, where I saw several votaries entering in all the extacy of youthful happiness and joy. I saw them all go in; and though I was sensible they could not return again by the way that they went, yet AFFECTION told me, there were large and ample fields for me to range in if I would try them.

A young



A young man whom AFFECTION presented to me, and who swore everlasting love, took me by the hand, and led me, or rather dragged me towards the temple; and though PRUDENCE and ADVICE roared aloud for me to come back, and consider, I hurried on, regardless of all they could say to me. AFFECTION and SIMPLICITY said they were two severe people, who thought of money only, and offered themselves to be my bride-maids. I entered into this place of irrevocable doom, and saw nothing formidable enough to make me repent. I parted with LIBERTY, who had been one of my constant companions, at the door, without a sigh; who let drop a tear as he fled away, saying, which I did not know before, "That I had treated him better than most people he had ever attended." After I had been some time in the groves of MARRIAGE, I met with troops of new acquaintance; CARE and his numerous family were continually visiting me, nor did they keep away at all the more for my seeming not to admire their company. SICKNESS, a fell monster, kept me chained to my bed for a considerable time, and almost baffled the strength of MEDICINE and PATIENCE, two very powerful giants, to overcome him. In short, I saw SIMPLICITY and AFFECTION hang down their heads with sorrow, for the mischiefs they had unwittingly brought upon me.

me. Time stole away imperceptibly, and having overcome some of these difficulties, REFLECTION stood before me, and at her right hand I perceived my old friend EXPERIENCE, that had so friendly offered me her assistance in my earlier days, and whose advice I had so thoughtlessly abandoned, because it did not just then agree with my inclinations, and for which I had bitterly suffered. I burst into tears at the sight of her, and felt violent, but unavailing perturbations of heart. "Why, O EXPERIENCE!" said I, "were you so cruel as to leave me to such weak guides as you know I had with me, who were blind themselves, and could ill teach me to discern plainly? what had I done that you gave me up so soon? I have known some whom you have closely followed, not older than I was, and who have always partaken of your favours." 'The reason of that,' says this accomplished matron, 'is that I was well acquainted with their parents, and used to attend them from infants: and now,' returned she, pointing to a pair of lovely girls, whom MARRIAGE had given me, 'I have taught you a lesson; you know me well now, though somewhat too late for your happiness; I will make amends by my vigilance in favour of your offspring.'

I ran to throw my girls at her feet, with such violence and joy, that I awoke, and found that all this while I had been fast asleep in my own bed-chamber,

WINTER.

WINTER.

A POEM.

---

**S**TERN Winter shews his hoary form,  
Dark clouds involve the sky;  
The plains beneath the ruthless storm  
In wild confusion lye.

The streams are bound in icy chains,  
The birds forget the lay;  
And while this solemn season reigns,  
The night surpasses day.

The rural walks, and shady bowers,  
Alas! give no delight;  
And tedious lag the lingering hours,  
Retarded in their flight.

The gardens yield a fainting blaze,  
Divest of every flow'r;  
And Phœbus darts oblique his rays,  
With faint and languid pow'r.

Tho' Nature seems to make a pause,  
And propagation stop;  
Unseen to man by secret laws,  
Prepares the future crop.

But

But blest with Phœbe's lovely smile,  
 I brumal cares defy;  
 While fancy wafts me to that isle,  
 Crown'd with an azure sky.

For she's the sun of all my bliss,  
 Her presence gives me joy;  
 What pleasure when she grants the kiss,  
 Reluctant, seeming coy.

She often bids her Jemmy think,  
 The near approach of May  
 Will bring him to the very brink  
 Of wedlock's happy day.

Then summer's beauties will return,  
 And bloom afresh in spring;  
 What reason then has man to mourn?  
 Much rather let him sing.

---

#### ANECDOTE

OF

#### SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

---

THE following anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton  
 shews an amiable simplicity in that great man,  
 and proves his inattention to worldly affairs.

One

One of his philosophical friends abroad had sent him a curious *prism*, which was taken to the Custom-house, and was at that time a scarce commodity in this kingdom. Sir Isaac, laying claim to it, was asked by the officers what the value of the glass was, that they might accordingly regulate the duty. The great Newton, whose business was more with the universe, than with duties and draw-backs, and who rated the *prism* according to his own idea of its use and excellence, answered, "That the value was so great, he could not ascertain it." Being again pressed to set some fixed estimate upon it, he persisted in his reply, "that he could not say what was its worth, for that the value was ineffimable." The honest Custom-house officers accordingly took him at his word, and made him pay a most exorbitant duty for the *prism*, which he might have taken away, upon only paying a rate according to the weight of the glass.



## ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE.

---

THE late Mr. Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreats, in company with his Delia: (her real name was Wilmot:) they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson. "Would to heaven," said he pointing to the trees, "that Delia could be 'happy in the midst of these rustic avenues!'" He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and, presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money," says he, "is not worth struggling for: you cannot be poorer than I am. Unhappy man!" says he, throwing him his purse, "take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that, as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse  
on

on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, 'Take,' says he, 'the dear-bought price of my honesty:' then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, 'I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving;' and immediately burst into a flood of tears. This tale of distress greatly affected Shenstone. He inquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious; but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the build-ings and other improvements, which made himself so poor; and when Shenstone died, this labourer bedewed his grave with true tears of gratitude.

---

### ANECDOTE

OF

### ACHILLES HARLAY,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS,

---

**H**E remained ever faithful to his sovereign. At the celebrated day of the Barricades in 1588, the Duke of Guise wished to attach him to his party:

Harlay

Harley replied, " That the rule of his conduct  
" should be the service of the king, and the good  
" of the state; and that he would sooner die than  
" depart from it."

The party of the league had him arrested and  
put into the Bastile. On entering that horrid for-  
tress, he said these remarkable words: " It is a  
" great pity, when the servant is able to dismiss the  
" master. My soul is God's, my heart is my so-  
" vereign's, and my body is in the hand of violence,  
" to do with it what it pleaseth."

---

ON

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

---

Love's the most tender passion of the mind,  
The softest refuge innocence can find;  
The safe director of unguarded youth,  
Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth.  
Heav'n in our cup this cordial drop has thrown,  
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

---

**H**OW few know in what happiness consists, or,  
knowing, pursue the means to attain it!  
Riches, ambition, and dissipation, delude mankind



in general into a vain research after happiness; while reciprocal Love, the genuine and only source of earthly felicity, is regarded merely as a matter of convenience, and as it may assist in the favourite pursuit of those imaginary enjoyments, wealth, vain aspiring pride, and lasciviousness. What can the miser's wealth,—what the power of the statesman,—what the vices of the dissolute,—bestow of pleasure comparable to that of a heart happy in a mutual passion, conscious of loving, and sure of being beloved?—not half so anxious to procure happiness to itself, as to communicate it to the dear object of its affections.

See how the many, who hunt after riches, lose the end in the means! for they pursue an object which flies before them in proportion as they hasten to overtake it, and to what purpose have they, during that pursuit, fled from real joys,—denied themselves the comforts, and barely existed by the necessaries of life, but to know an anxiety in preserving, equal to the pain of amassing their treasure?

Behold by what painful steps the son of ambition ascends to power! Every virtue must give way, every vice be assumed, as occasions require, and purposes demand. Every connection that blood or friendship has created, every sentiment that honour has nursed, must give place to circumspection, time-service,

service, cringing and lying. Behold him, by these meritorious acts, arrived at the summit, and wanton in the full possession of power!—Yet, at the end of his hopes, he finds himself farther from the goal of his wishes than ever. For, alas! in the crowd of his attendants, HAPPINESS, which alone he sought after, alone is absent, and coyly disdains to yield up her charms to all the allurements that fortune can lavish; but instead of that lovely cherub, he finds the *fury* CARE approach nearer and nearer every step he mounts,—hover round the gilded roof,—follow in the shining train,—haunt him in the feasts of the sumptuous, in the assembly of the splendid; nor fly before the assiduity of dependants, the fawning of the courtiers, and the smiles of a monarch;—till unable longer to bear the hissing of the snakes, he, with transport, undoes the work of a life,—throws from him the cumbersome state he at such a rate had acquired; and, despairing of happiness, barter his ambition for quiet. Then, in the shade of retirement, mourns that he never had known wherein consisted the blessings of life, till it was too late to enjoy them.

Behold the Libertine, like a steed whom no friendly rein constrains, sets out in his precipitate course, indulging every passion, gratifying every sense;—not once inclining his ear to listen to the calls of reason,

in general into a vain research after happiness while reciprocal Love, the genuine and only source of earthly felicity, is regarded merely as a means of convenience, and as it may assist in the pursuit of those imaginary enjoyments, as aspiring pride, and lasciviousness, miser's wealth,—what the power of the vices of the dissolute is comparable to that of a passion, conscious of love, loved?—not half so anxious for itself, as to communicate its affections.

See how the power of Love, by the end in the pursuit of our power, which flies before us, while the end is to be found? In Love, where the end is the means, much to overtake is not necessary. No thorny paths that pursue the tender traveller, but flowers deck the way, the cool shade of fragrance breathes in the air, and music of life is heard in every tree, that adorns the delightful passage to this habitation of the happy. There youth is wasted in raptures which it only can taste, and love only can bestow. There, when the blaze subsides into the gentle flame,—when age has mellowed passion into friendship,—the eve of life is passed in that sweet satisfaction, which they only enjoy who can reflect with pleasure on the past. But, alas! now-a-days too oft we see parents sacrifice

children to mercenary views, and alienate  
from the only person who, perhaps,  
happy. To this too frequent,  
are we indebted for the many  
which this kingdom abounds  
diate duty of every father  
the choice of his child;  
rather the laws of God  
than their natural affections;  
ment, upon the candid represen-  
tation of his child, withhold his consent to an  
alliance, where their love was reciprocal,  
their education and family not derogatory; for  
he must, if he is possessed of understanding, know  
that from matches made on the pure principles of  
love, results the most permanent felicity; and what  
more can the most indulgent parent wish his most  
darling child? If he dies before his offspring, he  
will, in the latest moments of reflection, enjoy the  
happy satisfaction of having contributed his aid in  
the security of that bliss he leaves his child in pos-  
session of,—the virtuous enjoyment of a tender pair,  
participating each other's happiness, and sympathiz-  
ing in each other's woe. If he lives beyond them,  
he sees them blessed in youth, content in age.  
Death, not armed with those terrors which affrighten  
the rest of mortals, how easy the transition, since  
their

their life only proves an anticipation of the scene it opens to them! Their dying eyes close with the prospect of pleasures that flow for ever,—with a prospect of living over again their days of rapture in love and in youth:—in love which shall never more be impaired;—in youth, which shall never again know decay! How preferable the state of this parent to that who, sacrificing his child to prejudiced opinions of his own, without consulting natural affection, sees the irrevocable deed replete with wretchedness to his unhappy offspring, and dies under the agonizing issue, that he has made the first duty of a child, parental obedience, subservient to his own capricious and ill-judged designs, and productive of misery, and the most poignant distress, to a child who never had offended! What can be the death-bed reflections of this man? Too severe for my description!—I'll pause upon the sad reverse,

---

### ON HOPE.

---

**H**OPE, thou best gift of heaven! when the gloom of distress gathers around me, let me never know the want of thy cheering ray. But can  
I ever

I ever want thy presence? I am ready to hope my sufferings will have their change; when I consider the perpetual change of nature, I see the rudest storm succeeded by the gentlest calm; the dulness of night, by the light of day; and the thick-gathered clouds dispersed by a breath, making the wide expanse fair to view. All the distresses of nature are thus changed to cheerfulness. And so with man, the rude blast of fortune subsides into the calm of patience: our congregated griefs are eased by a shower of tears; and heart-oppressive sorrow is dispersed by the ray of hopeful expectation. Thus our afflictions, like envenomed serpents, bear with them an antidote for their own poison. When I consider the changes of man, HOPE is always my companion: fortune's wheel of life, being in continual rotation, is the cause, as some descend, others ascend; and if I be now on the lowest spoke, unless its motion stop, I may reasonably expect to be higher; and at any rate there is this comfort, I cannot be lower than the lowest. As the sun doth not stop in its meridian glory, but continue to decline till entirely set, so let not the man, who hath reached the pinnacle of his ambition, exult, but rather fear his approaching decline, which soon may end, and not leave a trace of his having so gloriously existed.

I have

I have always thought Hope the gale of life, which fills the sails of our bark, and prevents its laying as a hulk on this sea of troubles. Another reason I am never without the comforts of hope is, when I reflect that every man hath his different course: how then can the gale at one time be propitious to us all? While it is adverse to me, others are sailing to their desired port: she then whispers me, *Despair not, to-morrow the wind may change, so as to waft you to the port of your desire.*

---

#### ON AMBITION.

---

THE objects of ambition, when possessed, lose their charm as the inviting beauty of painting vanishes, when you approach too near, leaving you to wonder where the breathing lips, the soul-speaking eye, and the heaving bosom, could have flown. This delusion of our senses is not more than of our fancy. Glory, in his dawn, arrays himself in the modest blushes of the sun just risen from the bosom of Thetis; but those blushes inkindle into flaming desires, as those of the sun rising to its meridian; and then, like him in his fullest blaze, his effulgence is often obscured by the cloud of envy. Power

Power also deceives you in her enticements. Doth the eye of majesty catch the rays of the crown's resplendency? No. When on his brow, how can he see its beauty, unless the mirror of his subjects' hearts, unstained by oppression, reflect on him his real beauty. However that be, he is certain to feel its weight and the thorny cares.

Riches in view, picture to your fancy a thousand pleasures you are to enjoy in their company; but such enjoyments lose their relish, either by too often a repetition, or the extravagance of their cost.

The various inticements of love are of all the most alluring. Fancy decks them with her delusive charms. When she has exhausted her whole store, she robs nature, stealing colours from the lily and the rose, rays from the diamond, honey from the bee, and even will take the graces from heaven, and music from the spheres, to render the fair one more attractive and adorable. Thus we see the colours of the rose and lily blooming on her cheeks—the rays of the diamond sparkling in her eyes—the sweets of the bee resting on her lips—the graces attend on her steps—and the enchantments of harmony are heard in her voice. When possessed, fancy flies, and with her takes all the charms of the fair one. The rose and lily-bloom have left her cheeks—her eyes languish for the diamond's ray—the bee has  
robbed



robbed her lips,—her steps are unattended by the graces,—and ear-grating discord is heard, instead of heavenly music, with which her voice held before the soul in enchantment. In this manner do all our most flattering pursuits beguile us of that happiness which first excited our ambition.

---

ANECDOTE

.or

MARSHAL WADE.

---

**T**HE late Marshal Wade, it is well known, had too great an itch for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where gaming was going forward, without being very nice as to the company meeting there: at one of which places, one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round; keeping the dice-box four of five mains before he was out; when recollecting something of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right sat a person dressed

dressed as an officer, though shabby, that now and then begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell; and it was proposed to search him first; who, desiring to be heard, declared, "I know the Marshal well; yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, shall subject me to be searched whilst I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting; follow me into next room, where I will defend that honour or perish."

The eyes of all were turned on the Marshal for an answer, who, clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box (supposed to have passed round, and clapped there from habit) in a secret pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived the confusion that covered him on the occasion, that he had so slightly given way to suspicion. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, on leaving the room immediately, 'Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon; and hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me among your friends.' It

may

may be easily supposed the invitation was accepted; when, after some conversation, the Marshal conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should refuse being searched. "Why, Marshal," returned the officer, "being upon half-pay, and "friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny: "I had that day very little appetite; and, as I could "not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, "the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were "then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket; "the thought of which being found there, appeared "ten times more terrible than fighting the room "round."—"Enough! my dear boy; you have "said enough! Your name? Let us dine at Sweet's "to-morrow: we must prevent your being subjected "again to such a dilemma.' They met next day; and the Marshal presented him a captain's commission, with a purse of guineas, to enable him to join the regiment.

---

#### AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

---

**T**HE Caliph Mottawakel had a physician belonging to him, who was a Christian, named Homain. One day, after some incidental conversation,

fation, " I would have thee," said the Caliph, " teach me a prescription, by which I may take off " any enemy I please, and yet at the same time shall " never be discovered." Homain declining to give an answer, and pleading ignorance, was imprisoned.

Being brought again, after a year's interval, into the Caliph's presence, and still persisting in his ignorance, though threatened with death, the Caliph smiled upon him, and said, " Be of good cheer, we " were only willing to try thee, that we might have " the greater confidence in thee."

As Homain upon this bowed down and kissed the earth: " What hindered thee," said the Caliph, " from granting our request, when thou saw'st us appear so ready to perform what we had threatened?" " Two things," replied Homain, " my religion, and ' my profession; my religion, which commands me ' to do good to my enemies; my profession, which ' was purely instituted for the good of mankind." " Two noble laws!" said the Caliph, and immediately presented him (according to the Eastern usage) with rich garments, and a sum of money.



## ON RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY.

---

THE mind of man is so constituted, as to be incapable of retaining its force long, without some kind of relaxation: a constant succession of the same ideas, especially if they be of an unpleasant cast, frequently terminates in madness: therefore all wise law-givers have found some kind of public diversion indispensibly necessary:—and I believe, if the misguided followers of the false pretenders to superior sanctity, and extraordinary communications from heaven, had, at proper seasons; partook of the innocent pleasures of life, Bedlam had wanted a very considerable part of its inhabitants. It is indeed melancholy to reflect on the multitudes of poor wretches, whose reason has been sacrificed to the unchristian and merciless treatment of these teachers, whose own gloominess of mind, and want of social affections, have made them represent the benevolent Creator of all things, as a Being not to be thought of without horror; their doctrines are, in all respects, so different from the mild and merciful Spirit of the Gospel, that I think we need look no farther for one great cause of the growth of infidelity: but ascribe it to the terrifying  
and

and unamiable pictures these erroneous guides (who have the impiety to pretend to a particular divine inspiration) have drawn of that Benignant Power, whose delight is in mercy: and of that religion to which one may peculiarly apply what is said in the sacred writings of virtue and piety, in general, under the character of wisdom, "*Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*"

---

### RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

---

THE expressions of those affections under its various forms, are no other than native effusions of the human heart. Ignorance may mislead, and superstition may corrupt them, but their origin is derived from sentiments that are essential to man.

Wherever men have existed, they have been sensible that some acknowledgment was due, on their part, to the Sovereign of the world; which Christian revelation has placed in such a light, as one should think were sufficient to everawe the most thoughtless, and to melt the most obdurate mind.

But religious worship, disjoined from justice and virtue, can, on no account whatever, find acceptance with the Supreme Being. — Because it is for the sake  
of

of man that worship and prayers are required, that he may be rendered better, and acquire those pious and virtuous dispositions, in which his highest improvement consists.

---

BON MOT OF PHILIP IV.

---

PHILIP IV. having lost the kingdom of Portugal, Catalonia, and some other provinces, took it into his head to take the surname of *Great*; on which the Duke of Medina-Celi said, "Our master is like a hole, which grows the greater the more it loses."

---



INTERESTING  
ANECDOTES,  
MEMOIRS,  
ALLEGORIES,  
ESSAYS,  
AND  
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,  
TENDING  
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,  
AND  
INCULCATE MORALITY.

---

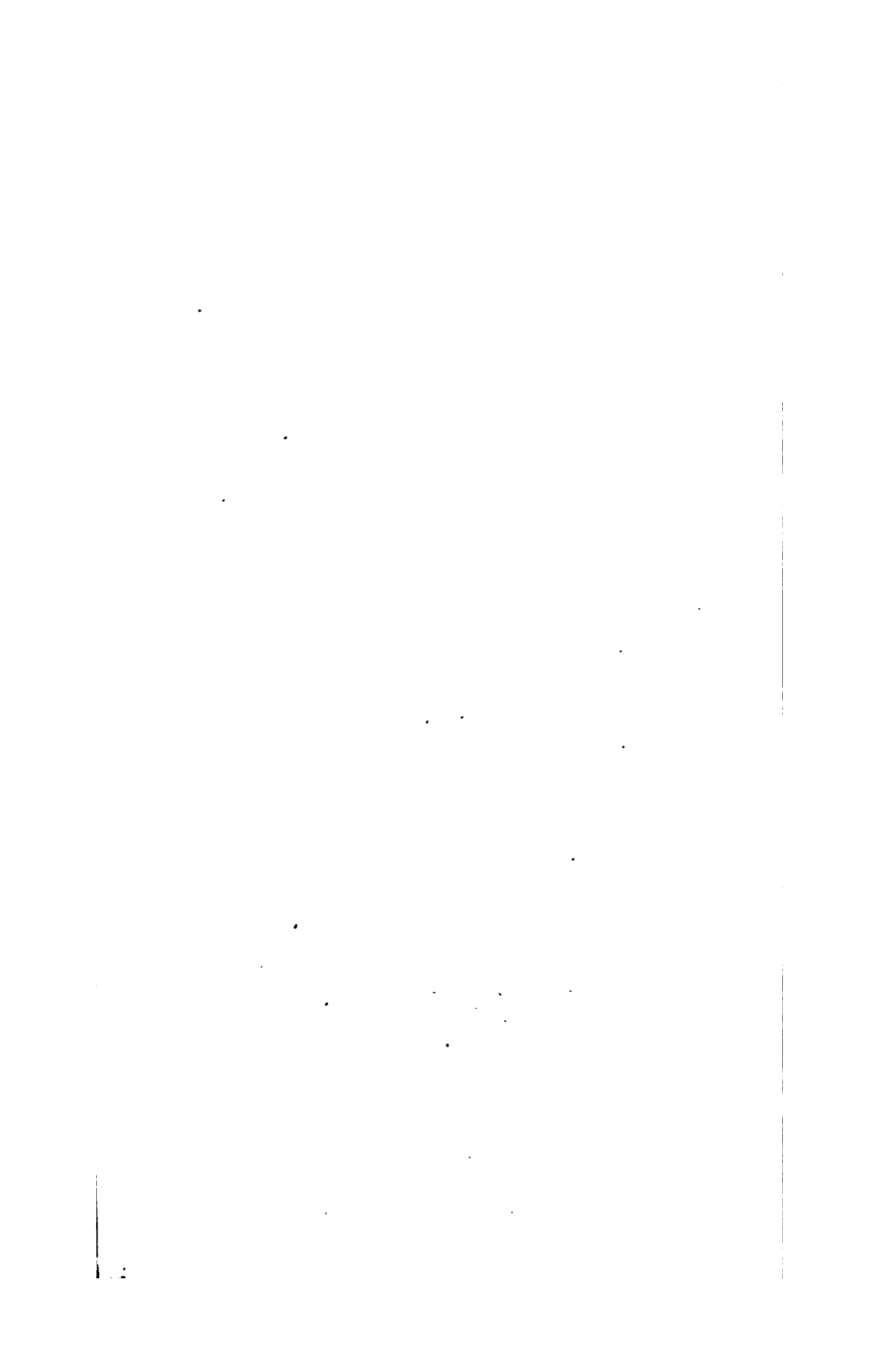
BY MR. ADDISON.

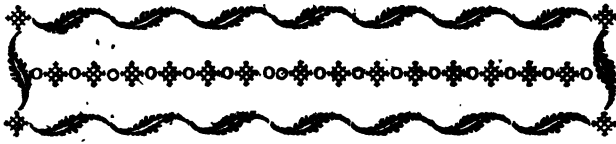
---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.







A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
INTERESTING  
Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

---

A N E C D O T E  
OF  
DEAN SWIFT.

**T**HE Dean and a party of his friends, having agreed to walk out of town, to a certain nobleman's, where they were all to sleep, the Dean, who was the greatest walker of the set, soon distanced the rest, with a professed design of securing the best bed.—On this, one of the others was dispatched on horse-back by a different road to punish the Dean for his selfishness, who accordingly reached the place of destination long before Swift, and posted a servant of the nobleman's

B

at

at some distance from the house to inform the humorist that the small-pox was in the family. The Dean, who never had the distemper, alarmed at the news, took up his residence in a little room at the end of a garden or field, where he supped alone and passed several melancholy hours, while his friends at the mansion were laughing very heartily at his situation ; at length, taking pity of him, they revealed the jest, and received a promise that on no future occasion the best bed should deprive them of his company.

---

### ALMET THE DERVISE.

**A**LMET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluted him with the usual dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

“ Almet,” said the stranger “ thou seest before thee a man whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess, but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyments; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose I am come: a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.” Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being in whom reason was known to be a pledge of morality; but the serenity of his countenance

nance soon returned ; and, stretching out his hand to heaven, "Stranger," said he, "the knowledge which I have received from the prophet I will communicate to thee.

"As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me ; and while I remarked the weariness and solitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. "Wretched mortals," said I, "to what purpose are ye busy ? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed ? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them ? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar ? Or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert : a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon ; where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieve the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds, which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst, which the wealthy have given  
-half

half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre gain from the possession, what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known, who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?"

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Arozan the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. "Almet," said he, "thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption

sumption from the precipice of guilt ; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding. It is again open before thee ; look up, consider it, and be wise."

I looked up and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle there was a green walk ; at the end a wild desert ; and beyond impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit ; innumerable birds were singing in the branches ; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty : on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom ; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace : his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom : he sometimes started as if a sudden pang had seized him ;

him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to enquire what could produce such infelicity in a being surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request; "The book of nature," said he, "is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods and adorned with buildings. At a second view I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled,  
by



by some secret influence: sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short, as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected: but he again prevented my request: "Almet," said he, "remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy: the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he

to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he  
 'd the waste that circumscribed it. But  
 through the valley was happy, be-  
 forward with hope. Thus, to  
 upon earth, it is of little moment  
 the path he treads be strewed with flowers  
 or thorns, if he perceives himself to ap-  
 proach those regions, in comparison of which the  
 thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their  
 distinction, and are both alike impotent to give  
 pleasure or pain.

“What then has eternal wisdom unequally dis-  
 tributed? That which can make every station  
 happy, and without which every station must be  
 wretched, is acquired by virtue; and virtue is  
 possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision  
 which thou hast seen; and let my words be writ-  
 ten on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest  
 direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God  
 to men.”

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding  
 in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me,  
 and I found myself again sitting at the porch of  
 the temple. The sun was going down, the mul-  
 titude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of

C

midnight

midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things, and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou rejoice in hope, and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

---

TO A CLERGYMAN IN ESSEX,

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

*By S. Whitchurch, Ironmonger, of Bath.*

**P**ERMIT a distant Bard in friendly lays  
To soothe your grief, and sing your *Mary's*  
praise;

Permit

Permit him now in sad affliction's hour,  
 The kindly oil of sympathy to pour ;  
 Grant him with you the pious tear to shed,  
 And share your sorrows for the lovely dead.

Hard is the lot of mortal man on earth,  
 A hapless mourner at his very birth ;  
 Destin'd thro' various scenes of woe to run,  
 Of each bright day to see the setting sun :  
 To find unnumber'd evils wound his peace,  
 To feel his sorrows with his years encrease ;  
 To mark his pleasures ever on the wing,  
 And from his very joys see troubles spring ;  
 To view the beauty that e'en age might warm,  
 Soon fade away, and lose the pow'r to charm ;  
 For all the happiness that sweetens life,  
 For heav'n's best boon itself—a virtuous wife,  
 And all the bliss her presence can bestow,  
 Is soon exchange'd for absence, and for woe !

And since my Friend, for all your earthly love,  
 'Twas your's the painful parting scene to prove ;  
 Since your lov'd *Mary*, idol of your heart,  
 Who, heav'n instructed, chose the better part ;  
 Since she has yielded to the stroke of death,  
 And in the prime of life resign'd her breath ;  
 What has her weeping husband now to do,  
 But seek in death a safe assylum to ?

No

Not so, my mourning friend, since bounteous  
heav'n

A lovely progeny to you has given ;  
This be the pleasing task to you assign'd,  
To pour instruction on the tender mind ;  
" To teach the young idea how to shoot,"  
With care to foster learning's rip'ning fruit ;  
To act the father's and the mother's part,  
And with persuasion soft, to win the heart.

Take then your charge, and with submissive mind,  
Be to your Heav'nly Father's will resign'd ;  
He ne'er afflicts his children, but to prove  
How great his goodness, and how strong his love.  
Though griefs assail, and forms of trouble rise,  
They're latent mercies, " blessings in disguise ;"  
The book of Providence unfolded wide,  
Anon no secret from the just shall hide ;  
Soon at one glance shall to the view appear,  
A god-like reason for each groan and tear :  
Joy soon shall brighten the glad mourner's eye,  
All tears be wip'd away, and every sorrow fly ;  
Life's rudest storms shall quickly pass away,  
And heaven's calm sunshine gild the happier day ;  
Soon absent friends again shall gladly meet,  
And souls congenial mix in union sweet ;  
Soon, undebas'd by pain's severe alloy,  
Shall triumph constant love and lasting joy ;  
Soon

Soon the last dreg be wrung from sorrow's cup,  
 For death in vict'ry shall be swallow'd up;  
 Soon you, my friend, shall joyful greet again  
 The lovely Fair, whose absence gives you pain;  
 Soon, on the flow'ry bank of Canaan's shore,  
*Shall you and MARY meet*—TO PART NO MORE!

BATH, 1st of January, 1796.

S. W.

---

## ANECDOTE

OF

### A KING OF FRANCE.

**J**OINVILLE, a contemporary writer, says of Lewis IX. "The good King would often take a walk in Vincennes wood, and, placing himself under an oak, make us sit down by him; and thus he would patiently give audience to all who wanted to speak to him. Several times he has been known to come to the royal garden at Paris, and, ordering carpets to be laid, he sat down on them with his counsellors, and *diligently dispatched his people*. Twice a week he gave public audience in his chamber, and with business mingled instruction. A Lady of Quality, very old, and  
 at

at the same time in a very ornamented dress, asked to speak a word with him in private. He led her into his closet, and after hearing her as long as he pleased, "Madame (said he,) I shall be mindful of your affair, if, on your side, you will be mindful of your salvation. I have been told that you was once very handsome: that time, you know, is past and gone; the beauty of the body fades away like the flowers of the field; do what we will, it is not to be renewed: we should think on the beauty of the soul, which will last for ever."

---

## ANECDOTE

or

### CHARLES THE FIFTH.

**T**HE day after Charles V. (one of the wisest as well as most fortunate of princes) had resigned all his kingdoms to his son Philip, he introduced, and recommended to his service, his faithful counsellor and secretary, with these remarkable words, "The present I make you to day is a far more valuable one than that I made you yesterday."

AN

---

ANECDOTE  
OF  
SAUVEUR.

**S**AUVEUR, the French mathematician, when he was about to court his mistress, would not see her, 'till he had been with a notary, to have the conditions on which he intended to insist, reduced into a written form, for fear the sight of her should not leave him enough master of himself. Like a true mathematician, he proceeded by rule and line, and made his calculations when his head was cool.

---

A MENTAL MIRROR:

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUTH OF BRITAIN.

**I**N all collections of Essays, I invariably find some paper addressed to the women, that is either offered as a lecture or advice, or levelled at them with all the severity of satire; while the men, the lords of the creation! are suffered to grovel on in vice, or to sneak through the world  
as



as ignorant and worthless characters. Why are the eyes of these authors shut against the follies of their own sex? Why will the learned mind labour to seduce women again to taste of the tree of Knowledge, only to make her see the *nakedness* of those around her?—Oh, ye youth of Britain! blush at the wilful neglect of your understandings! blush when you recollect the high, the sublime nature of the soul. Good Heaven! can a *modern* fine gentleman suppose himself in the same class of being with an Essex, or a Sidney, the ornaments of the sixteenth century? To mention the sacred names of a Newton, or a Locke, would be to draw a comparison between the feeble glimmer of a glow-worm and the effulgence of the sun.

The first emotion of the human heart is a strong desire of happiness; and, in minds of any worth, an ambition to be eminent in something: two passions, which emphatically mark the grandeur and immortality of the soul; and, if properly directed, would raise the men to the highest perfection that a frail nature is capable of. The ambition of a manly soul ought to soar to *intellectual* attainments—a *perfect* gentleman must not be *ignorant* on any subject. To be uninformed of the histories of Greece and Rome, setting aside that  
of

of our country, is absolutely shameful: yet two-thirds of our *Jeu d'Esprits* would rub their vacant foreheads, if you happened to ask them any question about any of the Gracchi; but hint in their ears the name of Alcibiades or Phocion, and perhaps they will think that you are talking of some old cloaths men! I have heard mistakes made, by fashionable young men, that a school-boy of ten years old would blush to be caught in. I will take the liberty of giving two or three examples:

Some ladies, in company with one gentleman, were expressing their approbation of the graceful manner in which Helen leaves her loom to go to Paris, after his flight from Menelaus—"Ah, ladies," says he, "It is fine in Pope; but I have read it in the *original Latin*, and there it is beautiful!"—"In Latin, Sir," said a female friend of mine who was present: "I beg your pardon, but Homer was a Greek poet."—No, no, Madam," he hastily replied; "you mean Horace. I assure you Homer was a Roman, for I have read him."

One evening, I was, with some other ladies, in a room with three young men. How the subject came into their heads I know not, because I was not listening to their conversation; but my attention was arrested by one of them saying, ra-

D

ther

ther loudly—"Mark Anthony was made king of one of the Assyrian provinces."—"Perhaps so: but I am *sure*," replied a second, "he was Cæsar's son."—"You both mistake," interrupted the third; "he was one of the villains that helped Brutus to kill Cæsar!" I was astonished; and speechless with surprize, gazed at the three "*gay charming fellows!*" who, in my opinion, better deserved the appellation of the *blockhead triumvirate*.

One more example, out of the many I could advance, and I have done. Calling one morning on a friend of mine, I met some company of both sexes, assembled in the drawing-room: a print of the Virgin Mary, which lay on the table, being the object of their attention, the conversation insensibly turned upon Sacred History, and the manner of John the Baptist baptizing. A lady said, she did not perfectly recollect whether our Saviour was baptised by being immersed in the water, or by only having a little poured on his head. "Oh, Madam!" said a very handsome, elegant young gentleman, with great confidence—"Saint John took the *child* in his arms, and dipped him into the river!" The mistake was so very flagrant, that even his male friends could scarcely forbear laughing.

And

And these illiterate, shamelessly ignorant animals, are of that noble species, Man!—that super-eminent creature, whose form was made to gaze on the heavens, and the faculties of whose soul were expanded by his Creator that he might count the stars! And how *does* he now employ his time? not even in walking the plain track of literature—not in comparing the histories of republics, kingdoms, and empires; and, while he reads, finds himself transported to the early ages of the world, conversing with wise law-givers, and holy patriarchs!—not in searching through the labyrinths of the human mind with Locke; nor in treading the stars, and making the vast tour of the universe, in company with the divine Newton!—No; these are not his pursuits: he reads no books; save now and then a flimsy play, that has nothing but its novelty to recommend it—and, perhaps, the history of some popular divorce. Besides the Pantheon, that *inestimable* fountain from whence he derives *all* his classical knowledge! a slight acquaintance with the geography of France, just sufficient to enable him to understand the news of the day, is all the learning he aspires after. Talk of the stars to him, and he will say, he never looks at any, but those in a woman's face. Talk of the *soul, friendship, mind, &c.* and he will interrupt you by saying  
it's

it's *jargon* he does not understand. There is one *science*, I believe, the whole of his sex is perfectly conversant in—that of *eating and drinking*; on the subject of which they could out-talk Apicius himself. And I will do them the justice to say, that even the most stupid of them could reduce it to a system, in a most elaborate treatise on tarts and custards.

Many of our youth are so monstrously barren, that I can positively affirm, there are not eight out of ten who can spell an epistle of one page in length without the immediate aid of a dictionary. As to their accomplishment, in the most delightful of all studies, the works of the poets, I can say little or nothing to their advantage. The swift, though tender ray of Apollo's halo, cannot penetrate their opaque brows. Ignorance, if not vicious *hardiment*, has shielded their brazen foreheads; and, to *their dull ear*, the concord of sweet sounds is charmless.

I know there are some, who have *scummed* the surface of literature; and, being swollen with the little pre-eminence that they have over their companions, they are wild to shew their *superiority* over *common-sense*. Flinging reason behind them, they set up for men of *extraordinary genius*; and, like

like the Persian glass-man, in his foolish vision, they kick about their earthly happiness, and hopes of future felicity, with a real lunatic fury.

To *you*, young men, who idly and wickedly sport with your *own salvation*, and that of your *weak* and *credulous* associates, I will address these four lines of Pope :

*A little learning* is a dangerous thing ;  
Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring ;  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Yet there are some of our young Englishmen who are an honour to their country, who join, with all the charms of a beautiful form, the more attracting, the more fascinating graces, of a richly cultivated understanding, and a poetical and delicate taste ; whose society will always be sought after with eagerness ; and, when absent, the remembrance of their virtues and accomplishments will play a lambent flame around our hearts, and no time can erase their lovely idea from our memory. How different are the sensations, which agitate the bosom of a female, in the company of a thoughtless coxcomb ! She lets the poor little butterfly flutter round her, and buz its empty  
nothing

nothing in her ear ; and, when it takes its flight, thinks no more of it, than of those insects which sparkle in the summer's blaze.

I am well aware, that if *this* ever meets the eye of those to *whom* I address it, they will set me down as a *disappointed, ugly*,—Old Maid ; but I deny the charge—I am not *old*, for I have not yet lived two and twenty years ; I think I am not *ugly*, provided I may believe the daily rhapsodies of at least half a dozen of these popinjays ; and I *know* I am *rich*. So I make out, I am neither the *disappointed*, the *ugly*, or the *old*.

---

## ANECDOTE

OF

### THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

**S**HORTLY after the first appearance of *Venice Preserv'd* in the dramatic world, the Duchess of Portsmouth, (then the favorite of Charles the Second) inquired of Lord Rochester after Otway, saying, she had not seen him for some time. His Lordship, with a sneer, said, he supposed he could not make as respectable an appearance

pearance as his play; and was therefore resolved, like many other ragged bards, to amuse himself with dressing his muse with all the finery of Parnassus. "That may be the case," said the Duchess, "and your Lordship must acknowledge Mr. Otway dresses his muse in much more elegant attire than all the dramatic poets now living can possibly do theirs. As a proof of my esteem for his genius, will your Lordship be so kind to convey this fifty-pound note to him?—'Tis a debt I owe him; and (if he is as you say) this is the best opportunity of discharging it."

---

## THE MISTAKE.

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

"**E**VERY one has his fault," says the proverb; and I believe it may with equal truth be said, that there are few characters, however vicious, who cannot boast some share of virtue. But such is the prejudice of the world, that the former are remembered with increasing rancour, while the latter scarcely engage attention; or, at most, are but slightly noticed. When a man is led astray by the allurements of vice, the recording



cording hand of Envy seldom fails to blazon to the world his departure from virtue ; nor would such an exposure be at all matter of regret, if there were some friendly hand as ready to proclaim his return, and depicture those actions which are allied to Benevolence, Compassion, and Justice. Such were my thoughts on a very recent transaction, described in the following short narrative.

Eumenius, a *barrister* of considerable eminence in Lincoln's Inn, a few days back, was waited on by a Lady, who had mistaken him for an *attorney* of the same name, to accommodate a law-suit that had been instituted against her husband, then absent from home. Eumenius, on hearing a relation of the business, readily discovered the error into which she had been led from the name: but, perceiving in the lady's countenance evident marks of inquietude, he politely offered his mediation in settling the business—which admitted no defence—on the best terms possible, with the plaintiff's attorney. After some little conversation, the lady accepted his friendly offer, and leaving her address with Eumenius, who promised to communicate the result of his application, took her leave.

By

By this time the reader may have imbibed a suspicious idea, that the motives by which Eumenius was actuated to take upon him the office of mediator, were not drawn from that pure, disinterested source, which, regardless of selfish reward, seeks to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate. The justice of that opinion I am not inclined to dispute; since I should certainly offer violence to truth, were I to contend that they were at all favourable to morality.

The lady in question was a lovely brunette; and, though her form could not, perhaps, boast the waving line of beauty so ably portrayed by the pencil of the matchless Hogarth, yet there was a certain air in her deportment, a *je ne sais quoi* in the whole assemblage of her person, that imperceptibly arrested the attention, and excited from every beholder involuntary admiration. Perhaps, the anxiety of mind under which she at that moment laboured, and the pensive melancholy which commonly diffuses itself over the human features in the hour of distress, might give a softness to her beauty, and heighten the natural graces of her person, that to the susceptible heart of youth rendered her irresistible. Be this as it may, Eumenius felt himself interested in her behalf;

E

half; and instantly discarded from his thoughts all other business, eagerly bent on accommodating that of the lovely stranger.

Lauretta, on her return home, after a slender repast, was sitting in the parlour with her little brood, consisting of three infants, emblems of their parent stock, reflecting on the occurrences of the day, when a loud knocking at the door roused her from her meditations; and, before she could apply her handkerchief to her eyes, to wipe away the tears of sad anxiety, Eumenius entered the room. Surprise, at this unexpected visit, deprived her for some moments of the faculties of speech: nor was the advocate less immured in silence. To find the person, for whom he had thus interested himself, the mother of a lovely offspring, was foreign to his expectations. "I have seen the plaintiff's attorney, Madam," said the barrister, recovering from his surprise; "who is willing to make an abatement of two guineas in his bill of costs, on condition that the remainder, with the debt, amounting together to the sum of six guineas, be immediately paid."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir," returned the lovely mourner, "for the trouble you have  
taken

taken in this business; but the sum demanded, small as it is, is more than I at present can command. My husband is from home——”

“ Distress yourself no more about it,” interrupted Eumenius; “ there is a receipt for the debt and costs,”

“ To what motive, Sir, may I impute this extraordinary act of friendship?” enquired Lauretta, with astonishment. “ I fear, Sir,” continued she, “ that you have mistaken the object of your bounty!”

“ I confess, Madam,” replied the barrister, “ that the motives by which I have been actuated, reflect no credit on me as a man. I am disappointed in my pursuit: but that disappointment, so far from giving me pain, has excited in my breast the most pleasurable sensations; and instead of involving you in distress, I have happily been the means of rescuing you from it. As to the pecuniary obligation, your husband may repay it me whenever it shall be convenient to himself: and my wishes are, that you may uninterruptedly enjoy every felicity,” Then, bowing, he withdrew, happy at his mistake; and leaving his lovely auditor to the enjoyment of her own thoughts, while he had the satisfaction to reflect, that, by the  
unerring

unerring hand of Providence, he had been prevented from increasing the number of his offences; and when he was seeking the temple of Vice, his better genius conducted him to the mansion of Virtue.

Reader, shouldst thou ever meet, in the walks of life, any similar case; if thou shouldst ever be tempted, by the false blandishments of Vice, to taste of her intoxicating goblet; may thy guardian angel, like that of the learned advocate, dash from thy lips the poisonous draught, and bring thee back a profelyte to Virtue!

---

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE OLD YEAR.

THE departure of the OLD YEAR, and the entrance of a NEW ONE, cannot but suggest many useful and very important reflections to a thinking man. We cannot take a final leave of any thing to which we have been accustomed without a sentiment of concern. Objects, otherwise of the most indifferent nature, claim this, and they never fail of obtaining it, at the hour of parting. The idea of the *last* is always a melancholy

lancholy idea ; and it is so, perhaps, for this among other reasons ; because, whatever be the immediate subject, an application is presently made to ourselves. Thus, in the case before us, it is recollected—and let it be recollected—it is good for us to recollect it—that what has happened to the year, must happen to us. On each of us a day must dawn, which is to be our last. When we shall have buried a few more years, we must ourselves be buried ; our friends shall weep at our funeral ; and what we have done, will live only in their remembrance. The reflection is sorrowful : but it is just and salutary ; equally vain and imprudent would be the thought of putting it away from us. Meanwhile, let us cast our eyes back on that portion of time which is come to its conclusion, and see whether the good thoughts that have occurred to our minds, the good words that have been uttered, and the good deeds that have been performed by us, will not furnish materials with which we may erect a lasting monument to the memory of the departed year.

No year, certainly, should be permitted to expire without giving occasion to such a retrospect. The principal events that have befallen us in it should be recollected ; and the requisite improvements

ments be raised from them severally, by meditation. What preservations from dangers, spiritual or temporal, have been vouchsafed ; what new blessings granted, or old ones continued, to me and mine ; to my friends, my neighbours, my church, my country ; and how have I expressed, in word and in deed, my gratitude and thankfulness for them ? With what losses or crosses, what calamities or sicknesses, have we been visited ; and have such visitation rendered us more penitent, more diligent, devout, and holy, more humble, and more charitable ? If the light of heaven hath shined on our tabernacle, and we have enjoyed the hours of health and happiness, let us enjoy them over again in the remembrance : if we have lived under a dark and stormy sky, and affliction has been our lot, let us consider that so much of that affliction is gone, and the less there is of it to come. But whatever may be gone, or come, all is from God, who sends not without reason, and with whom if we co-operate, no event can befall us which will not in the end turn out to our advantage. Such reflections as these should indeed be always made at the time when the events do befall us. But if not made then, they should at some time ; which yet will not be done, unless some time be appointed for making them. And what time so fit as that, when one year ends  
and

and another begins; when, having finished a stage of our journey, we survey, as from an eminence, the ground we have passed; and the sight of the objects brings to mind the occurrences upon that part of the road?

In the course of the foregoing year many good examples we must have seen or heard of; and by means of books and conversation from without, and hints from our own consciences within, much wholesome advice, many faithful and kind reproofs, must we have met with. For all these admonitions are we the better, and have we profited by them! When we examine ourselves as to the progress we have made in the Christian life since this day twelve-month, do we find that we have discarded any evil habits, or acquired any good ones; that we have mortified any vices, or brought forward to perfection any virtues? In one word, as we grow older, do we grow wiser and better? These are the questions which should be asked at the conclusion of a year. And may the heart of every person return to them an answer of peace! May we find pleasure in reviewing them! But review them we must—and so must he, who is to be our judge, at the day of his second manifestation. That day draws on  
apace:



space: That not only friends die, and years expire, and we ourselves shall do the same, but the world itself approaches to its end. It likewise must die. Once already has it suffered a watery death; it is to be destroyed a second time by fire. A celebrated Author, having in his writings followed it through all its changes from the creation to the consummation, describes the eruption of the fire, and the progress it is to make, with the final utter devastation to be effected by it, when all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed and sunk in a molten deluge.

Let us reflect, says the above Author, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth.

AN

## ANECDOTE

OF

## SCHAH ABBAS.

**S**CHAH ABBAS, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became so great a Prince. One might have judged the vastness of his empire by the variety of dishes at his table. Some were sent him from the Euphrates and Persian gulph, others from the Oans and Caspian sea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his Nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the three tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the sanctity of his office: but instead of falling to and eating heartily, as holy men are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and began weeping. Schah Abbas, surprized at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company. He would fain have been excused; but the Sophi ordered him, on pain of his displeasure, to acquaint him with the cause of his disorder. "Know then, (said he,) O Monarch of the earth, that when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a vision, which was sent me from the Prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the

F

moon

moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when methought the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me upon their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the lowest Heaven, where the Messenger of God, on whom be peace, was sitting on his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against thee, Schah Abbas, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand. It was alledged by them that ten or twelve of them were murdered often to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate. Some gave their tongues only, some their bowels; some their fat, and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared such constant waste was made of them, that unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy gluttony. The Prophet hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six vultures to fetch thee alive before him. They instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, and examined whether it was bigger or more capacious than those of other men; when it was found to be just the common size. He permitted all the animals to make reprisals on the body of  
their

their destroyer; but before one in ten thousand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured, so ill proportioned was the offender to the offence." This vision made such an impression on the Sophi, that he would not suffer above one dish of meat to be brought to his table for ever after.

---

### A BUCK PARSON.

A Reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one: "D—n this old surplice," said he to the clerk, "I think the devil is in it!" The astonished clerk waited till the Parson had got it on, and then sarcastically answered—"I thinks as how a is Zir!"

---

### A N E C D O T E.

PATRONS are but too apt to reward their authors with compliments, when they want bread.

bread. Sorbiere, being treated in this manner by his friend Pope Clement IX. is said to have complained in the following humorous terms :—  
“ Most holy father, you give ruffles to a man who is without a shirt.”—

---

### AN ANECDOTE.

CHARLES IX. once sent an order to Viscount D'Orte, Governor of Bayonne, to massacre all the Protestant inhabitants there, to which he returned the following answer :

“ SIRE,

I have communicated the Royal Mandate to your Majesty's faithful subjects in the town, as well as to all those who compose the garrison. To a man, I have found them all most worthy citizens, and men of approved valour, but not one executioner among them ; wherefore, they and I ~~most humbly beseech~~ your Majesty, with all humility, to give us an opportunity of employing our swords for you in any practicable enterprize, no matter how big the danger. There, in obedience to your command, the ~~last~~ drop of blood shall cheerfully be shed.”

ON

## ON RETIREMENT.

**T**HE season of the year inviting me for a time to quit scenes of hurry and confusion, I retired lately into the country to enjoy a calm retreat, breathe the salubrious air, and feast my eyes with nature cloathed in the blooming garment of the spring. Here I often contemplate the wonders of creation undisturbed, and think myself happier in solitude than the gaudy Courtier amidst the splendours, noise, and hurry of a Court.

This is safety's habitation; silence guards the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The swarm of temptations that beset us amidst the gaieties of life, are banished from these scenes of retirement. Here without disturbance, I can survey my own thoughts; and ponder the secret intentions of my own heart. In short, here I can learn the best of sciences, that of knowing myself. The other evening I strayed into the fields, and, pleasing myself with that variety of objects that presented themselves on every side, night overtook me before I was aware. The whole face of the ground was soon overspread with shades, only a few of  
the

the lofty eminences were clothed with streaming silver, and the tops of the waving groves, and summits of the mountains, were irradiated with the smiles of the departing day. The clouds, expanding their purple wings, were tipped with a ray of gold, while others represented a chain of lofty mountains, whose craggy summits overshadowed the vales below, and along their inaccessible sides there appeared various pits and romantic caves.

A calm of tranquillity and undisturbed repose spread over the whole scene. The gentle gales fanned themselves asleep, so that not a single leaf was in motion: echo herself slept unmolested, and the expanded ear could only catch the liquid lapse of a murmuring stream. The beasts departed to their grassy couch, and the village swains to their pillows; even the faithful dog forgot his post, and slumbered with his master.

Darkness was now at its height, and the different objects were only rendered visible by the faint glimmering of the stars. This solemn scene brought to my remembrance the terrors which often invade timorous minds. "This (said I to myself) is the time when the ghosts are supposed to make their appearance, and spirits visit the  
solitary

solitary dwellings of the dead. But what should terrify me, when I know I am encompassed by the hand of my Maker, and that in a short time I shall enter a whole world of unbodied beings? Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that numbers of invisible beings are, at this instant patrolling the same retreat, and joining with me in contemplating the works of the Almighty Creator."

While I was thus reflecting on the excessive timidity that possesses many people's mind, when the sable curtain of the night is drawn, the moon darted her silver rays from the eastern part of the horizon, and dispelled the veil from the countenance of nature. Every object appeared more delicately shaded, and arrayed in softer charms. This beautiful prospect, more various than fancy itself can paint, brought to my mind that beautiful night-piece in Homer:

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er heav'n's clear azure, spreads a sacred light ;  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tipt with silver ev'ry mountains' head :  
Then



Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the fight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

My thoughts were recalled from these pleasing ideas by the noise proceeding from the steps of an ancient inhabitant of a neighbouring cottage: his face, though wrinkled with age, had in it something majestic, and his hoary locks flowed loosely over his shoulders. He seemed surprized at seeing me alone in the fields, and, when he understood that the contemplation of the stupendous works of my Maker had alone detained me, he was filled with admiration. " Son, (said he,) I have for near fifty years been an inhabitant of yonder cottage: my youth was indeed squandered in pursuing the fashionable amusements of the age; but finding, on mature reflection, that true pleasure only consists in treading the paths of virtue, I abandoned the deceitful pursuits of the world, and retired to this solitary cottage, where I have continued in peace and tranquillity. Here I can contemplate the wonders of my Creator, and rejoice in a firm hope of a happy eternity. Is it not surprizing to think that mortals can be pleased with the ample dimensions of Ranelagh's dome, or the gay illuminations of Vauxhall grove,  
 and

and not be touched with transport at the stupendous display of Omnipotent skill? At the august grandeur and shining stateliness of the firmament, that forms an alcove for ten thousand worlds, and is ornamented with millions of eternal luminaries? This must surely betray not only a total disregard of the Great Creator, but the most abject littleness of mind, and the utmost poverty of genius. Four-score years have revolved since I first breathed the vital air: such a term, to unthinking youth, may seem of a prodigious length; hours crowded behind hours exhibit an extensive plan, and flatter us with a long progression of pleasures: but how short and scanty to one who has made the experiment! It was, methinks, but yesterday, that I abandoned the gay, and retired to this lonely habitation, and I must shortly resign both for the sleep of death. As soon as we are born, we draw nearer to our end; and how small is the interval between the cradle and the tomb? A few minutes passed, and we plunge into eternity; and on this inconsiderable portion alone depends our final felicity. Defer not, therefore, my son, one single moment to cultivate a correspondence with the condescending Deity, and taste the pleasures of Divine Friendship. Then shall death, whenever he approaches, be stripped of his terrors, and

the grave become a mansion of tranquillity. Hark! the death-bell from yonder tower, laden with heaviest accents, saddens the air! It gives notice to surviving mortals that the last enemy has begun the chase, and has even now laid one of our neighbours in the dust. It is therefore high time for us to cultivate good works, and sow the seeds of virtue, that eternity may yield us a joyful harvest.—Farewell, my son; reflect on these observations of mature age, and pursue the path that leads to the regions of everlasting felicity.”

---

## THE GENEROUS SULTAN.

### AN EASTERN TALE.

**S**HAH ABBAS, sultan of Persia, swayed the sceptre of his ancestors with wisdom and magnanimity; his enemies trembled at his name, and his subjects revered his power, and blessed his bounty. The luxuries of the east supplied his table, and the beauties of Circassia filled his seraglio. He governed his people with justice, enacted sage laws, and extended his generosity to the remotest parts of his dominions.

After

After several successful wars in which he had engaged to defend the just rights of Persia, he restored peace to his country, and returned in triumph to his palace, to enjoy, in undisturbed ease, the pleasures of that tranquillity and plenty, which by his martial labours he had procured for his people

One day, while he was in his seraglio, and surveyed the lovely females by whom he was surrounded, he observed one of them, of extreme beauty, who appeared sunk in grief and melancholy; despondence sat on her cheek, and the tear glistened in her eyes. At the approach of the powerful lord of the half of Asia, she scarcely deigned to raise her head, but appeared abandoned to sadness, and overwhelmed with sorrow and despair.

The Sultan, awhile, viewed her with admiration. The beauties of her transcendent form and countenance outshone the charms of her companions around her, as the silver beam of the luminary of night dims the lustre of the host of heaven. Her grief added the divine and inexpressible grace of sensibility. Her inattention to the presence of her sovereign had also its effect; and, inflamed at once by admiration and curiosity,

fty; he gave her the signal to attend him to a private apartment.

When there, he thus addressed her :—" I perceive that you are agitated by anxiety and fear ; imagine not, fairest creature, that you are fallen into the power of some ferocious and irrational animal, eager to gratify its passion, and regardless alike of justice and generosity. While I survey the beauty which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon you, I feel myself restrained by a secret awe, from violating the most lovely of her works, and excited by an irresistible impulse to employ my power to promote your happiness, and change your grief into joy. Speak to me, therefore, with confidence : unfold to me your whole history, and disclose your whole soul. I swear, by our Prophet, that in me you shall find, not a violator, but a friend and protector. Most unworthy were I of my power and exalted station, were it possible that I should see you even appear to suffer, and not enquire the cause, or, knowing that you had cause for sorrow, not endeavour to redress your wrongs, or soothe your affliction, as far as in my power. Again, therefore, I command you, I entreat you, to unfold to me all your story, and all your sorrows. If it is in my power to grant you relief, they are at an end ; if not,

my

my heart shall at least sympathize with you in your sufferings."

At this address, the astonished Selima raised her beautiful eyes, which now glistened with hope and esteem; and kneeling before her generous sovereign, she thus began:

"The words of my Lord are reviving to his sorrowful handmaid, as the dew of the morning to the rose of Erivan. They instil consolation into my heart, and open my lips to declare my griefs:—I was born, far from the splendors of your court, in the fruitful plains of Circassia, and passed the morning of my life in cheerfulness and simplicity. My heart was a stranger to care or ambition, and acquainted only with the sweet enjoyments of friendship and affection. I was the delight of my fond parents, and they were mine. Unrestrained by the more rigid custom of the east, as I was not born to riches or honours, I and my companions bounded over the smiling meadows as the gazelles traverse the extensive plains. In these excursions I frequently saw Sadak, a youth of my country,—a youth, in his person blooming, as the newly opening flower, and in his manners generous as the bounty of heaven.—Sadak, who preserved the life of my father."

father.—Sadak, who fondly loved me. We were to have been united in the tenderest bonds; but the reputation of my beauty prevented my happiness, by treachery and abused power, I have been brought to your seraglio. How often have I cursed my fatal charms, if indeed I possess them; for Sadak would love me without beauty! If ever I regain the tranquillity of my former life,—if ever I am restored to true happiness,—it must be the effect of your boundless generosity. The beauty of the Houris of Paradise is the due of my Lord: but the woman who can no longer command her heart ought not to receive his attention.”

“Excellent creature,” exclaimed the Sultan; “monarchs, wanting a treasure like thee, are indeed poor. Yet shalt thou be restored to the simple happiness thou hast wisely chosen; nor shalt thou be separated from that youth whom thou hast honoured with thy praise and invaluable affection.”

Scarcely had the Sultan left the seraglio when he was informed that a youth, apparently of no very high rank, had demanded to see him, alledging that he had something to communicate of the utmost importance, which he would not confide  
to

to any other person. The Sultan immediately gave orders that he should be admitted.

The youth entered, kneeled before the sovereign of Persia, and thus addressed him :—" May the monarch, whose beneficence is equal to his power, long sway the sceptre over a happy and grateful people. But royal beneficence cannot extend to all, and power is too frequently abused. May his sublime majesty condescend to hear my complaint. Your officers, acting without your knowledge, have acted unworthy your high character. They have carried away, by treachery and force, the beauteous flower of our country, the delight of her fond parents, the joy of the fond eyes of her lover :—Selima, the beauteous, the unrivalled Selima, is in your seraglio : I know she is there unwillingly : restore her, O ! restore her, most gracious sovereign !" " Youth," replied the Sultan, " knowest thou what thou askest ? Selima is more lovely than the Houris, and wisdom and tenderness are enthroned in her heart."

" I know it well," replied the petitioner : " I have also heard of the justice, the generosity, and the magnanimity of the illustrious Shah Abbas."

" But,



“But why,” replied the Sultan, “are monarchs raised above others, but to chuse their pleasures, and to have their enjoyments preferred to those of their subjects?”

“The true pleasure of the noble mind, whether of monarch or peasant,” replied the youth, “is to do good, to act with justice, and exercise beneficence: every pleasure incompatible with these is unworthy not only of the monarch but the man.”

“Your sentiments are generous,” replied the Sultan, “and your petition is granted. You shall receive Selima, of whom you appear nearly the equal. Remain at my court, and I will try your abilities in some employment.”

Thus was Selima restored to Sadak: they were united and happy; and the Sultan, after having tried the fidelity and abilities of the youth in offices of inferior importance, advanced him by degrees, until he became his confidential favourite, and one of his principal ministers, rewarded by a continual accession of wealth and honours,—of wealth, which he liberally expended for the good of the country at large,—and honours, which

## AN ORIENTAL TALE.

His palace seemed the seat of enchantment; his haram was filled with the choicest beauties, and his banquets were worthy a potentate. The sounds of music and dancing were continually heard in his hall, all who came were welcome; and the residence of Hassan was signalized by the appellation of the *Mansion of Hospitality*. Every one bowed as he passed; his name was celebrated in songs; and the prayers of the poor were continually offered up for his welfare. Every thing about him wore the appearance of felicity; his superiors courted him; his equals flattered and

envied him; and his inferiors sought his patronage, in preference to that of princes. All were astonished at his magnificence, and all united in pronouncing him *happy*.

But Hassan was an instance that the estimates of mortals are generally erroneous. On a sudden, an extreme languor possessed him. He found not pleasure among his women; retired from the banquet disgusted; and heard the voice of adulation unmoved. Music could no longer lull him to repose; he was absent by day, and restless by night. In vain he affected the alacrity of cheerfulness; for his countenance displayed the settled gloom of melancholy and dissatisfaction.

In this disposition of mind, reclined on his sofa, he was ruminating on the uncertainty and subtilty of happiness, when he was alarmed by a violent clap of thunder, and in a moment a supernatural form stood before him.

“Hassan,” said the spirit, in an encouraging tone, “attend! I am the Genius of Instruction; the bountiful and omniscient Alla has seen thy dissatisfaction, and has permitted me to direct thee in thy search after happiness. Mark well what is before thee!”

A

A plain, bordered on each side by a thick wood, and enchantingly diversified with fruit-trees and flowers, was extended to his view; so large, that a temple at the farther end was scarcely discernible, to which a numerous quantity of children, who instantly made their appearance, were directed by a venerable personage; and warned against turning out of the path, or stopping by the way, excepting to refresh themselves with the fruits or flowers growing immediately on its borders; which they were allowed to do, as the journey was both long and fatiguing, in consequence of bogs and brambles frequently obstructing the way.

The majority, however, instead of attending to the injunction, dispersed at random over the plain, amusing themselves with flying kites, catching butterflies, blind-man's buff, leap frog, hunt the slipper, and many other juvenile sports. Some gathered nosegays, while others culled the most beautiful flowers to ornament their hair; and some greedily devoured the various fruits, while others filled their pockets with them. Many, nevertheless, seemed to obey the command given them. But the greater part of these were seduced from the path, at various stages of the journey: some, to go over to former companions; others, attracted by the luxuriant appearance of some particular species

species of fruit, or the variegated tints of a glaring flower: and few, indeed were they who reached the temple. These had scarcely entered, when from the two woods rushed out a large troop of beasts of prey, while the air darkened with innumerable descending vultures and every other description of carnivorous birds. They immediately attacked the juvenile multitude; who, defenceless as they all were, fled every way to avoid them. A few took refuge in a miserable hovel, on the right side of the plain; and many sought the woods, whither they were instantly pursued. Of these who could not escape, some were left dead on the plain; others shockingly mangled, on whom the birds and smaller beasts began immediately to glut their carnivorous appetites, while the larger beasts dragged their unfortunate victims into the woods, to devour them, at leisure, in their dens.

“What means,” exclaimed the astonished Hassan, “the scene before me?”—“What thou hast seen,” replied the Genius, “is a picture of human life; the plain is the world, and the children are its inhabitants. The temple to which they were directed by the sage, Wisdom, is that of Virtue, the only residence of Happiness; and the hovel, from whence there is a subterraneous  
passage

passage into the temple, the abode of Repentance. Happiness is the universal hope of mankind ; yet, like the little children who disobeyed the command given them, they perversely seek it in the rounds of folly, and the gratification of sense : thence the various cares and diseases represented by the birds and beasts of prey, which render life a burden to some, destroy it in others, and impel many to wander in the horrid woods of madness and despair. Such has been thy pursuit after happiness. Then industry was prompted by the hope of gain, and the desire of riches, for the purposes of sensuality ; vanity has made the profuse, and thou hast extended thy patronage to obtain the despicable incense of servile adulation. The countenance of princes, and the homage of the herd, at first inflated thy little mind ; and novelty made thee experience a deceitful satisfaction. But the charm is removed ! thy senses are palled with excess ; adulation is become familiar ; and thou hast reaped nothing from the company of the great, but the envy of those with whom it was thy interest to have preserved a confidence. Thou hast flatterers without friends, and plenty without enjoyment ; hence melancholy lowers on thy countenance, and discontent preys on thy heart. Know, then, whatever is undertaken without a view of promoting

moting the interests of virtue, must necessarily end in disappointment and chagrin. Such is the moral to be drawn from the scene thou hast contemplated: be wise, observe it, and be happy."

Here the Genius withdrew, in a blaze of effulgence; and the sun-beams, at that moment playing on the eyes of Hassan, awaked him from his profitable vision.

He prostrated himself in grateful adoration before the indulgent Alla; conformed his life to the precepts of the Genius; and enjoyed, to a good age, the felicity which he had been told it would produce, and which will seldom or never fail to result from an uniform adherence to similar pursuits.

---

#### ANECDOTE

**K**ITTY CLIVE and Quin were invariable green-room foes: whether he had met with a rebuff in paying his addresses to her in the juvenile part of his life, or whether this antipathy arose

arose from spleen and dramatic jealousy, we cannot determine. One night Quin, who had been gormandizing at a turtle feast, fell fast asleep in the settee, and snored so outrageously, that he might be heard across the stage, in one of Kate's most favourite airs. Upon her return she made heavy complaint of the ill treatment she had received from him, and concluded with advising him to take a stall in the next stable he met. "Madam, (said Quin,) I advise you to take a lodging at the next gin-shop; and though you breathe it at every pore, it need not be known to all the neighbourhood, how often your maid went with the snug bottle, to the nominal wine-vaults, but real gin-shop."

---

### LOVE WITHOUT HOPE.

"ONCE more we tread on English ground," said the young Baron De Courcy, to his friend Carleton, as they stepped from the vessel which had brought them from the Continent. "From hence the castle of Lord Palmerton is some eight or ten miles distant; for which place, after having taken a little refreshment, I will  
shape



shape my course, while you pursue your way to London. There, as I am by letter informed, lives the lovely widow of Ridley's deceased lord; to whom, in obedience to the commands of her father, she gave her hand—her heart, if I may trust the flattery of words, was wholly mine."

"This sudden desertion of Italia's shores, then," said Carleton, "is to receive in the fair one's breast the smothered flames of love?" "Even so, my friend. And tell me what there is to oppose the completion of my wishes. Elinor once loved me, and perhaps still breathes a sigh for him who so long has mourned a disappointed passion. Lord Palmerton was a stranger to the affection I bore his daughter, and in giving her to Lord Ridley was innocent of the violence he did to her inclinations. But come, let us enter this inn, and recruit our exhausted spirits."

The union of Lord Ridley with Elinor, was the reason of De Courcy's leaving England; and the dissolution of that tie urged his return. His arrival at the castle was extremely acceptable to Lady Ridley; who, having passed her year of mourning, had for some time been pestered with the addresses of Ludlow, Lord Ridley's brother,  
who

who was passionately fond of her, and though conscious of the illegality of his passion, found it too violent to be subdued by reason.

Lord Palmerton, who till now had been a stranger to the attachment of De Courcy to his daughter, assented to the Baron's solicitations; and, in a conversation with Elinor, found De Courcy's information confirmed. At the same time, he learned, that her marriage with her deceased lord, was in obedience to his commands, and not from any inclination of her own.

Ludlow finding his hopes thus disappointed gave a loose to rage, and swore revenge against his rival. In this frame of mind, he met the cousin of Lady Ridley, the wily Evelina: who cherishing in her breast a hopeless passion for De Courcy, took advantage of Ludlow's weakness, and by dark and distant hints, raised in his perturbed mind suspicions dishonourable to Elinor's virtue. She knew his credulous and unsuspecting nature would listen to the invidious tale; and, while his mind was racked by passion, would prosecute any plot, that was likely to prevent the union of the young widow with the Baron. Nor did she doubt that De Courcy might be so far prevailed on to believe the rumour, as to relate

it to Lord Palmerton, whose pride would take the alarm, and break off the match.

On the success of this infernal scheme she built her hopes of gaining De Courcy for herself. Ludlow's attention to her insinuations was indeed a favourable omen. "You give me hopes," said he, "that this hated union, near as it appears, may yet be prevented. But tell me, Evelina, from whence those thoughts arise that taint her honour with suspicion? What reason have you to think she was false to my brother's bed?"

"You may remember," returned the artful Evelina, "that some three months from your brother's marriage, the Count Orfini, with whom his Lordship became acquainted at Florence, arrived in England."—"I do well remember," said Ludlow, eagerly listening to the treacherous tale.

"The marked attention," resumed Evelina, "which this young lord paid to the wife of his friend, though it escaped the notice of Ridley, I watched with the guarded eye of conscious suspicion. The ill state of your brother's health often confined him to his room; and Elinor and Orfini frequently strayed by themselves to the remotest parts of the plantations which surrounded

rounded the house. Prompted by curiosity, I one morning watched their steps, and followed them to a tuft of trees that formed a small grove on the edge of the park: here I saw them in amorous dalliance. The Count was seated on the turf with Elinor on his knee: one arm was folded round her yielding form; and, while she hung with winning fondness on his neck, and joined her lips to his, Orfini—"

"Damnation!" exclaimed the enraged Ludlow. "Here stay thy murdering tale, for every word strikes daggers to my heart. Cursed, perfidious woman! were these wondrous charms, these outward beauties, only given to lure men to ruin, and hide the foul deformity within? By Heaven! her look is innocence itself; and I would have pledged my life that her mind had been as pure, as free from spot or blame, as her matchless form appears. But, see where the unsuspecting lover comes. It were fit that he should know the virtues of his intended bride. Leave me, Evelina; but yet be within hearing, that, should he doubt, you may confirm the tale I mean to give his ear."

Evelina retired; and De Courcy, with a smile of cheerfulness, saluted Ludlow. "You look  
merry,

merry, my lord," said the latter. "My face, Ludlow," replied De Courcy, "is a mirror, wherein all who look may see what passes in my mind. If the surface is polished, clear, and bright, pleasure revels in my breast; if it is fullen, overcast and cloudy, then sorrow rankles at my heart."

"Would that the faces of all mankind were the index to their minds," returned Ludlow; "we then might guard against the designs of knaves. But as it is, my lord, we are often tempted to our ruin by the resemblance of innocence. For instance, a beautiful woman has the appearance of innocence; she appears pure in thought, constant in affection, and yet she may be a very devil in reality. Where shall we find more seeming innocence than the matchless beauties of the widowed Elinor disclose! and yet—"

"And yet—what, Sir?" interrupted De Courcy, his eyes darting rage, and his breast swelling with passion.

"I ask your pardon, my lord," said Ludlow. "I had forgot myself. You are the friend of my brother's wife, and I should do wrong to injure her  
her

her in your esteem." Here Ludlow offered to retire; the impatient De Courcy seized his arm, and held him. "Stay Sir," said he, in a menacing tone; "think not to escape me thus. The man who dares to suspect the virtue of the woman whom I love, shall not escape with impunity; and the wretch who thus loudly taxes her fame, who thus meanly blasts with scandalous envenomed tongue her innocence, has still less claim to forgiveness. Deny what thou hast said; proclaim thyself a liar; or, by the love I bear the dear object of thy foul reproach, thy life shall—"

"What my lord," interrupted Ludlow, disengaging himself from the Baron; "what, I ask, have I said, that I should disown?"

"It is true," said De Courcy "thou hast not yet pronounced the sentence that damns her honour, but thy speech plainly indicates that thou thinkest her false."

"I do indeed, my lord: nay, more—I know it."

"Ha!—know it! But by Heaven, it is a damned falsehood, invented to conceal some black attempt!"

tempt ! and thou, its coiner, art the veriest villian my foul ere knew Draw, caitiff, draw !”

“ You will not find me tardy, my lord,” said Ludlow, drawing his sword, and placing himself in a posture of defence. “ And now, my lord,” added he, “ since you thus urge me to reveal her guilt, I here brand her with a strumpet’s name ; and, but that you may think I dread your sword, I could bring a living witness to prove the fact.”

De Courcy, fully persuaded of his mistress’s innocence, would have proceeded to extremities, had not the entrance of the artful Evelina prevented him. This woman, who, like Ludlow, loved without hope, and careless whom she sacrificed to her revenge, confirmed the assertions which Ludlow, from her instructions, had pronounced ; and recited many “ damning proofs” of Elinor’s incontinence. De Courcy could no longer doubt the infidelity of Lady Ridley ; but flew, with maddening rage, to Lord Palmerton, and proclaimed the baseness of his daughter. Palmerton alarmed for the honour of his child and that of his family, drew on the Baron ; but before they had engaged, Ludlow, having discovered the perfidy of Evelina, whose disappointed  
love

love had forged the vicious tale, rushed into the apartment, and declared the charge to be false; and that, urged by his love for Elinor, he had framed it in hopes of preventing her union with De Courcy.

This declaration appeased the wrath of Palmerton, and made happy the noble De Courcy. Instant orders were given to prepare for the nuptials, which Lord Palmerton determined should be celebrated on the morrow; and Ludlow was commanded immediately to leave the castle. This violent and impetuous man, struck with remorse at the atrocity of his conduct, determined to obey the commands of Palmerton, and study to forget his imprudent and illegal passion. On his retreat from the castle, he met again the wily Evelina, whom he reproached for the imposition she had practised on him. Far from denying the falsehood, she lamented that it had not answered the purpose for which it was designed. Her own happiness was lost, and she eagerly sought the destruction of that of her rival. She called Ludlow a cowardly slave, who could tamely stand by and behold the woman whom he loved in the arms of another man; and, by other artful insinuations, urged him to attempt one efficient stroke to prevent the marriage taking place. Ludlow



low again grew desperate at the thought ; and, instructed by Evelina, entered the house at the close of day, and sought the chamber of Elinor, determined to sacrifice her to his rage. Approaching with cautious step, he heard De Courcy pressing the mistress of his heart to forgive the unkind suspicions which he had been taught by the artifices of others to entertain against her honour ; and to sanction, with her assent, the day appointed by her father, for the celebration of their nuptials.

Ludlow, whose passions had been raised to the highest pitch of madness, rushed into the room, and buried his dagger in the fair one's heart. De Courcy drew his sword, to revenge her death ; but Ludlow had already fallen by his own hand. The noise alarmed the family : and, on the appearance of lights, it was discovered that the deceitful Evelina had fallen the victim of her own treachery ; who, by Ludlow, as well as De Courcy, had been taken for Lady Ridley. The entrance of Palmerton and his daughter completed the happiness of the young Baron. Ludlow employed the last remains of life in imploring the forgiveness of Lord Palmerton and the lovers, and in acknowledging the justice of Providence. De Courcy, and his lovely Elinor were, shortly after  
this

this tragic event, united, and enjoyed many years of uninterrupted bliss, of bliss due to their virtue and their merits.

Hence the reader may learn the fatal effects of violent passion, and apply to his mind the moral which it infers.

---

## THE LIFE OF AGAMUS;

AN OLD DEBAUCHEE.

**T**O indulge that restless impatience which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received by the public

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar school, and

K

afterwards

afterwards removed me to the University. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the University, even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father always had allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained, by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the University, and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified  
with

with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that, whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl of about eighteen, just arrived from the country was hired as a chamber-maid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health  
and

and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded. I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore made no proposal of removing her into lodgings: but after a few months she found herself with child; a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants; and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new encumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she entreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop  
in

in the suburbs ; which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware ; commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country. She reported, that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea ; and that his pay, which she had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her ; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected : her affection for me was too tender and delicate ; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it ; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl, with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I intended to gratify : my visits, therefore, became less frequent : but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness when she saw me again.

After

After the first year, I wholly neglected her ; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some enquiry after her ; and soon learnt, that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched ; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up : but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility ; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling, in some degree, the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish ; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cupor's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which

which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago, I celebrated my fiftieth birthday with some friends at a tavern ; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person: I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were prepared to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child :  
for



for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with an officious sollicitude, asked what sudden illness had seized me ; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained sometime torpid : but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up ; first held her at a distance ; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified ; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret. It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her : she stood motionless a few minutes ; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is  
not

not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes ; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I shall hereafter communicate ; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I proposed to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future : but alas ! of the future a few years only can remain ; and of the past, not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which, by miracle, I have rescued my own ! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young ; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, have been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye ; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the

L                      prattling

prattling simplicity of infancy ; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep ; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived ! and yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me ; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance : but I want words. Farewell.

AGAMUS.

*The Cruelty of deserting Natural Children,*

And the DANGER of

SLIGHT BREACHES OF DUTY.

AGAMUS's ACCOUNT of his DAUGHTER :

*Transcribed from her own Words, as follows :*

**T**HE first situation that I remember was in a cellar ; where I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers, with a woman who kept

kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to shew her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted without complaint, and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain, and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me many trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness or carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was not without its advantages; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence, if I had been placed with a person of the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been skimmed for cream, was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I thrived very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

Almost

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage, the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner, which won my affections and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should  
reward

reward it. I perceived with inexpressible delight that she treated me with peculiar tenderness; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintainance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve, because she did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself, except sometimes a chair woman, we were always alone in the intervals of business; and the good matron amused herself, by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needle work; and what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She also gave me some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of higher class; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain work which she had procured me, I furnished myself with decent clothes. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied ; and and often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But alas ! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost : the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance and protection, overwhelmed with grief, and distracted with anxiety. The world indeed was before me, but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew by no art by which I could subsist myself, and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I therefore applied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me  
as

as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker, whose business, of which indeed she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the church-wardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary clothes.

The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave, who was covered only with rags and dirt, whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress victuals, and, in short, to do every kind of household drudgery,



drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams, which had been assigned me, might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became penfive and melancholy ; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment, instead of pity ; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of fullness ; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with snivelling I knew not why, and threatened that it should not be long without a cause ; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered ; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the mean time, however, I applied myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction ; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and  
frequently

frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it more encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the clothes which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out; and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, or at least sit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted my fears, and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated

M

that

that I might have such clothes as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they would cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. "I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman: yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected, for taking a beggar from the parish: but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride, and disappoint my cunning." I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe for the first time expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that she would soon shew me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected that I should alarm the house, she did not repeat the blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

- I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply, but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery which

which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

It happened, that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the darkness and smoke of London, and had seen the sun shine only upon a chimney, or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the song of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me less willing to return; not indeed by increasing my enjoyment, but by fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step by a vain attempt to return and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in Saint James's Park,

Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum: and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption for me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke, with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story, to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed steadfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her it was true; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me; and that, therefore, she was determined

mined to take me home ; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance ; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance, I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice ; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind ; I therefore indulged the hope of having found such another, without scruple ; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before ; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder ; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes  
and

and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places : they belonged, said she, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide ; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner ; “ for,” said she, “ I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen.”

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. “ I see,” said she “ that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault.” I could only curt’fy in answer to this compliment ; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn on my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness, (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others ; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixed with much invective against my mistress, and much  
flattery

flattery to me, with neither of which, the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of flight silk for a night gown, which, she said I should make up as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured or transacted.

To



To work, therefore, I went ; my clothes were made and worn ; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person ; and thus was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger, I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay ; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt ; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose, both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging ; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me ; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist, without considering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms ; the visits were

were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning ; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance ; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies, which threw me into confusion, and covered me with blushes ; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and therefore was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among people of fashion, many of those polite levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it, and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own ; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker ; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I

N

was

Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum: and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption for me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke, with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story, to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed steadfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her it was true; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me; and that, therefore, she was determined

mined to take me home ; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance ; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance, I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice ; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind ; I therefore indulged the hope of having found such another, without scruple ; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before ; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder ; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes  
and

and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, said she, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; "for," said she, "I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen."

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. "I see," said she "that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault." I could only curt'fy in answer to this compliment; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn on my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness, (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixed with much invective against my mistress, and much  
flattery

flattery to me, with neither of which, the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of flight silk for a night gown, which, she said I should make up as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured or transacted.

To

and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, said she, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; "for," said she, "I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen."

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. "I see," said she "that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault." I could only curt'fy in answer to this compliment; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn on my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness, (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixed with much invective against my mistress, and much  
flattery

flattery to me, with neither of which, the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night gown, which, she said I should make up as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured or transacted.

To



Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum: and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption for me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke, with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story, to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed steadfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her it was true; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me; and that, therefore, she was determined

mined to take me home ; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance ; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance, I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice ; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind ; I therefore indulged the hope of having found such another, without scruple ; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before ; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder ; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes  
and

and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, said she, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; "for," said she, "I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen."

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. "I see," said she "that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault." I could only curt'fy in answer to this compliment; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn on my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness, (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixed with much invective against my mistress, and much  
flattery

flattery to me, with neither of which, the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of flight silk for a night gown, which, she said I should make up as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured or transacted.

To

gate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations, could be expected; I was therefore turned over to a place called the common side, amongst the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked, but they were overawed by the presence of the task-master, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour; but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations and obscenity; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends and without money; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those, before whom the path of virtue has been strewn with flowers,

flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me to whom it was a barren and a rugged road, in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was besighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hastened to the nearest shelter: let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty, and ease, and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden.

In a short time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dressed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt: the terms of prostitution were prescribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment the most odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted

implanted in my youth, however they had been choked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root ; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to him who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service ; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the straight way ; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice ; nor can it, without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it ; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

SON-

SONNET TO HOPE.

**O**H, ever skill'd to wear the form we love !  
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,  
Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove  
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.  
Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ;  
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom !  
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,  
Shall soften, or shall chase misfortune's gloom.  
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray  
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye !  
Oh strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way,  
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.  
Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,  
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

---

AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.

**I**N a dream, I thought myself on a wide ex-  
tended plain. At my left appeared a steep  
and rugged mountain, on the top of which stood  
a temple. The path on my right led into a valley  
so beautiful and flourishing that I conceived a  
strong



strong desire to enter it. The distant sounds of various instruments, wafted to my ears by ambrosial gales, heightened the beauties of the place, and excited in my breast the most pleasing sensations. While I thus attentively listened to these sounds of melody, a female form issued from the valley, and directed her steps towards the place where I stood. As she approached me, I perceived she was most exquisitely beautiful. A robe of roseate hue, in careless negligence, covered her graceful form, the transparency of which displayed the symmetry of her limbs, and heightened the beauty of those charms it was intended to conceal. Her mien was bold and assuming; her unguarding eye spoke pleasure and delight; and her whole deportment was free and unrestrained. With an air of bewitching fondness, she threw her alabaster arms around me; and with a magick voice, thus addressed me—

“Is happiness, fair youth, the treasure which thou seekest? then, fearless, follow wheresoever I lead. Attend my steps, and thou shalt undisturbed range through regions of ineffable delight. No care shall interrupt thy joys; no pain shall reach thy heart; but peace, content, and happiness, be ever thine.” Charmed by her accents,  
and

and by her matchless form subdued, I prepared to follow the beauteous phantom, when a voice, from some unseen object, arrested my steps; and, turning to learn from whence the sound proceeded, I beheld a nymph arrayed in a snow white vest, with an air of unaffected modesty and majestic step, approaching from the mountain.

“ Pause, fatal mortal,” said the fair stranger, with severe and awful dignity, “ and ere to the allurements of pleasure thou resignest thyself, hearken to the voice of virtue. Wouldst thou attain the summit of thy wishes, wouldst thou really reach the blest abode of happiness, know, that the path by which thou must ascend, is steep and rugged, and only to be maintained by pain, by toil, and by perseverance. The timorous and indolent, the base and pusillanimous, in vain attempt to gain the bright reward, which Virtue, on the good, the generous, the brave, alone bestows.

“ Hearst thou, sweet youth,” said the syren Pleasure, “ what dangers, toils, and perils, thou must undergo, to reach the ideal pleasure of this austere dame! Heed not her precepts, but follow me. In my arms repose thy weary form, and

P

hll

lull thy cares to rest. The flowery paths through which I will conduct thy easy steps harbour no dangers, conceal no perils, to interrupt thy pleasing progress, nor dash with bitterness the current of thy joys. With me dwell bliss, delight, and everlasting pleasure.

"Yet stay, mistaken youth," indigent Virtue cried; "and hear my friendly admonitions. Within yon smiling valley, tempting to the view of inexperienced youth, dwells guilt, disease, and pain. There myriads of thy wayward race, won by the false blandishments of Pleasure, drink of the cup of wretchedness; and view, with fond and lingering regret, this steep and rugged rock, which once, like thee, they shunned for fancied joys, and imaginary bliss." Then, waving a rod which she held in her hand, the valley expanded to my view, and exhibited a group of wretched objects, composed of either sex, whose emaciated forms, and ghastly looks, pourtrayed the misery into which intemperance had plunged them. Struck with horror at the sight, I turned to my guide; and falling in her arms, implored her protection from the artifices of Pleasure. With transport the heavenly maid clasped me to her swelling breast; and as I gazed on her face,

new

has bestowed the means of living at ease, create themselves anxiety ; and, whenever they examine their own condition in a relative light, they do not look down on such as enjoy less than themselves, but still invidiously elevate their eyes towards those who possess more. This canker of the mind often begets that restless impatience which corrodes our peace. We lose the relish of what we have, by coveting what we do not want.

We do wrong to arraign Providence of partiality, and complain of unequal distributions. It is through our ignorance, that we lament an imaginary inequality. If the proud Peer is pampered in all the luxury of ease, the humble peasant is blessed with all the vigour of health. If the pride of the one is gratified with riches and honours, the un aspiring soul of the other remains satisfied without such splendid distinctions, and is free from the torment of ambition.

Wealth and titles always obtrude upon our narrow view, and even stand foremost in our visionary scene of happiness. For these the eager multitude prefer their petitions ; and these Providence often confers on the meanest of the

Q

pressing

## SIR PHILIP MORDAUNT.

**S**IR PHILIP MORDAUNT was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of his king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came; tasted the entertainment; but was disgusted, even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing, (cried he to himself), what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us, the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and serve that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

AN-

## ANECDOTE OF CASSANDER.

CASSANDER was one of the greatest geniuses of his time ; yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being, by degrees, driven into an hatred of all mankind, from the little pity he found amongst them, he even ventured, at last, ungratefully, to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies, when the priest entreated him to rely on the justice of heaven, and ask mercy from him that made him ; “ If God (replies he,) has shewn me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter ?” But being answered, that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality : “ Let me entreat you, (continued his confessor;) by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your Father, your Maker, and Friend.” “ No, (replied the exasperated wretch); you know the manner in which he left me to live ; and, (pointing to the straw on which he was stretched,) you see the manner in which he leaves me to die !”

THE

### THE ADVANTAGES OF PATIENCE.

**E**XPECTATION is the buoy of life; but we often retard, and sometimes entirely frustrate the success of our endeavours, by our impatience in the pursuit. Impatience distracts the mind, sours the temper, and emaciates the body. It counteracts the best concerted schemes of prudence, and renders all her operations ineffectual. So far from accelerating the happiness we wish for, it often anticipates, sometimes creates misfortunes.

Though this disposition of the mind is the very reverse of idleness, yet it often ends in a total inactivity.

We are all alike subject to various disappointments; but we are not all equally prepared to sustain the shock they occasion. Eager tempers are always immoderately affected; and, though some by the help of philosophy, are able to withstand repeated attacks, yet, in general, they are too apt to succumb and fall into a lethargic inertness.

Because they cannot attain the end they pursue, and enjoy the full extent of their inordinate wishes,

tions of joy, and the severe extremities of torment.

But nature rejects such impracticable doctrine she is susceptible not only of extreme changes, but even of the slightest alteration. Where she is not, languid apathy deadens her functions; and he merits no commendation, who remains unaffected by her different emotions.

To be insensible of the alternatives of pain and pleasure, is to be more or less than man. The pangs of mind and body will shock our tender frames; but, if we exert our reason, it will enable us to withstand the most sharp and violent attacks.

As mortals, the boldest of us need not be ashamed to betray a sensibility of the various affections of human nature; but we expose the weakness of the soul, and disgrace that immortal part, when we suffer them to triumph over us; and meanly submit to be conquered, without exposing that godlike shield of defence, which will never fail to protect us.

He, who makes vigorous and unwearied resistance, against the passions incident to mankind,  
is



If it is weak to indulge in grief and be impatient, when we labour under real calamities—surely it is impious to bemoan our fate in the lap of good fortune ; and, through the wantonness of felicity, pine in imaginary bliss.

To assuage the misery we endure, we should carry our thoughts beyond ourselves, and reason comparatively, by considering their state who suffer more grievous hardships. To set a true value on the happiness we enjoy, we should confine our thoughts at home, and learn to prize the portion we possess, without envying others their greater share.

Envy is commonly occasioned by our mistaking the condition of others, which leads us to undervalue our own. If we were thoroughly sensible of the inconveniences attending the eminence our wishes soar to, we should find, that what draws our emulation rather deserves our pity.

To judge of our present circumstances by comparison, though it is particularly serviceable to the afflicted, yet it might be of use even to the fortunate ; and, as it relieves the distress of the former, so it may confirm and increase the felicity of the latter. But men, on whom Providence  
has

has bestowed the means of living at ease, create themselves anxiety ; and, whenever they examine their own condition in a relative light, they do not look down on such as enjoy less than themselves, but still invidiously elevate their eyes towards those who possess more. This canker of the mind often begets that restless impatience which corrodes our peace. We lose the relish of what we have, by coveting what we do not want.

We do wrong to arraign Providence of partiality, and complain of unequal distributions. It is through our ignorance, that we lament an imaginary inequality. If the proud Peer is pampered in all the luxury of ease, the humble peasant is blessed with all the vigour of health. If the pride of the one is gratified with riches and honours, the un aspiring soul of the other remains satisfied without such splendid distinctions, and is free from the torment of ambition.

Wealth and titles always obtrude upon our narrow view, and even stand foremost in our visionary scene of happiness. For these the eager multitude prefer their petitions ; and these Providence often confers on the meanest of the

Q

pressing

pressing throng, to intimate of what vile estimations are the things we pray for.

• But few can read its secret lessons. Those who can, know that Providence is just and uniform. They are sensible that content, its choicest gift, is the reward only of the virtuous. Such alone deserve, and on such only it bestows the divine blessing.

Its other gifts deals as it were in mockery, and mortifies the unworthy by gratifying their wishes.

These reflections make the wise patient in adversity, and moderate in prosperity; they consider each extreme as trials of their virtue, and from hence they acquire that fortitude of mind, which is neither depressed at the lowest ebb of ill-fortune, nor yet elevated at the high tide of success. Some speculative philosophers confound patience with insensibility; and inconsiderately destroy the merit of the virtue they propose to recommend. They preach an equanimity of behaviour under all the various vicissitudes of life, and direct mortals to preserve the same unalterable countenance and comportment, both in the exquisite sensa-  
tions

tions of joy, and the severe extremities of torment.

But nature rejects such impracticable doctrine she is susceptible not only of extreme changes, but even of the slightest alteration. Where she is not, languid apathy deadens her functions; and he merits no commendation, who remains unaffected by her different emotions.

To be insensible of the alternatives of pain and pleasure, is to be more or less than man. The pangs of mind and body will shock our tender frames; but, if we exert our reason, it will enable us to withstand the most sharp and violent attacks.

As mortals, the boldest of us need not be ashamed to betray a sensibility of the various affections of human nature; but we expose the weakness of the soul, and disgrace that immortal part, when we suffer them to triumph over us; and meanly submit to be conquered, without exposing that godlike shield of defence, which will never fail to protect us.

He, who makes vigorous and unwearied resistance, against the passions incident to mankind,  
is

is endued with patience and constancy : Though he feels their violence, yet, in the end, he will prove himself superior to their force ; and the more severe his sufferings, the more glorious will be his conquest.

---

## ANECDOTE

*of the celebrated*

MR. HOGARTH.

A Few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments; he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled a *Tail-Piece*, the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. My next undertaking said Hogarth, shall be the end of all things.

If that is the case, replied one of his friends, your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the Painter ; there will so replied Hogarth, sighing heavily, and therefore the sooner my  
business

business is done the better. Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he had completed it.

This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things; a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt end of an old musquet; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled in pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern, called the world's end, tumbling; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, and the body gone, the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses being dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, and the last whiff of smoke going out; a play book opened, with the *exeat omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

So far so good, cried Hogarth, nothing remains but this, taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing the similitude of a painter's pallet broken. *Finis*, exclaimed Hogarth, the deed

deed is done, all is over.—It is a very remarkable fact, and little known, perhaps, that he died about a month after this Tail-Piece; and it is well known he never again took the pallet in hand after he had finished it.

---

### THE PREVALENCE OF HOPE.

**T**HERE is no passion at once so prevalent and powerful as Hope. Of other propensities; which elevate or degrade mankind; some are peculiar to youth, and others to age; some can only be indulged at stated seasons and particular opportunities, and others require a foundation from which they may spring and gradually unfold themselves into action: but Hope is a passion which suits every condition, and actuates every class of men; and which, in the various and singular modes of operation which it displays, appears to mock those limits by which Providence hath wisely circumscribed the other principles of human industry.

Impelled, it should seem, by this earnest, as it were, of success, the foldier bravely faces the dangers

dangers of the field, and the statesman warily circumvents the intrigues of the closet ; it is this which opens to the gamester the prospect of renovated fortune, and which supports the adventurer through the shifting policy of defeated schemes and detected villainy. It is this, too, which counteracts the inveterate habits, and stifles the most violent suggestions of nature : through which, contrary to the calculations of the most obvious chances, the avaricious man still looks to an increase of property from some remote contingency ; and through which, in the last agonies of a debilitated frame, the old man still cherishes the fond idea of returning health.

This confidence of expectation, and this perseverance of Hope, were most undoubtedly imparted to man, as subservient, under proper restrictions, to useful purposes and rational ends. The misfortunes which indiscriminately afflict the virtuous and deserving, are sometimes too heavy to be endured by the feeble assistance of Reason alone. Human nature is inadequate to the support of calamities of which it can see no end, and of which it cannot indulge itself in the probability of alleviation. Resignation, in this case, becomes despair ; and the misery of despair is too exquisite, experience informs us, to admit of any  
cure



cure but what results from remedies of the most violent and dangerous effects. Here, then, it is, that a favourable anticipation of futurity becomes necessary and useful. Too distracted in his thoughts, soberly to compute the means of his situation; and too much burdened already, to bear with patience the result of computation; the scholar of Adversity shuns the flow and impartial inductions of Reason, and gladly reposes on the flattering consolations of Hope.

Such is the influence and utility of this propensity, when measured by the desires, the wants, or the misfortunes of mankind. But admitting it, which we do, as a necessary incentive to enterprize, and a serviceable lenitive in affliction; we are not thereby obliged to admit it as a substitute for activity in the one, or as an apology for idleness in the other. There is, indeed, scarce any propensity more injurious to society, than that of indulging expectations which can never be fulfilled. The superiority of one combination of men over another, whether we consider that combination in an enlarged sense as a nation, or in a more contracted import as a profession, certainly depends on the comparative aggregate of their labours. The use of that man, therefore, to society, is very questionable, who dedicates to the formation of  
imaginary

imaginary schemes, and consumes, in the delay of preposterous expectations, that time which should be expended in the exercise of rational industry and substantial employment.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that the delusions of Hope are too powerful and seducing to be resisted by common minds; that men of quick and lively spirits will eagerly embrace, and ardently pursue, any schemes, however visionary and impracticable, which present to the view a wider scope for exertion, and a fairer prospect of success, than the surer and more circuitous road of common application; and that we must change the nature of man, before we can eradicate from it so constituent a principle as that of Hope. Now, considered as containing mere abstract truths, this objection claims, and is entitled to, our most unqualified assent; but, when applied to the point in question, it is purely evasive. As partakers of human misery, we allow, in many situations of life, the advantages, nay, we admit of the necessity of Hope; but we contend, that in imputing folly and injury to the behaviour of those men who rely too implicitly on its promises, we are perfectly justified by the consequences. Let those who constantly proportion their expectations to their wishes, compare the instances in which

R

their

their hopes have been realized, with those in which they have failed ; and then, if in defiance of this unanswerable calculation, they still persist in indulging ideas which can only be disappointed, their pretensions, if they raise any, to the character of prudent men, may provoke our surprize, but can never obtain our sanction. If, indeed, those men who, in the pride of confident sagacity, boldly ascribe errors to the moral government of the world, and triumphantly endeavour to exemplify these errors in the unequal distribution of good and evil ; if such men would attentively consider this point, they would discover, that many of the afflictions of which they complain, are rather negative than positive evils, and are, in fact, rather the necessary disappointments of inordinate wishes, than the undistinguishing impositions of actual misery. Virtue is ever respectable, and generally rewarded : but, if the virtuous man rates his services too high, and voluntarily amuses his imagination with idle dreams and visionary prospects, shall the general order of human affairs be interrupted, in order that individual tranquillity may rest undisturbed ?

∴ In short, Hope is a passion which, under reasonable bounds, contributes in a great measure to the enjoyments and happiness of life ; but  
which

discovered the mystery ; that his friend, imagining he was too much affected with the applauses that were bestowed on his good taste in laying out his place, had forced open his sluices, and emptied his reservoirs, so that in a literal sense, his cisterns *could hold no water*, nor his cascades make any great figure that day ; and, what was more distressful, he had thrown down a leaden statue of the Piping Fawn, from its pedestal, which was a damage that could not easily be repaired before the arrival of his illustrious guests.

Mr. Shenstone was a little provoked at the first discovery of this incident ; but upon reflection, could not forbear laughing at his old friend's frantic proceedings ; and thought the singularity of the adventure would afford his guests as much entertainment, as a greater flash from his cascades, or, as viewing his place in more exact order.

---

## THE GOLDEN NAIL.

### AN ALCHEMICAL TALE.

**T**HURNISSERUS, a man of infinite whim and madness, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his natural temper was

both him and his companion departed; without taking leave of him, and upon Mr. W—'s table was left the following letter :

“ My good Friend,

“ I am called hence by the spirit : in the visions of the night it was revealed unto me. I must own, that, like the good Publius, you have received and lodged us courteously ; and my bowels yearn for your salvation. But, my dear friend, I am afraid you have set up idols in your heart ; you seem to pay a greater regard to Pan and Sylvanus, than to Paul or Silas. You have forsaken the fountains of the living Lord, and hewn you out cisterns, broken cisterns, that will hold no water. But my conscience beareth testimony against this idolatry. Bel boweth down ; Nebo stoopeth. I have delivered my own soul, and will pray for your conversion.

“ I am

“ Your brother in the Lord,

“ G. W.”

This extraordinary letter, and his friend's abrupt departure, greatly alarmed Mr. Shenstone ; but, going out to view his principal cascade, he soon discovered

This cannot indeed be defended upon the strict rules of morality ; but mankind are somehow, most exceedingly inclined to consider the community in an aggregate light ; and a man even of a naturally honest disposition, who hath often suffered by the imposition of some, doth in general feel a small inclination to make reprisals on others of the community. This is so much the case that the French have a proverb, chiefly indeed used in reference to gaming, but capable most certainly of very general application—"That he who begins by being dupe, finishes by being rogue."

But although honest men are too often cheated by those who are not so honest as themselves, yet such is the retribution of Divine Providence, that this is much more often the case of the knave than it is that of the honest man. Were we inclined to select a character for the subject of imposition in any transaction, we should certainly look out for one whose object we should suppose it would be to impose ; for (exclusive that the consideration that the person whom you have cheated would have cheated you, if it had been in his power, converts robbery, as it were, into a fair war, and gives that sanction to injustice which we often see injustice take no small pains to obtain)

obtain) we should look upon ourselves as in much more likelihood of success in our aim, when dealing with one of an acute, tricking, over-reaching, in short, dishonest, than another of a fair, open, candid, and honest disposition; as influencing, those most intent upon assaulting their adversaries, lay themselves the most open to a home-thrust; whilst those, indeed, who like Pistol, consider the world as their oyster, but who chuse rather to use wit than steel to get at the fish, confine their operations to persons of a similar disposition; we cannot say that we feel any very ardent desire of disturbing them in their vocation, and indeed so well versed are those gentry in common in human nature, that we generally see their attacks pointed at the very persons who are according to our ideas the most easily, and, at the same time, the least unjustifiably, imposed upon.

Thus we find those respectable personages of either sex, who travel about the country, under the idea of being people of great estates; but which they are kept out of, according to the old phrase, by the right owners; and who are in want of only very small assistance to raise both themselves and those who will be so far their own friends as to afford them such assistance, to the  
pinnacle

pinnacle of affluence, generally apply to those amongst the country people who are most esteemed by their neighbours and by themselves for discernment and sagacity, and that such their well-judged applications very seldom fail of success. The usual plan also of those gentlemen who labour in the vocation of money-droppers about this town, is to pick out for their intended dupe some one who has no small opinion of himself, whom they persuade to join with them in a plan to cheat their own gang, who assumes the garb of folly for the occasion. It is, indeed, so almost constantly the case upon these occasions, that he who goes home shorn, came with the intent of shearing, that we have, when present at the trials of persons accused of such offences, had our doubts whether the jury ought to convict the man whose ability has made him triumph over equal rascality.

We are, indeed, no small admirers of the *lex talionis*, and much delight in the punishment of offences without the intervention of the law, or which the law hath not adverted to. Of the latter kinds are those frauds which persons of the turn we have been adverting to, very often attempt to practise upon the liberal professions, such as the endeavouring to steal the advice of the physician



them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particularly affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired; and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings,

giving directions to some labourers who were working beyond the usual hour, in order to finish a receptacle for a cataract of water ; a glimpse of which appeared through the trees on the side of the road. As Mr. W—d and his friend, partly out of curiosity, and partly to take breath, made a little pause, the Gentleman turned his face towards them, when Mr. W—d immediately discovered him to be no other than his old acquaintance, the celebrated Mr. Shenstone, whose place began to be frequented by people of distinction from all parts of England, on account of its natural beauties, which, by the mere force of genius and good taste, Mr. Shenstone had improved, and exhibited to so much advantage : and this had discovered to the world his own fine poetical talents and polite learning, which, from his modesty, would otherwise probably have been buried in solitude and obscurity.

Mr. Shenstone soon recollected his old academical friend and associate ; and with that warmth of benevolence for which he was so remarkably distinguished amongst those that knew him, insisted upon his staying, that night at least, with him at the Leafowes ; which invitation Mr. W—d was sufficiently inclined to accept.

S

As

As they passed towards the house, Mr. Shenstone pointed out to his friend many of the beauties of his place: He showed him his cascades, which were so deservedly admired, and the reservoirs they supplied; the prospects of the country from various points of view; his grove, dedicated to Virgil; his urns, statues, and his admirable inscriptions. He mentioned several people of the first quality, and what Mr. Shenstone valued more, of the first taste, who had done him the honour to visit his place: and particularly he informed him, “that he expected Lord D—tm—h, and some other company, the very next day; on which account he had been inspecting his reservoirs, got his walks cleaned out, and made the men work so late in order to finish the cataract, where his friend had first seen him.”

As Mr. W—d knew the elegance of Mr. Shenstone’s taste, he could not but add his suffrage to those of the rest of the world, in admiring his place; and observed, “that, doubtless, the pleasures we receive from gardens, woods, and lawns, and other rural embellishments, were the most innocent of any *amusements*; but then we should consider them as *amusements* only, and not let them engross too much of our attention; that we ought to spiritualize our ideas as much as possible; and

and that it was worth while to inquire, how far too violent a fondness, for these merely inanimate beauties might interfere with our love of God, and attach us too strongly to the things of this world.

This gave Mr. Shenstone an opportunity, in his turn, of combating his friend's enthusiastic notions, who (he found by his own account) had deserted the station in which his own choice, and his mother's approbation, had fixed him, to sally forth and preach the Gospel, without any other call to that office than what a warm imagination had suggested, and which a romantic view of converting sinners at large, had prompted him to undertake.

The two friends, however, supped together very amicably; and, after drinking a cool tankard, and spending a pretty late evening in talking over the incidents of their youth, which they had spent together in the University, Mr. Shenstone shewed his friend into an elegant bed-chamber, fitted up in a Gothic taste, and wished him a good night.

As soon as Mr. Shenstone rose in the morning, he went up to his friend's apartment to summon him to breakfast; when, to his surprize, he found  
both

both him and his companion departed; without taking leave of him, and upon Mr. W—'s table was left the following letter :

“ My good Friend,

“ I am called hence by the spirit : in the visions of the night it was revealed unto me. I must own, that, like the good Publius, you have received and lodged us courteously ; and my bowels yearn for your salvation. But, my dear friend, I am afraid you have set up idols in your heart ; you seem to pay a greater regard to Pan and Sylvanus, than to Paul or Silas. You have forsaken the fountains of the living Lord, and hewn you out cisterns, broken cisterns, that will hold no water. But my conscience beareth testimony against this idolatry. Bel boweth down ; Nebo stoopeth. I have delivered my own soul, and will pray for your conversion.

\* I am

“ Your brother in the Lord,

“ G. W.”

This extraordinary letter, and his friend's abrupt departure, greatly alarmed Mr. Shenstone; but, going out to view his principal cascade, he soon discovered

discovered the mystery ; that his friend, imagining he was too much affected with the applauses that were bestowed on his good taste in laying out his place, had forced open his sluices, and emptied his reservoirs, so that in a literal sense, his cisterns *could hold no water*, nor his cascades make any great figure that day ; and, what was more distressful, he had thrown down a leaden statue of the Piping Fawn, from its pedestal, which was a damage that could not easily be repaired before the arrival of his illustrious guests.

Mr. Shenstone was a little provoked at the first discovery of this incident ; but upon reflection, could not forbear laughing at his old friend's frantic proceedings ; and thought the singularity of the adventure would afford his guests as much entertainment, as a greater flash from his cascades, or, as viewing his place in more exact order.

---

## THE GOLDEN NAIL.

AN ALCHEMICAL TALE.

**T**HURNISSERUS, a man of infinite whim and madness, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his natural temper was

was not much to be relied on. The story of his golden nail is curious. Having worked away his fortune in alchemy, and finding his schemes vain, he had a mind at once to get into the service of a certain prince, and to establish a character of himself to all the world, as if possessed of the grand alchemical secret. To this purpose he declared, that he had found out a liquor which would immediately convert all metals plunged into it into gold. The prince, the nobility of the place, and all the *literati*, were invited to see the experiment ; and the chemist having prepared a large nail, the half of which was iron and the other gold, well joined together, coated over the gold part with a crust of iron, which he joined so nicely to the rest of the iron, that no eye could discover the fallacy. Having this ready, he placed his vessel of liquor on the table, which was no other than common *aqua fortis*. Then, sending a servant to a shop for some nails of the same kind, he, by an easy piece of legerdemain, when he had desired the company to examine them, and see that they were real nails, took out his own, and after turning it about before the company, plunged it half way into the liquor: a hissing and bubbling noise arose, and the *aqua fortis* immediately dissolved, and washed off the iron coat, and the gold appeared. The nail was handed round

round to all the company, and finally delivered to the prince, in whose cabinet it now remains. The gold-maker was desired to dip more nails, and other things, but he immediately threw the liquor away, telling them they had seen enough. He was made happy for the rest of his life ; but all the entreaties in the world never could get him to make any more gold.

---

**TURPITUDE *and* INFAMY of BETRAYING PRIVATE CONVERSATION.**

**A**MONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications ; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation, is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty ; and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them,



them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particularly affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired; and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings,

ings, there is reason to fear, that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable era since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals, formed society, and without which, society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection, which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which, all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity.

He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecility, he must be well able to request the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful en-

T

gines

gines that will be employed against him, with and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him : and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries ; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth ; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices ; but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an Informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness

badness of the mind, and indeed I think it is impossible that it should : weakness discovers what malignity propagates ; till at last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report ; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship ; and we believe our importance is increased by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers : and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret : the delight of telling it, and of hearing it are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage ; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge : he appears restless and  
full

gines that will be employed against him, with and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him: and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices; but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an Informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the  
badness

## THOUGHTS

ON THE

*Inconveniences of Narrow Criticism.*

WHEN men are habituated to the study of the fine arts, to the reading of elegant authors, and to receive these delicate impressions of beautiful imagery which the hand of genius alone can stamp, and the nicer traits of which congenial minds alone are capable of perceiving, their taste, in proportion as they advance, becomes refined : what once excited their admiration serves but to provoke their criticism. Performances which have been regarded with a degree of enthusiastic rapture, are exposed to ridicule; and they look down with a kind of self-applauding risibility on what they once thought the strongest efforts of the human mind. It is a truth which few are willing to acknowledge, yet every one feels, that men receive their greatest, if not their only happiness from vanity. Vanity hinders them from owning it. To this alone can we attribute the excessive propensity which we hourly find in men to depreciate the performance of others; but more especially among those who exercise the same professions. It is likewise a truth, that

that when we discover any real or imaginary beauty in any work, there is more applause, however we may deceive ourselves, bestowed upon our penetration, than upon the author. The triumph of self-love is far more exulting, when we gain an opportunity of finding fault : our criticisms too often, especially among the half-initiated, are expressed by contempt : experience only can correct the mistakes of vanity. Zoilus no doubt imagined himself superior to Homer, consequently to all mankind. Dennis was too incorrigible to be lashed, or laughed out of his imaginary consequence. Let us beware of falling into the same errors. Hasty criticisms are frequently false ones. In proportion as the means of acquiring knowledge becomes more general, false critics increase ; and we too frequently hear all pretensions to merit denied to those performances where the name of the author cannot insure success.

Works of genius under this disadvantage, are buried for a time. The herd of mankind are incapable of judging or thinking for themselves ; but, like parrots, prate as they are taught. It is said that true genius is generally conscious of its own superiority ; and every petty scribbler will confirm the observation.

Altho'

Altho' I believe it to be impossible for a great mind to remain utterly unacquainted with its own superior powers, yet that very vanity which at one time serves as a spur to impel the mind forward, becomes at another a curb. The dread of doing wrong acts very powerfully on those who clearly perceive how very hard it is to do right.

To be taken no notice of, is as painful to that greedy desire of praise, which is always an attendant upon genius, as to be found fault with; nay more so, for in the latter case it finds a resource: genius gains an opportunity of displaying itself by vindication. It is worth our while to enquire how it happens that the human mind is seen to expand and enlarge its powers during some remarkable periods; and why it is constantly observed to contract itself within its usual limits, from whence nothing but the utmost degree of emulation can rouse it.

There were, no doubt, a chain of causes, which all contributed to the production of all these great performances which have dignified particular times, and which reflects so much honour on the extensive faculties of the mind. Among the most powerful of these we may place an universal disposition to admire, among the people  
for



that when we discover any real or imaginary beauty in any work, there is more applause, however we may deceive ourselves, bestowed upon our penetration, than upon the author. The triumph of self-love is far more exulting, when we gain an opportunity of finding fault : our criticisms too often, especially among the half-initiated, are expressed by contempt : experience only can correct the mistakes of vanity. Zoilus no doubt imagined himself superior to Homer, consequently to all mankind. Dennis was too incorrigible to be lashed, or laughed out of his imaginary consequence. Let us beware of falling into the same errors. Hasty criticisms are frequently false ones. In proportion as the means of acquiring knowledge becomes more general, false critics increase ; and we too frequently hear all pretensions to merit denied to those performances where the name of the author cannot insure success.

Works of genius under this disadvantage, are buried for a time. The herd of mankind are incapable of judging or thinking for themselves ; but, like parrots, prate as they are taught. It is said that true genius is generally conscious of its own superiority ; and every petty scribbler will confirm the observation.

Altho'

Altho' I believe it to be impossible for a great mind to remain utterly unacquainted with its own superior powers, yet that very vanity which at one time serves as a spur to impel the mind forward, becomes at another a curb. The dread of doing wrong acts very powerfully on those who clearly perceive how very hard it is to do right.

To be taken no notice of, is as painful to that greedy desire of praise, which is always an attendant upon genius, as to be found fault with; nay more so, for in the latter case it finds a resource: genius gains an opportunity of displaying itself by vindication. It is worth our while to enquire how it happens that the human mind is seen to expand and enlarge its powers during some remarkable periods; and why it is constantly observed to contract itself within its usual limits, from whence nothing but the utmost degree of emulation can rouse it.

There were, no doubt, a chain of causes, which all contributed to the production of all these great performances which have dignified particular times, and which reflects so much honour on the extensive faculties of the mind. Among the most powerful of these we may place an universal disposition to admire, among the people  
for

for whose instruction or amusement these performances were intended, a propensity likewise among the authors to do each other justice : for when men of known, or supposed abilities, are heard recommending a work, every pretender to criticism is eager to speak from his authority. Nothing can be so powerful an incentive to a great genius to excel any former production of his own, as to hear that production praised. He can always discover blemishes in his own works : he imagines he can always surpass them.

Praise is the food of the mind, and when administered in a proper medium, renders it healthful and strong. To find yourself enraptured at the perusal of those great works of genius which have received the universal suffrage of mankind, and to emulate them in imagination, are noble signs ; to look up despondingly at them is the reverse. The dormity of superior genius, particularly in works of imagination, may therefore, in a great measure, be imputed to the great number of pretended critics, and the great scarcity of real ones.

Books are become so general, and Magazine and monthly critics of all kinds so plentiful, that almost every man who reads is a critic, and every  
body

body reads now, more or less. The discovery of faults meets with far more encouragement than the pointing out of beauties. The reason lies, as I observed before, in vanity. The mind is flattered by being capable of discovering error, and immediately claims a superiority. To find fault is a much easier task likewise, than to bestow just praise ; hence critical authors are become far more industrious in the search after blemishes than beauties. Writers now are little more than compilers, invention is almost totally neglected, altho' genius never had before so many materials. When authors engage themselves now in works of imagination, they have so many dry rules to observe, which like a large rod in a school, are hung up *in terrorum*, that invention is in continual dread of the critical birch ; many of these rules too are drawn from authors whose extensive genius was above all rules, except such as nature immediately points out, and who never had the least intention of writing a critical code. The wild and gigantic, yet delightfully pleasing form which imagination used to wear, is dwindled even below the standard of speculative reason : her features are become entirely regular indeed, which is the greatest defect they could have, and which are far more characteristic of physical philosophy than of fancy. Imagination has always

U

been

been most prevalent in half-enlightened ages: Homer, Shakespeare, Ariosto, are noble proofs of this truth; and though her studies are vast, and her steps irregular, they conduct her votaries through every blooming wild, over precipices horribly beautiful, and place them amidst landscapes, which, though frequently tremendous, are eternally variegated, are ever pleasing.

Had Shakespeare worn the critical fetters which are now so plentifully forged to chain down the fancy, we had never been terrified at his ghosts and witches, delighted with his fairies and goblins, nor amazed and diverted at his airy spirits and earth-born monsters. Homer is superior to criticism when describing his Syrens, his Circe, and his Cyclops; men were then willing to be pleased and amused while they were instructed: they were also willing to praise and admire their instructors,

The throne of criticism is too frequently filled by tyrants and usurpers, who wantonly deal out vengeance either ignorantly, maliciously, or with a narrow and confined mind, and a butchering hand. Let the sons of genius therefore stand boldly forth, and drive those usurpers from that throne which none but the legitimate sons of genius should

should dare approach : let them be eager to render justice to each other : let them try to turn the current of little witticisms and envious detraction, into the bold, free, and clear stream of emulative praise and laudable candour. Let them shew themselves hardy enough to break and shake off those useless shackles with which the numb hand of speculative dulness hath loaded them ; then shall we behold the realms of fancy enlarged, even beyond their ancient boundaries : then shall we behold them frisk o'er the lawns among the shepherds, dance by moonlight with the fairies, bound o'er the mountains and shagged rocks, with her various robe lightly waving o'er her antic waist ; then shall we view her rise upon her dappled wing, and soar majestic and meand'ring through the milky-way, even to the heaven of heavens, or sink again profound ten thousand thousand fathoms into the remotest territories of chaos and old night.

---

## CONJUGAL HEROISM:

A MORAL TALE.

**T**HOSE who have devoted a great deal of their time to the writings of the most ancient historians of all nations will find, in the earliest  
ages

behaviour which, while it sufficiently *marked* him as a *patriot*, rendered him more odious than amiable as a *man*.

This *something* (for want of a better word) was a strong tendency to shew his various powers with a self-sufficient air, and to discover the high sense he had of his own importance, in a stile which denoted ineffable contempt for those before whom he with much vanity displayed them. By this ill-judged behaviour he created himself many enemies, and was always opposed with violence, whenever he attempted to make a push for the first employments in the state; the only employments which flattered his ambition: nor could he ever find friends enough in a contest for the post he aimed at, to bear him through the waves of opposition, to the animating point in view. He was continually unfortunate in all his public undertakings, and never *carried his election*, because he never took the proper steps to secure a majority of votes in his favour. Licinius, after a number of disappointments, finding that he had no chance for a *civic* or a *mural* crown, turned his thoughts towards a lucrative marriage; and he was very much encouraged to adopt this mode of proceeding, by the smiles which a lady of high rank in Rome bestowed upon him, the only daughter

not female warriors nor female politicians ; they may dazzle and astonish us by their military achievement, and political abilities, but they must certainly give us more pleasure by acquitting themselves at once with dignity and grace in their domestic apartments : in *them*, they are, without the least approximation to a pun—*at home*.

During the course of those centuries, in which the Romans, after the expulsion of their kings, made a spirited appearance by their *martial exploits*, and in which many heroes were at the same time remarkable for their *poverty* and their *patriotism*, *Licinius*, a plebian by birth, but justly entitled to the highest patrician honours, by his intimate acquaintance with every branch of legislation, as well as by his military prowess, added to a considerable share of military knowledge, was naturally desirous (from a consciousness of being equally fitted for the *forum* and the *camp*, by his elocution as an orator, and by his courage as a soldier,) to conduct any operation for the glory and advantage of the Republic, and to *stand out* (in the language of painting) in a *masterly manner* ; of convincing his fellow-citizens that he thought himself of too much consequence to be overlooked by them. His *internal* merit was, certainly, considerable ; but there was a *something* in his *external* behaviour



behaviour which, while it sufficiently *marked* him as a *patriot*, rendered him more odious than amiable as a *man*.

This *something* (for want of a better word) was a strong tendency to shew his various powers with a self-sufficient air, and to discover the high sense he had of his own importance, in a stile which denoted ineffable contempt for those before whom he with much vanity displayed them. By this ill-judged behaviour he created himself many enemies, and was always opposed with violence, whenever he attempted to make a push for the first employments in the state ; the only employments which flattered his ambition : nor could he ever find friends enough in a contest for the post he aimed at, to bear him through the waves of opposition, to the animating point in view. He was continually unfortunate in all his public undertakings, and never *carried his election*, because he never took the proper steps to secure a majority of votes in his favour. Licinius, after a number of disappointments, finding that he had no chance for a *civic* or a *mural* crown, turned his thoughts towards a lucrative marriage ; and he was very much encouraged to adopt this mode of proceeding, by the smiles which a lady of high rank in Rome bestowed upon him, the only daughter

While Metella remained in this state of uncertainty—"perplexed"—as Othello was, upon another occasion—"in the extreme,"—a slight incident turned the scale of dubitation entirely in Licinius's favour. Metella having wandered one evening, the finest she had ever seen, with a servant, in some fields belonging to her father's elegant villa, full of reflections on her embarrassing situation; painfully divided between her duty and her love, she was suddenly accosted by a man who had something very savage in his appearance, and, from the roughness of whose first addresses to her, she had reason to expect still more offensive behaviour. She was not alarmed without cause.

Turning from him with horror and affright, she bade her attendant keep close to her, and hurried from him as fast as she could move her feet; but not being able to walk as fast as her pursuer, she was obliged to halt. She then screamed, called upon the goddesses of chastity, the immaculate Diana, to save her from the imminent danger to which her person was exposed. The virgin goddesses heard her prayers, and sent Licinius, her lover, the lord of her heart, to her assistance. At his unexpected, but most welcome approach, all her alarming apprehensions immediately

cation; and the improvements which she made under their instructions, raised her to a superiority over the *million* among her sex, which would have proved extremely offensive to many of her acquaintance, commonly called friends, had she not prudently kept them under before them, that they might not point at her the charge of ostentation; and she behaved with such consummate discretion, that she was praised, even by her own sex, for the modesty of her deportment: and *these* eulogiums were the most pleasing compliments which could have been paid her: but she received them with a chastized satisfaction, which increased the meritoriousness of her conduct. She had a much nicer part to act with regard to her *father* and her lover. She was in a situation critical beyond expression; and the struggles which she endured, occasioned by her filial duty, and her prepossessions in favour of Licinius, are not to be described. By the severest trials which she had ever experienced, was her gentle bosom now assaulted; and she was for a long time in such a state of agonizing uncertainty, that she knew not how to come to a decision with respect to the very interesting debate carried on in her mind between *duty* as a plaintiff, and love as defendant; both of them were the disputants; and both of them had a great deal to say of their respective opinions.

While

While Metella remained in this state of uncertainty—"perplexed"—as Othello was, upon another occasion—"in the extreme,"—a slight incident turned the scale of dubitation entirely in Licinius's favour. Metella having wandered one evening, the finest she had ever seen, with a servant, in some fields belonging to her father's elegant villa, full of reflections on her embarrassing situation, painfully divided between her duty and her love, she was suddenly accosted by a man who had something very savage in his appearance, and, from the roughness of whose first addresses to her, she had reason to expect still more offensive behaviour. She was not alarmed without cause.

Turning from him with horror and affright, she bade her attendant keep close to her, and hurried from him as fast as she could move her feet, but not being able to walk as fast as her pursuer, she was obliged to halt. She then screamed, called upon the goddess of chastity, the immaculate Diana, to save her from the imminent danger to which her person was exposed. The virgin goddess heard her prayers, and sent Licinius, her lover, the lord of her heart, to her assistance. At his unexpected, but most welcome approach, all her alarming apprehensions imme-

X

diately

diately vanished: she no longer dreaded her formidable foe; but, flying into the friendly arms of her Licinius, which were opened to receive her, sunk upon his bosom, at once overcome by her past terrors, and her present tenderness.—At the sight of Licinius the supposed ravisher, who was well acquainted with his valour and who did not chuse to enter into a personal engagement with him of any kind, retreated with precipitation. Licinius, therefore, was left quite at liberty to attend his dear Metella; and being powerfully assisted by her faithful companion, he had soon the satisfaction to see a perfect restoration of her faculties. The interview between them became then more tender—more animated—more embarrassing.—On their near approach to the villa of Metellus, whose parental severity was equally dreaded by them both, the amiable and sincere lovers separated, but not without exchanging vows of perpetual constancy, and mutually assuring each other, that nothing should shake their fidelity, to the preservation of which they had solemnly invoked, as witnesses, all the divinities in their pantheon.

From this time Metella felt her heart so strongly attached to Licinius, that he became the god of her idolatry, and filial duty now held but a secondary

condary place in her enamoured bosom. From this time she resolved to embrace the first opportunity to throw herself under her lover's protection, if he pressed for her consent to be removed from her father's house ; but she could not bring herself to depart so far from her natural delicacy, as to make the first motion for an elopement.—She did not, however, long remain thus delicately distressed. Licinius, impatient to get her into his possession, in a very short time proposed a removal. His request was immediately, though decently, granted ; and all the operations relating to the projected releasement were carried on without being impeded by any considerable interruptions. The most sensible people are too apt, when they are under the influence of their ruling passion, to act with more precipitance than discretion. Licinius and Metella, both of them, had the most respectable understandings ; but they did not, when they schemed the perpetual enjoyment of each other's society ; reflect with due attention on the probable consequences with which the consummation of their wishes would be attended. The ardour of their loves, and the sincerity of their affection, were notorious ; but the prudence of their conduct was extremely questionable—If Licinius had been as intimately acquainted with the character of Metellus as his daughter was, he  
would

would not have ventured, perhaps, to risk the full force of his displeasure: and if *she*, who certainly could not be ignorant of the private movements in her father's mind, with regard to her tender attachment, had bestowed the proper degree of consideration upon that *patrician pride*, which strongly marked his character, she would have been still more averse to any measures directly tending to inflame it.

When these two lovers had been united by Hymen, they gave themselves up to the engagements of their conjugal felicity, and were too much flattered by the indulgence of their chaste delights to be apprehensive of a speedy diminution of them. Intoxicated with their nuptial joys, they were not quite prepared for a change of the nuptial scene. In proportion, therefore, to the happiness which they felt from the completion of their desires, was the shock which they received when they heard of the manner in which the resentment of Metellus had operated against them. Licinius, however, when he was informed of his designs by a particular friend, did not wait till they were formally executed in a *senatorial way*: he banished himself from Rome; and as his amiable Metella declared her readiness to accompany him in his exile voluntarily, and compulsive at  
the

the same time, he quitted the capital without reluctance, and hastened to the place which he had pitched upon for his retreat, without delay.

When Metellus found that Licinius had removed himself from Rome, he was not a little disappointed, though he had taken every step in his power to procure his banishment. It was the operation of his *pride* which prevented him from enjoying the fullest satisfaction from it ; and it was the same pride which excluded all reconciliation between him and his daughter. Frequently did he wish, indeed, in spite of his strong sense of the affront offered to his *family*, to receive *her* whom he had always looked on with the most affectionate eyes ; and frequently were the feelings of the *parent* ready to get the better of the haughtiness of the *patrician* ; but the latter always prevailed in every contest between them, and became at last immoveably firm against his own peace.—From the moment of his daughter's departure from him, he was robbed of all his tranquillity. For his paternal disquietudes he was to be pitied ; but for his pride he was deservedly punished, by every pang which it occasioned.

Licinius and Metella having embarked on board the vessel which was to convey them to the  
place



place they had chosen for their residence, till they could return to Rome with more agreeable prospects before them, could not at first help discovering some concern at being obliged to give up all the most agreeable connections ; but they soon reconciled themselves to their situation, by reflecting upon the strength of their mutual attachment ; each of them considering the other as the first object of attention : and each felt, at the same time, that in no part of the world they could be completely wretched, while their conjugal affection and fidelity were unshaken. In this situation they waited with anxiety for the moment of departure from their native country, though not in the manner they wished.

Metellus, as soon as he heard that Licinius had designed to banish himself from Rome, and to convey himself to a distant country, was rather pleased than disturbed by the information ; but when he began to consider that his daughter also was on the point of going into exile with her husband, he was somewhat staggered and perplexed. By an act of disobedience, which, in his estimation, was unpardonable, she had greatly offended him as a parent ; and by uniting herself to a man of low extraction, she had considerably wounded his senatorial pride. Severe, therefore, were the

the conflicts which he endured upon his daughter's marriage, and he actually resolved never to see her again: but the intelligence relating to Licinius's proceedings gave a new turn to his ideas. He then employed a person in whom he thought he could place an unlimited confidence, to separate Metella from her husband; to bring the *former* to *him*, and let the latter remain on board the vessel in which he had taken his passage. By as artful a *manœuvre* as ever was practised for the accomplishment of such a design, Spurius, whom Metellus had employed as his *confidential* friend, *did*, indeed, separate the happy pair, by throwing them into a state of insensibility: but instead of conducting Metella to her father, agreeably to his promise, he put her on board another vessel for *his own use*; and easily prevailed on the master of it, by considerable presents, to direct its course according to his inclination.

By this plan of operation, Licinius and Metella, to their extreme surprize and affliction, were torn from each other; and the sensations which they mutually must have felt upon their being divided, may be conceived by those married pairs who, with similar sentiments, have been in circumstances equally distressful; but even by them they can hardly be described.

Licinius

Licinius had no reason to complain of any of those to whose care he had committed his person: he found in all of them a great readiness to render his voyage as pleasant as possible, by their civilities and attention, which he rewarded with liberality; yet the kindness he received was insufficient to remove the load which oppressed his spirit, when he thought of his separation from his truly beloved Metella. His uncertainty with regard to *her* fate gave him the most poignant disquietude; and he wearied the *immortal gods* with prayers for her safety, not without intermixing the fervent petitions to be restored to her affectionate arms. The remembrance of past scenes sometimes unmanned him to such a degree, that he could not refrain from bursting into tears: the sight of which melted the hearts of those among his companions, who were not remarkably susceptible of tender impressions:—melted them to compassion.

During the course of the voyage they met a ship belonging to a nation then at war with the Romans, and a fierce engagement ensued. Licinius was rejoiced to see his countrymen triumph, in consequence of their superior valour and address, and made their enemies captives; but he was pained to find that the ship  
had

had received injuries during the vigorous contest which disabled her from proceeding to the spot he had marked for his future residence. She was obliged to stop at an island in the way, to be repaired.

In this island Licinius, though he was at first too much taken up with the peculiar unhappiness of his condition to make any topical remarks, met with so many beautiful prospects, and so much politeness from the inhabitants, that he became almost pleased with his insular situation.

Metella, in her separated state, met with very different treatment. She was in no part of her voyage indulged with any consolation to alleviate the pressure of her conjugal griefs; they were piercing, and she had too much reason to believe that they would be permanent. The only consolation she received in her unfortunate circumstances was, *that* which *virtue* always affords her true votaries under the severest trials with which they can be visited.

With all the intrepidity, but without the arts of a professed libertine, Spurius made innumerable attempts to shake the virtue of Metella, to alienate her affections from her husband, and to

seduce her to falsify her nuptial vows; but all his efforts were unsuccessful: her attachment to Licinius was not to be weakened by any thing which he could urge to render her constancy to Licinius questionable. In consequence of the continual firmness of her behaviour to the man whose head teemed with designs detrimental to her reputation, and destructive to her peace, Metella found herself in a state greatly to be pitied, but as she was perpetually on her guard against her *declared* enemy, (his actions were the strongest *inimical* declarations) she effectually prevented him from throwing her into a state to be deplored.

While she was one day exerting herself with particular spirit against the attacks of her prosecuting companion, a storm arose, and drove the vessel quite out of the course in which he wished to see it; and he was soon convinced that he had little or no chance of arriving at that port to which he had been directed. Instead of arriving at that port, he was driven to the very island on which Licinius had been thrown by a disappointment of another kind.

In this island Metella was indeed protected by Spurius, but it was impossible for her to be happy  
with

with any man but Licinius; and as she despaired of ever seeing him again, she spent the greatest part of her time in solitude, when she was not immediately discomposed by the impertinence of her prosecutor; before whom she always appeared with a melancholy which seemed to be rooted:—it was not, indeed, to be removed by any thing which he could advance in the conciliatory stile.

While she was one day rambling about, not very well knowing whither she went, she found herself imperceptibly in one of the most delicious gardens she had ever beheld. Great was the pleasure which she felt in the midst of her sorrow, from the richness of the scenery around her, from the beautiful variety in the flowering shrubs and fruit-trees, and from the fragrant odours which perfumed the circumambient air. Charmed as she was with the new objects presented to her eyes, and refreshed as she was with the new scents emitted from them, she could not help, however, exclaiming with an audible voice, “Had I my dear Licinius in this delicious situation, I should be the happiest of women; but without him even this paradise will prove unable to—.”

Here

Here she stopped:—the remembrance of past scenes overpowered her;—she sat down and gave herself up to the tears which that remembrance brought suddenly into her eyes.

In this condition she had not been long before Licinius, having heard his name mentioned in a very tender manner, and in a voice which forcibly struck his ears, as it sounded like the voice of his Metella, hurried to the place from which he thought it proceeded, but fearing, at every step, that his ears had deceived him.

To describe the astonishment and the joy which he felt when he beheld his Metella is not in the power of words: it is equally out of their power to express Metella's sensations when she folded her dearly beloved husband in her fond and faithful arms.

When the first effusions, resulting from their mutual satisfaction, were over, the two lovers, married lovers, related to each other every thing which had happened to them during a situation scarcely supportable; and they both closed their narratives with the most grateful acknowledgments to the Creator of the world for the happiness

pineness of the moment. They had only to regret the severity of Metellus's behaviour, from which all their sufferings had originated. While they were lamenting that severity, Spurius made his appearance.

Metella started at the sight of him, and clung closer to Licinius, who, in consequence of what he had heard relating to his unwarrantable conduct, looked sternly at him, and bade him retire, lest he might be provoked to a criminal action, by correcting him for it. Spurius, instead of retiring, or appearing intimidated by the fierceness of his looks and language, threw himself on his knees, implored his pardon for all his indefensible behaviour to Metella, and with great fervency also solicited her forgiveness. He then offered his service to carry them both safe to Rome.

Licinius, struck with his humility, moved by his intreaties, and pleased with his concluding offer, directly forgave him for what had passed, and Metella readily followed her beloved husband's example, joined her pardon to his.—Spurius then rose, and thus proceeded:—"As you have now, most worthy Licinius, so freely forgiven me for having divided you from your  
amiable



complished in mind, as well as person, though she was the daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by the dissolute Countess of Essex. But the guilt of her parents, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, had been industriously concealed from her; so that all she knew was their conjugal infelicity, and their living latterly in the same house without ever meeting. Coming one day into her lord's study, her mind oppressed and weakened by the death of Lord Ruffel, the Earl being suddenly called away, her eye, it is supposed, was suddenly caught by a thin folio, which was lettered, *Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset*. She took it down, and, turning over the leaves, was struck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back, and was found by her husband dead in that posture, with the book lying open before her.

---

### THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

THE shortness of time, and the instability of human affairs, form an inexhaustible fund, from whence the moralist and the divine will ever draw cogent reasons for the exercise of virtue,

virtue, and submission to Providence ; yet, if we were to make an estimate by the conduct of most people, we should almost doubt whether these things were not matter of speculation, instead of fact. What anxiety do we see among mankind to provide for their existence on earth ? Not content with what is sufficient to satisfy the demands of nature or moderation, the more Providence is pleased to bestow, the greater is often their cravings after the perishing commodities of this world. Avarito had been what is called an industrious man, whose only study was the accumulation of wealth. By an unwearied labour of forty years, he was enabled to realize the sum of thirty thousand pounds, with which he resolved to spend the remaining years of life in ease and happiness. How soon is the Bable of human bliss demolished ! Scarcely were his affairs arranged, and himself retired from business, when Death, that unwelcome messenger, summoned him to another place, for which it would have been well had he so amply provided. Poor man ! where now are thy riches ? Descended to a prodigal son. He, too, had been long forming speculations of happiness in the riches he should one day inherit. Lorenzo shed a tear at his father's funeral ; but it was the tear of custom—not of affection.—Wretched mortal ! he could not discern

Z

the

the ills that were in store. One direful night of gaming deprived him of all his treasure; and in a fit of despondency, he terminated his existence.

How blinded is man to his real peace! how eager to entail misery on himself! This should teach us never to repine, because we are not so rich as our neighbour; nor suppose, if we could obtain what we wish, that it would increase our happiness. "A contented mind," says the proverb, "is a continual feast;" and if satisfaction is not in the mind, no addition of wealth or honours will ever give it. When we feel too much attachment to this world, let us reflect on the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death: these considerations will calm the inordinate desires of the heart, and produce resignation to all the dealings of Omnipotence. Let us all remember we are immortals, destined to exist when the pleasures of time are no more; who must witness the dissolution of Nature itself, and stand before the judgment seat of God—

"Amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

There is not any better remedy for ambition, than reflections of this nature. It would have been well for mankind, if many conquerors  
whom

virtue, and submission to Providence ; yet, if we were to make an estimate by the conduct of most people, we should almost doubt whether these things were not matter of speculation, instead of fact. What anxiety do we see among mankind to provide for their existence on earth ? Not content with what is sufficient to satisfy the demands of nature or moderation, the more Providence is pleased to bestow, the greater is often their cravings after the perishing commodities of this world. Avarito had been what is called an industrious man, whose only study was the accumulation of wealth. By an unwearied labour of forty years, he was enabled to realize the sum of thirty thousand pounds, with which he resolved to spend the remaining years of life in ease and happiness. How soon is the Bable of human bliss demolished ! Scarcely were his affairs arranged, and himself retired from business, when Death, that unwelcome messenger, summoned him to another place, for which it would have been well had he so amply provided. Poor man ! where now are thy riches ? Descended to a prodigal son. He, too, had been long forming speculations of happiness in the riches he should one day inherit. Lorenzo shed a tear at his father's funeral ; but it was the tear of custom—not of affection.—Wretched mortal ! he could not discern

the ills that were in store. One direful night of gaming deprived him of all his treasure; and in a fit of despondency, he terminated his existence.

How blinded is man to his real peace! how eager to entail misery on himself! This should teach us never to repine, because we are not so rich as our neighbour; nor suppose, if we could obtain what we wish, that it would increase our happiness. "A contented mind," says the proverb, "is a continual feast;" and if satisfaction is not in the mind, no addition of wealth or honours will ever give it. When we feel too much attachment to this world, let us reflect on the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death: these considerations will calm the inordinate desires of the heart, and produce resignation to all the dealings of Omnipotence. Let us all remember we are immortals, destined to exist when the pleasures of time are no more; who must witness the dissolution of Nature itself, and stand before the judgment seat of God—

"Amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

There is not any better remedy for ambition, than reflections of this nature. It would have been well for mankind, if many conquerors  
whom

whom prejudice has dignified with the title of heroes, amidst their disgraceful triumphs, had considered that themselves were but mortals, and that human life was uncertain.

---

## THE HAPPINESS

RESULTING FROM

### A BELIEF OF DIVINE REVELATION.

**I**N this state of trial, where the storms of Adversity beat heavy on the weary traveller, the mind looks in vain for solid repose or firm support to any doctrines of Nature and Philosophy. The fond illusions of felicity but play with our grief; or, if gained, fall infinitely short of expectation: indeed, our situation here may be well compared to a traveller lost in a stormy night. He looks around for some friendly light to direct his way; perhaps, allured by false meteors, he is led into the midst of a track of bogs, where he sinks, almost exhausted, till the brighter stream of day disperses the clouds, and enables him with fresh ardour to pursue his journey.

Thus

Thus it is with the human mind ; which, tho' immortal, is ever too much attracted by the meteors of Time. Lost amid a variety of plans, it looks for a guide to direct its purposes into a proper channel. Philosophy offers,—its promises are specious, but often prove destructive, and always fail to afford a competent support. Fired with the fruitless toil, the soul almost despairs of real good ; when the splendour of Revelation intervenes, dispels the mental night, and raises the mind to a due sense of dignity, and a firm reliance on Providence, amidst all the uncertainties of life.

Such are the pleasures to be derived from Scripture and Christianity : from these alone flow lasting happiness ; nothing short can satisfy a mind formed with desires for, and capable of enjoying those exalted pleasures experienced in the regions of eternal glory.

The belief of Revelation invigorates the moral principles and stimulates the soul to perfection. The great doctrines of a future judgment, and eternal existence, are only to be found in its pages ; doctrines which tend to check vice, and to promote virtue and universal peace. How miserable then must be the state of those who dis-

disbelieve the word of truth ; for, when once we are deprived of that, the mind is a chaos of wild conjectures, and unable to bear the calamities incident to mortality.

The origin of scepticism is generally pride, a wish to appear singularly learned, and a qualified judge of things reason can never determine. A sceptic is a character as unhappy as uncertainty can make him ; his mind is a field of doubts respecting the most momentous truths, and even distrustful of certainties ; he acts like one fearful of every shadow ; and is whirled, like the weather-cock, by every breeze. Nor is the character of him who professes a belief of Revelation, without knowing its truths, and examining its principles a less contemptible, but often more dangerous person,

To such we may ascribe all the feuds of superstition and bigotry. The opinion of superiors is theirs ; whatever the Church says must be right ; and what justice could not, the sword was called in to defend.

The principles of religion will never lose by a proper investigation ! but it is the blindness of bigots that has retarded their progress, more than  
the



the stratagems of open enemies. It is the happiness of these days, that the mist which has dimmed the glory of Revelation is fading, to return no more; and men will embrace it, not because it is established in their country, or believed by their parents, but from an inward satisfaction of its divine origin and purpose, to benefit man here, and prepare him for an eternity to come.

The advantages enjoyed by the sincere believer in Revelation are so obvious, that I shall no longer expatiate on them; but conclude with a remark, to the honour of the female sex, lately made by a lady—"That by a belief in Revelation we have every thing to gain, but nothing to lose."

---

*The FOLLY and ABSURDITY of NEGLECTING BUSINESS, and the DUTIES we owe the SUPREME BEING, for the SAKE of TRIFLING and SUPERFLUOUS RECREATIONS.*

I Have often remarked, that one half of the pleasures so eagerly prosecuted by the generality of mankind, if changed in their appellations, and ranked under the denomination of labour

bour, would be shunned with as much assiduity as they are now followed, and rendered every wit as disgustful to the fancy as they are now flattering and agreeable. Through some unaccountable infatuation we are ravished, in the literary sense of the expression, with the whistling of a name, and infinitely fatigue ourselves more in the bare pursuit of our several amusements, than in the closest attention to the duties of our respective vocations, though these avocations are the only means which we have of raising a necessary provision for our families.

The truth of this position was never more evidently ascertained than in the character of poor Bob Beetle. Bob is engaged in a very extensive way of business; and is, at once, the most lazy and the most industrious fellow in the world: he is fatigued to death if he writes a few lines to a correspondent, but he will ride after a pack of dogs for a dozen hours together, and call it glorious sport, when he has ventured his neck over a score or two of gates, and come home as dirty as a ducked pick-pocket, from a forty miles chase in the middle of winter. When he is in town he complains of it as a prodigious hardship if he rises at ten o'clock in the morning, though in the country he makes no scruple whatsoever  
to

to get up at three or four to drag a fish-pond; and will scarcely walk a street's length to receive a hundred pounds in the way of his business, though he would trudge eight or ten miles with the greatest satisfaction for a brace of partridges. I met Bob a few days ago in the city, and stopping him on the privilege of an old acquaintance, demanded what was the reason of his seeming out of temper:—"Seeming, (replied he,) it is more than seeming; I am half inclined to hang myself: here, in such a roasting day as this, must I trudge to 'Change, and broil for two whole hours under the intense heat of a perpendicular sun. Damn it, Sir, I lead the life of a galley slave, and it is better not to live at all, than be liable to such continual anxieties." I was ill-natured enough to smile at his distress; but giving him a cordial shake by the hand, I wished him a good morning, and so we parted. Next day, about twelve o'clock, going to dine at a relation's near Hammer-smith, who should I see stripped and playing at cricket in a field near Kensington, but Bob: though the weather was rather warmer than when I met him the preceding day, he was engaged in that violent exercise, with all the appearance of a most exquisite satisfaction, and scoured after the ball with as much agility

agility as he could possibly use to get himself into a heat on a frosty morning. .

If we take but ever so slight a survey of mankind, we shall find that most people are actuated pretty much in the same manner with my friend Bob Beetle. Looking upon that as an insupportable toil which is most conducive to their interest, they absolutely find a pleasure in fatigue, and run into downright labour in hopes of enjoying a little recreation. I would by no means be understood as an arguer against a moderate share of manly exercise or rational amusement: on the contrary, I look upon such relaxations to be essentially necessary, both because they add considerably to our health, and give us a fresh inclination of returning to the business of our various employments. What I am offended at, is, to see men of excellent understandings, in total opposition to the dictates of their good sense, applying themselves wholly to the prosecution of their pleasures, and creating a number of imaginary difficulties, to embitter every moment which they set apart for the management of their most necessary employments.

Were temporal concerns, however, the only ones which we sacrifice to our idleness, nay, our most

A a culpable

culpable amusements, something still might be said in our defence ; but our happiness hereafter, as well as our interests here, are obliged to give way to the meanest dissipations ; and a fox-chace or a cricket-ball ; a hunting-match or a dice-box, are not only able to stifle every impulse of regard which we ought to entertain for our families, but every sentiment of adoration which we ought to entertain for our God. The duties of religion, like our domestic concerns, are utterly neglected ; and even the awful business of eternity is thrown aside, for a contemptible game at whist, or a despicable pack of hounds.

The parallel between the neglect of our temporal and spiritual concerns, will be found considerably stronger, when we recollect that where unavoidable necessity compels a momentary attention to either, we enter upon them with an equal degree of reluctance and ill-will. But in the consequence, however, there is the widest difference : our disinclination does not often interrupt the business of our callings, while we continue in opposition to the natural bent of our tempers to carry it on ; many a man, though he hates his profession, nevertheless, by subduing his antipathy to it, and managing his affairs with  
discretion,

would have sacrificed to wine or women. The love of glory, animated by that happy impossibility of figuring in the gay world, stifled in his heart that penchant which, at his age carries us naturally and forcibly to dissipating pleasures. Instead of *enjoying* he *instructed*; but unluckily, he chose a path rather agreeable than useful. Instead of fitting himself for the bar or the senate, which frequently leads to every thing, he paid his court to the muses; who, for the most part, lead to nothing at all. Unfortunately, the first efforts of his pen announced a talent which marked a poetical genius. Encouraged by this, he was animated to new endeavours, and those endeavours succeeded. His verses were greatly applauded, and they deserved applause: one might fairly compare them to the most able compositions of his times. The compliments which he received, the praises which every way pursued him, fired his fancy, and rendered him still more poetically enthusiastic. Sometimes young authors are spoiled by being too much fondled, as they are at other times by being too much censured. At last he was worked up to such a poetical ardour, that he talked on the most ordinary occasions in the language of the gods. Any thing less had been unworthy of him. Without wealth, estate,

## THE THREE HATS,

*A characteristic Story.*

GRACCHUS was the the issue of a noble family, not less distinguished by the dignity of his birth, than by the services which he had rendered the state; but, impoverished by divers accidents, he was at length reduced to absolute indigency. The heir to a celebrated name, although wanting the necessaries of life, he thought he should supply by his talents, what he had lost by his misfortunes. He imagined he could repair every thing by labour. The idea was good, but it was still only an idea. How many of the most plausible projects have been attempted without success; fine in theory, and fertile in practice, nothing is wanting to these agreeable chimeras, but the power of realizing them; but this is a talent of which their authors are incapable. Even in the flower of his age, Gracchus had the unusual fortitude of applying voluntarily to science. Born with a taste for the belles lettres, he dedicated to them the fairest and freshest of his years. He passed in the recesses of his cabinet those moments of effervescence which, in a more splendid situation, he would

would have sacrificed to wine or women. The love of glory, animated by that happy impossibility of figuring in the gay world, stifled in his heart that penchant which, at his age carries us naturally and forcibly to dissipating pleasures. Instead of *enjoying* he *instructed*; but unluckily, he chose a path rather agreeable than useful. Instead of fitting himself for the bar or the senate, which frequently leads to every thing, he paid his court to the muses; who, for the most part, lead to nothing at all. Unfortunately, the first efforts of his pen announced a talent which marked a poetical genius. Encouraged by this, he was animated to new endeavours, and those endeavours succeeded. His verses were greatly applauded, and they deserved applause: one might fairly compare them to the most able compositions of his times. The compliments which he received, the praises which every way pursued him, fired his fancy, and rendered him still more poetically enthusiastic. Sometimes young authors are spoiled by being too much fondled, as they are at other times by being too much censured. At last he was worked up to such a poetical ardour, that he talked on the most ordinary occasions in the language of the gods. Any thing less had been unworthy of him. Without wealth,  
estate,



took off only one hat ; in passing a man of condition, he took off two hats ; and upon meeting a person of the first rank and quality, he paid him the compliment of taking off all the three hats.

This innovation, however, was attended by some little difficulty : for the very boys hooted him through the streets. Gracchus had yet sufficient enthusiasm to construe these hissings into congratulatory eulogiums. " My project must needs be exceedingly well formed, (said he) since the very children pursue me wherever I go with shouts of approbation." His invention appeared to him so excellent, that he gave himself the title of public benefactor, and expected the most illustrious reward of Government in consequence. I doubt vanity had more to do with a petition which he afterwards penned, than merit ; for the memoir which he drew upon the occasion, was garnished in all the embellishments of verse, which the ministers whom he addressed, did not think proper to reply to. Ministers, indeed, either from want of taste or leisure, are not often captivated by the charms of poetry ; but the poet was so enraged at the neglect shewn to his verses, that he fell sick upon it. Some charitable souls took pity upon his malady, attempted his cure :  
but

pliment appeared one of the principal faults of Government, and like a good citizen, he resolved to provide a remedy for it.

His endeavours were not unsuccessful; ~~the~~ endeavours of a poet are never unsuccessful in his own opinion. After having reflected for some time on the difficulties that rose up against the execution of his project, he started up suddenly, as if struck with a lucky thought, and went with all expedition to his hatter: "I want three hats, Sir, (said he,) each a little bigger than the other; and, upon the faith of a poet, I promise to pay you, with good interest, as soon as I receive the recompence of my invention, for which I shall certainly have a patent and a premium." Though the hatter did not very willingly acquiesce in this precarious mode of payment, he wisely considered that it was impossible, in trade, to gain much without venturing something; and so he gave credit to our author. No sooner was Gracchus in possession of the hats, which he put one within the other, then he triumphantly departed to put his scheme into execution. "Now for my experiment," said he, putting on the three hats, and fallying into the street. He walked forwards. When he met with an ordinary man, whom he knew to be without titles or estate, he  
took

took off only one hat ; in passing a man of condition, he took off two hats ; and upon meeting a person of the first rank and quality, he paid him the compliment of taking off all the three hats.

This innovation, however, was attended by some little difficulty : for the very boys hooted him through the streets. Gracchus had yet sufficient enthusiasm to construe these hissings into congratulatory eulogiums. " My project must needs be exceedingly well formed, (said he) since the very children pursue me wherever I go with shouts of approbation." His invention appeared to him so excellent, that he gave himself the title of public benefactor, and expected the most illustrious reward of Government in consequence. I doubt vanity had more to do with a petition which he afterwards penned, than merit ; for the memoir which he drew upon the occasion, was garnished in all the embellishments of verse, which the ministers whom he addressed, did not think proper to reply to. Ministers, indeed, either from want of taste or leisure, are not often captivated by the charms of poetry ; but the poet was so enraged at the neglect shewn to his verses, that he fell sick upon it. Some charitable souls took pity upon his malady, attempted his cure :  
but

but it was impossible; the blow which his self love had received, proved mortal. He lingered out some days, and at last died, just as he was putting the finishing stroke to a most bitter satire against the ingratitude of the three hats on his head, his fellow citizens, and with all, swearing with his last breath, that he was so angry with the whole world, which had neither taste for poetry or improvements, that he would not make another bow to any man living. *I go into the next world* (said he) *without ceremony.*

---

## ANGELICA AND MEDORO;

OR THE

## UNHAPPY ESCAPE.

A ROMAN TALE.

**I**N the days of King Cambyfes, the youthful Medoro, whose great services in the time of battle had always gained him access to the Roman Emperor, now fell in love with the divine Angelica, the only daughter of the King. But Medoro knowing his humble situation, and think-

B b

ing

ing birth and parentage were wanting to entitle him to the honour of Angelica's hand, feared to make known his love either to his royal master, or the fair mistress of his heart, so ignorant therefore how to quell the corroding pangs he felt within, he resolved to entrust the promising Demetrius with the secret of his love. His flattering friend seemed to partake of his sorrow ; but alas ! it was all an outward shew of affection, for Demetrius loved her himself.

The credulous Medoro accordingly consulted with his unknown rival, who still dissembling with the honest lover, promised him every assistance he could give ; but instead of fulfilling his vows, and making known to Angelica the undissembled passion of her constant admirer, he painted him in the worst colours, and represented him as a man who fought her life.

The unhappy and timorous Angelica would accordingly shun the sight of Medoro ; the more he fought her the more she evaded his search, till at last, depressed entirely with sorrow, and thinking that his love was disagreeable, he went to his supposed friend, and demanded an explanation.

Demetrius

Demetrius, upon seeing him, assumed all that melancholy which his artifice required. His utterance he pretended to be at first so feeble, that he could not speak the sad, things he had to tell: but upon Medoro's declaring he would know the worst, Demetrius proceeded.—

“ Ah, my friend, you have a rival, and the fair Angelica loves him, nay more, Angelica hates you, and vows to inform her father of your unseasonable passion. Pray then consider the consequence: her royal fire will impute your honest love to *madness*; for such are the failings of these degenerate days, that when a man aspires to what is above him, though he speaks ever so sensibly and writes ever so properly, he is called insane, and no doubt will be committed to perpetual confinement, which is in itself sufficient to make a tame man mad. This I am sure is contrary to your well known valour: a Roman could not brook one thought of captivity, but would rather forfeit his life than the loss of his freedom. Medoro during this, felt all the pangs of disappointed passion, and the triumphant Demetrius flattered himself that he had sufficiently erased his love. But he little knew how near the fair Angelica was, who was all this while concealed behind a shady tree, where responsive echo carried

carried her the sounds of each, and discovered the treachery of Demetrius. As soon, then, as the villain had departed, still promising his further assistance, and Medoro had vented all his grief, as he thought, in private, the lovely Angelica appeared, and contradicted what Demetrius had told.

Extatic joy elated the heart of the young lover, and each imparted to the other how much they loved; but Demetrius returning with another fabricated tale, at a distance perceived the happy pair, and confounded at this unexpected discovery, withdrew.

Medoro, during the interval, told all the feelings of his heart; which the fond Angelica, who was never before in private with a man, heard with a secret delight.

Oh, happiness! too great to last for ever. By the means of Demetrius the Emperor had sent a guard to apprehend the unoffending Medoro, whom he suspected for some dishonourable action with his daughter. They were accordingly separated, and the unhappy lover brought before his royal master.

With

With true Roman fortitude, however, Medoro pleaded his love ; and having accused Demetrius of treachery, left to Cambyfes himself to determine his fate. But Cambyfes being partial to Demetrius, ordered Medoro to be sent to prison, there to remain till further examination.

While Medoro was now contemplating within his gloomy dungeon the sorrows of his love, the artful Demetrius appeared. The lover at first spurned at his false friendship, till the villain declaring that his safety was only his aim, and wishing him to avoid the anger of Cambyfes, formed accordingly his tale. The credulous Medoro still listened to his promises.

“ You shall now, cried Demetrius, be convinced of my esteem. I shall this moment liberate you, and lead you to the very happy spot where the fair Angelica is bathing. You shall then, since you have fortunately won the maid, fly away with her ; and depend upon your Demetrius ; he will, as long as possible, delay a search.”

So fair did this proposal seem, that Medoro accepted it, and as Demetrius had said, so found he the divine Angelica half attired. She was, no doubt,



doubt, surprized ; but a few minutes explained all. They were accordingly determined to fly ; and Angelica, hoping to evade all detection, put on a dress of her lover's, which, at the request of Demetrius, Medoro brought with him, intending to wear it during the excursion, it being the habit of an enemy whose spoils he had taken.

Angelica, whose fears were only for Medoro, preceded him ; but, unfortunate event ! some hired ruffians, who according to Demetrius's commands, were waiting for the lover, rushed out, and on account of the deception of Angelica's dress smote her for Medoro. The unhappy fair one fell—never to rise again. The conscious villains, seeing what they had done, fled for their safety ; but being pursued by the hopeless Medoro, were slain near the Emperor's palace. All Rome was in an uproar. An explanation being demanded by the Emperor, the said Medoro unwillingly confessed. The ruffians bodies were immediately examined, and under the garb of one had been concealed the false Demetrius. This corroborated all that Medoro had declared. His pardon was procured ; but, like a true Roman, he scorned to keep a life which he thought was due to his love. Therefore, seeing the unhappy place where the breathless Angelica lay, and

solemnity was to take place, the minister found out a more convenient apartment at an inferior price, which he immediately took, and relinquished the first. The Moulah in vain represented that Europeans generally kept their words, but more especially public ministers; he was refused every kind of satisfaction, and was dismissed with taunts, the minister well knowing that no tribunal would dare to proceed against him, and that though the order of the Moulahs have the most powerful interest with the government, yet their dread of offending his royal master was superior to every other consideration. The Moulah submitted, in appearance, without murmuring at his hard lot, but he secretly meditated vengeance, and only waited a proper opportunity to gratify this darling passion in the breast of a Turk.

In the very moment, then, that the holy standard was passing through the street in which the ambassador, his lady, and two daughters had taken a chamber, and as it approached the house, from a window of which, half opened, they were looking at the splendid show, the Moulah set up a loud cry, that the holy standard was profaned by the eyes of Infidels, who were regarding it through the latticed window of such a house.

lation of all its circumstances, in this place. The ceremony of exposing the sacred standard of the prophet Mahomet, by carrying the grand procession through the principal streets of Constantinople, previous to its being transported to the camp, is a solemnity held in the highest veneration by the Turks, and so sacred, that they will not permit any person, of any rank or religion whatever, except Muffelmen, to behold it; for which reason, three days before the procession, heralds are sent to proclaim in every street of Constantinople, that on such a day the standard of the prophet will be carried through the city, on its way to the army, and that no persons, not of the Mahometan religion, are to be in the streets through which it passes, or looking out into them from any houses, under the pain of death in case of disobedience. Notwithstanding this absolute prohibition, the Imperial minister, unmindful of his public character, which should have made him more delicate than a private person upon such an occasion, was persuaded to gratify the curiosity of his wife and two daughters, who were determined to see this grand procession. For this purpose, he agreed for a chamber in the house of a Moulah, situated in one of the streets through which it was to pass; the price was fixed at fifty piastras; but two days before solemnity

Solemnity was to take place, the minister found out a more convenient apartment at an inferior price, which he immediately took, and relinquished the first. The Moulah in vain represented that Europeans generally kept their words, but more especially public ministers; he was refused every kind of satisfaction, and was dismissed with taunts, the minister well knowing that no tribunal would dare to proceed against him, and that though the order of the Moulahs have the most powerful interest with the government, yet their dread of offending his royal master was superior to every other consideration. The Moulah submitted, in appearance, without murmuring at his hard lot, but he secretly meditated vengeance, and only waited a proper opportunity to gratify this darling passion in the breast of a Turk.

In the very moment, then, that the holy standard was passing through the street in which the ambassador, his lady, and two daughters had taken a chamber, and as it approached the house, from a window of which, half opened, they were looking at the splendid show, the Moulah set up a loud cry, that the holy standard was profaned by the eyes of Infidels, who were regarding it through the latticed window of such a house.

ambassador, and to the ladies, but without effect: but the heads of 300 persons, Janissaries and others concerned in the riot were cut off, and information of this bloody execution was sent to the ambassador, with a request to know if it would satisfy him; to which he replied, that so far as respected his own person and his family he was content; but that having sent dispatches to Vienna upon the subject, he could say no more till the answer arrived. The courier, impatiently expected on both sides, at length arrived, and brought such an answer as might well be expected from so discerning and equitable a prince as the Emperor. It contained no complaints against the Porte, for there were none to make; but an order of recal to the minister, couched in terms that struck him to the heart, for he instantly fell sick, and either died by his own hands, or a natural death, in a few days. His wife and daughters soon after returned in a private manner to Vienna, where the story of the young ladies had arrived long before them, and represented in such a light to the Empress Dowager, who was still living, and absorbed in devout exercises, that they were ordered to retire to a convent, as parlour borders, for the remainder of their days.

: As soon as the grand Visier received information of the horrid outrage committed on the person of the ambassador and the ladies, he communicated it to the Grand Signor, who condescended, though the ambassador was so much in the wrong, to send him compliments of condolence and excuse in his own name, accompanied with a rich pelice, which is a distinguishing token of peace in Turkey; and as his sublime Highness knew the minister loved money, a very handsome sum was sent to him privately, and separate purses to the ladies, besides jewels far superior to those the Janissaries had taken from them. Having received such ample indemnification, the whole family seemed perfectly satisfied, and the young ladies being recovered from their fright, related the adventure to their Christian friends, in a manner that did no great honour to their modesty.

: Had the piece finished with this act, all would have been well; but, unfortunately, the Divan thought something was due to public decorum, and that an example of severity was requisite in point of policy, that other foreign ministers might be assured of the safety of their persons and property. The strictest search was made to discover the individuals who were guilty of the particular personal insults and indignities to the ambassador,

ambassador, and to the ladies, but without effect: but the heads of 300 persons, Janissaries and others concerned in the riot were cut off, and information of this bloody execution was sent to the ambassador, with a request to know if it would satisfy him; to which he replied, that so far as respected his own person and his family he was content; but that having sent dispatches to Vienna upon the subject, he could say no more till the answer arrived. The courier, impatiently expected on both sides, at length arrived, and brought such an answer as might well be expected from so discerning and equitable a prince as the Emperor. It contained no complaints against the Porte, for there were none to make; but an order of recal to the minister, couched in terms that struck him to the heart, for he instantly fell sick, and either died by his own hands, or a natural death, in a few days. His wife and daughters soon after returned in a private manner to Vienna, where the story of the young ladies had arrived long before them, and represented in such a light to the Empress Dowager, who was still living, and absorbed in devout exercises, that they were ordered to retire to a convent, as parlour borders, for the remainder of their days.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE SUN.

**W**HAT then can this globe be, which alone causes a general renewal, at the very instant of its appearance? In vain do I cast my eyes, and fix my attention upon it: I can by no means bear its aspect, and its inmost nature escapes all my researches. Is it a globe wholly composed of fire? What are the fire and light which it casts from all parts? Are the light and fire but one and the same material being? Or are they two distinct things which go together, and one whereof continually pushes forwards the other? How can that globe operate so powerfully, and at so vast distances? How comes it, during the six thousand successive years it has given light and heat to nature, not to have lost the greatest part of its substance by the constant effluvia emitted from it? Has it then a reservoir that repairs all its losses? Is there a perpetual circulation of fire and light, that incessantly replaces in the sun what is uninterruptedly emitted from it? Or is the action of the sun no more than a powerful pressure of its fires on the body of the light, so that that star communicates its action to us, without undergoing the least diminution or loss? We shall, perhaps, hereafter explore the most plausible



plausible answers that can be made to these sublime queries.

Let us for the present confine ourselves within what is past all dispute, and inform ourselves of what may be relied on with certainty, on the measure, distance, and operations of that globe. God at present hides from us nothing but what is useless or dangerous; and it would be acting contrary to our interest, (to which God has proportioned the knowledge he gives us of his works,) should we reject the truths he reveals to us.

Geometricians have a way equally plain and sure to measure inaccessible bodies. When they know the measure of one side and two angles of a triangle, they quickly determine the quantity of the third angle and the length of the two other sides. Or, when two sides and one angle are known, they immediately find out the other two angles and the unknown side. By this skill it is, that they daily inform us, what the exact height of a tower or hill will be, without ascending it; what the depth of a well, without going down to the bottom of it; and the breadth of a river, without coming near the other shore. In like manner astronomers know how to describe a triangle,

angle, of which they know one side exactly, which represents the semidiameter of the earth. They, besides, know the exact measure of the two angles formed upon that side, by two lines that meet together in the centre of the sun. Thus they know the exact measure of the two sides, that represent the distance of the earth from the sun. By these, or some other no less certain operations, being matters of fact on which you may surely depend, they judge of and determine the magnitude of the stars. 'Tis true, the observations of the moderns have greatly swelled the calculations of those that were before them, which is a proof, not that this science is frivolous, but that the instruments therein made use of every day, require a new degree of perfection. However, as a single minute, or even a part of it, added or retrenched, immediately makes a difference of several hundreds of thousands, or even millions of leagues; let us take the grossest calculations and sums, that can have no other fault but their being inferior to the reality of things. Thus we shall run no risk, but that of setting on the works of God a price inferior to their true value, and avoid the danger of admiring a beauty that is not in them, or any thing extraordinary, of the existence of which we may not be sufficiently assured.

There

which escapes our sight, and which may considerably be lengthened for one single third or fourth of a minute, which neither our eyes, nor any of our instruments are able to take in ?

This distance, which surprizes us, is however very inconsiderable, in comparison of that between the earth and planet Saturn ; between the moon and fixed stars ; between one star and another.

But that he who dispenses existence at his will, and is absolute master of matter, should multiply, extend, enlarge it, and add a kind of immensity to his works, is not properly what surprizes me ; or at least my amazement is chiefly founded on my own extreme littleness. But what astonishes and affects me with much greater reason, is to see that, notwithstanding this my extreme littleness, a hand no less benevolent than masterly has vouchsafed to regulate that distance by the advantages I was designed to receive from it ; and has placed the sun, with regard to the earth, on which I was lodged, at such a distance, that it might be near enough to warm me, and sufficiently removed from it not to set it on fire.

The rays that proceed from a globe of fire, a hundred thousand, nay, a million times bigger than  
than

To be made the more sensible what a prodigious space that half still is, imagine to yourself a horse and cannon-ball that start from the earth, in order to get to the sun, and continue their way with a steady pace, without any faintness or interruption. Let us suppose the horse to make his journey of 25 leagues a day, and the ball to go through the space of 100 fathom every second: in multiplying 25 leagues, by 365 days, the horse will make 9125 leagues in a year. After having travelled at this rate for 1550 years, he would yet have made no more than 14,143,750 leagues. The ball that goes through a space of 100 fathom in a second, will make 60 times as much in one minute, that is, 180 leagues every hour. This would make 4320 leagues a day, and 1,576,800 leagues a year.

Thus the ball, after having continued its motion for nine years running, yet would have gone through but 14,191,200 leagues. If nine years are not sufficient to the cannon-ball: if fifteen ages and more are not enough for the horse to arrive to the sun, according to our calculation, which falls so very short, nay, which is not even half of what is demonstrably known, and matter of fact; at what period of time would they arrive, were they to complete the just measure

D d

which

which escapes our sight, and which may considerably be lengthened for one single third or fourth of a minute, which neither our eyes, nor any of our instruments are able to take in?

This distance, which surprizes us, is however very inconsiderable, in comparison of that between the earth and planet Saturn; between the moon and fixed stars; between one star and another.

But that he who dispenses existence at his will, and is absolute master of matter, should multiply, extend, enlarge it, and add a kind of immensity to his works, is not properly what surprizes me; or at least my amazement is chiefly founded on my own extreme littleness. But what astonishes and affects me with much greater reason, is to see that, notwithstanding this my extreme littleness, a hand no less benevolent than masterly has vouchsafed to regulate that distance by the advantages I was designed to receive from it; and has placed the sun, with regard to the earth, on which I was lodged, at such a distance, that it might be near enough to warm me, and sufficiently removed from it not to set it on fire.

The rays that proceed from a globe of fire, a hundred thousand, nay, a million times bigger than  
than

than the earth, must needs have an inconceivable activity and force, so long as they remain close to one another, and act as it were in concert. They afterwards must necessarily be divergent, that is, more and more distant from each other, as they advance from their common centre towards the vast circumference which is enlightened by the sun, and their force diminishes in proportion to their distance at their extremities. This divergency of the rays of light may be easily conceived from the emblem of the spokes of a wheel, which are very close at the nave whence they spring; whereas towards the feloes or jaunts, where they end, they become more distant, as the circle of these jaunts enlarges.

Our earth, had it been placed in a point in which these rays would have been still too numerous, and too near each other, could never have borne their burning heat. Had it been placed farther off towards the extremities of the solar world, it would have received from it but a faint dim light, insufficient for its usual productions. It stands in that very place, where it is secured from all those inconveniences which it had to fear, and within the reach of all the advantages and blessings it could desire.

The

The heavens, more especially, declare the grandeur and glory of God. Nothing is more proper than the firmament to manifest God in his own handy work. Each day commissions the following to declare God to us: every night to the following leaves the care of pointing out our Maker to us. The instructions which the heavens afford us, are not a speech or language barbarous or foreign to us. They are not weak sounds difficult to be heard. The voice of the heavens is familiar and intelligible: it is strong, sonorous, and unwearied: it reaches from the heavens to the earth: it is conveyed from one end of the world to the other; there is no nation, nor man on earth, that does not understand it: the whole universe is instructed.

But the sun alone teaches us better and affects us much more than all the beauties the heavens can display to our sight. The heavens are nearly like a pavilion to the sun. The veils, richly embroidered, which seem to take away from us the light of that star, are removed when it advances towards us: they are withdrawn, and he alone remains visible. He is a young bridegroom coming out of his nuptial chamber, to shew himself on the solemnest day of his life. His splendor

dor is then full of mildness. All admire him at his arrival. All eyes are fixed on him, and he makes himself easy of access to them all, in order to receive their first salutations. But he is commissioned to convey the heat and the life, as well as the light, every where. He hastens to discharge this important office; he darts more and more fire as he ascends. He passes from one end of the heavens to another, and runs like a strong indefatigable wrestler. He enlivens whatever he lights. There is nothing that can either be hid from his light, or subsist without his heat; and by his penetrating fires he reaches those very places which are inaccessible to his rays.

---

## THE REFINED LOVERS:

### A MORAL TALE.

**W**HEN a lady happens to feel tender prepossessions in favour of a man very much inferior to her in point of rank and fortune, she may be allowed to make the first overtures to him, especially if she has reason to believe from his behaviour that he feels prepossessions of the same



same kind with her own, and that he is only prevented by a delicate consciousness of his inferiority from making an avowal of his passion for her. In this situation, however, though appearances may be very promising, a woman cannot be sure of disinterestedness on the side of him who has made an impression on her heart: she cannot be certain that his affection is pure and unmixed with any mercenary considerations, without making some trial of it ; without bringing it to the test. An artful woman is not, in general, an amiable character, but, in these supposed circumstances, no woman can be fairly blamed for the exertions of her address.

Olivetta, a rich heiress in one of the most fertile parts of Spain, lived upon the lands she inherited in a stile which at once proved the grandeur of her sentiments, and the delicacy of her taste ; the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. In the various arrangements of her household, she discovered a considerable deal of judgment, happily steering between the two extremes of parsimony and extravagance ; and while she exhibited a splendid appearance to the world, had not recourse to any domestic meanness for the support of it. Her liberality was extensive, but it was ever under the guidance of discretion :  
the

the objects of her beneficence were numerous, but they were objects deserving of her compassion before they tasted of her generosity.

It may be easily imagined that such a woman, unmarried, had a train of admirers. Olivetta's admirers were innumerable, and many of them were in a situation to justify their pretensions to an alliance with her; but as she had discernment enough to see that the majority of them only wanted to increase their consequence by the addition of her fortune, she very prudently declined coming to any serious conversations with them.

Among those who wished to be united to Olivetta, there was one, however, whom she particularly distinguished from the rest, and for whom she felt emotions of which she had not before he came in her way been sensible. With nothing to recommend himself to her first notice but an agreeable person, and a genteel deportment, he drew her attention: by his modest and respectful behaviour afterwards he became of so much importance in her eyes that she could not help secretly wishing he was in a situation to throw himself into the line of her opulent lovers; a line which he avoided with a decency which heightened the favourable opinion she had entertained of him.

Julio,

Julio, the timid, silent, sincere lover of Offetta, was by birth a gentleman, but the sport of fortune. His parents having met with a series of bitter disappointments, sunk at last under the oppressive load of them, and left him to struggle with an income just sufficient for a decent subsistence ; an income by no means equal to what he had reason to expect in his early days, to the education which his father bestowed upon him when he was in a flourishing state, and had no presentiment of the change he was destined to feel in his circumstances. With that income, however, he made himself, by dint of œconomy, fit to mix with the best company. His figure, his conversation, and his manners, were extremely engaging ; and he was as much praised as pitied by all who knew him. Every body said that he deserved to be placed in a very different sphere, but nobody offered to promote his advancement to it. A man, cramped in his affairs by the mere caprice of fortune, without having done any thing to merit his adversity, may derive some pleasure, indeed, from the good wishes of his friends, but if those who declare themselves to be his friends are not active in his service ; if they take no steps to remove the distresses which excite their compassion, he is under very slight obligations to them. Julio could not but be pained  
by

by the inactivity of his friends, yet he was cheerful; and moved in his small circle uncomplaining, unrepining, with a dignity which threw a lustre upon his character, and shamed many illustrious personages, who looked down upon him with the cold eye of commiseration.

This was the man whom Olivetta beheld in the most favourable light, and whom she thought worthy of that affluence which she herself enjoyed. At first she viewed him with a kind of reverence, so much was she struck with the philosophic part of his character: veneration was soon followed by esteem, and esteem in a short time ripened into love. Such was the succession of feelings in Olivetta's bosom, and the last gave no small disturbance to her gentle breast. Many were the tender lines which she remembered from the soft pages of the most elegant Spanish poets; lines of which she had not till then felt the full—the more poetic force. She blushed whenever she thought of loving a man in a station so much beneath her: not because she deemed Julio undeserving of her sincerest affection, but because she clearly perceived that he would not venture to offer himself to her for a husband, and that she could not of course hope to be united to him in the manner she wished, without deviating from

the decorum which she could not bring herself to violate.

While she was sitting one day in this painful perplexing situation, in a pensive attitude, over one of her favourite poets, a young lady, for whom she had a great regard, who lived with her as a companion, endeavoured to divert her melancholy by some sprightly reflections on the havoc made among the two sexes by the belle passion: but poor Olivetta was too much under the influence of that passion to be amused with her companion's vivacities. She only, sighing, replied, that those were, in her opinion, the unhappiest of human beings who were denied the satisfaction of a marriage agreeable to their inclination.

Francisca, who knew as well what passed in Olivetta's heart at that moment as she did herself, told her, that "if she was in her place, she would marry the man she liked, however inferior he might be to her, if he was not unworthy of her, and if she could be assured of his loving her, without any lucrative views, in return.

"Would you have me condescend to make the first advances to a man?"

"The

"The first advances from a woman to a man," replied Francisea, "are not, I confess, in general, to be defended; but circumstanced as you are, a few female delicacies may, I think, be dispensed with. You love Julio—nay, you need not be ashamed of loving him—I am sure he is necessary to your happiness. He is very much your inferior, I grant, with respect to rank and fortune, but he is a gentleman by birth and education, and intrinsically superior to all his richer competitors. From the modesty of his behaviour, in consequence, no doubt, of his elevated sentiments, I will presume to say, that he will never speak first upon the subject.—"

"Then I am doomed to be miserable," exclaimed Olivetta, hastily interrupting her, rising, and walking across her chamber inexpressibly agitated.

"Perhaps not," answered Francisca: "your amiable lover, though his extreme diffidence, a diffidence which enhances his merit, prevents him from disclosing the sensations which wound his peace on your account, may be drawn into the very declaration you wish to extract from him. I do not pretend to put myself upon a footing with you, in any shape, yet fancy I can point  
out

acquainted with your route, if you are absolutely determined to leave this place, that I may know whither to dispatch a messenger should I hear of any thing to your advantage."

If Julio had observed Olivetta's looks while she delivered the above speech with the penetrating eyes of a truly-touched innamorato, he would have derived the highest satisfaction from them, as they forcibly assured him, as forcibly as a thousand words could have done, that she earnestly wished to reward him personally for the merit which had won her heart, and that she wished with the utmost impatience for his making the first overtures, to save her from the indelicacy of having recourse to the still plainer mode of utterance for the consummation of her desires: her chaste desires, for she loved Julio with an affection of the purest kind; loved him more for his internal worth, than for his external accomplishments.

Julio, overwhelmed at once with gratitude, love, and delicacy, was unable to return an answer to the most friendly expressions with which the brilliant donation was accompanied.

It is an old saying, and a pretty true one, that a man sincerely in love is very apt to look like a  
fool

cent mansion, in order to pay his grateful acknowledgments for all the civilities he had received from her, and bid his eyes "take their last farewell."

The reception which he met with from the "goddess of his idolatry" would have probably encouraged any other man to tell his "fond tale;" but he, from the extreme refinement of his ideas, was as silent upon the subject in which he was most interested, and only announced his departure, after having poured out his most grateful effusions. During the delivery of those effusions Olivetta's cheeks were alternately pale and red, and the concluding words affected her in such a manner, that she was almost on the point of fainting away. Recovering herself however in a few moments, she took a diamond ring of considerable value from her finger, and presented it to him, with the following speech:

"Having long entertained a high opinion of your merit, Sir, I have long wished to reward it; and if I should happily have it in my power to be of service to you, I shall certainly prove myself your friend. In the mean time, I beg you to accept this trifle (presenting the ring to him) as a small token of my regard, and let me be acquainted



acquainted with your route, if you are absolutely determined to leave this place, that I may know whither to dispatch a messenger should I hear of any thing to your advantage."

If Julio had observed Olivetta's looks while she delivered the above speech with the penetrating eyes of a truly-touched innamorato, he would have derived the highest satisfaction from them, as they forcibly assured him, as forcibly as a thousand words could have done, that she earnestly wished to reward him personally for the merit which had won her heart, and that she wished with the utmost impatience for his making the first overtures, to save her from the indelicacy of having recourse to the still plainer mode of utterance for the consummation of her desires: her chaste desires, for she loved Julio with an affection of the purest kind; loved him more for his internal worth, than for his external accomplishments.

Julio, overwhelmed at once with gratitude, love, and delicacy, was unable to return an answer to the most friendly expressions with which the brilliant donation was accompanied.

It is an old saying, and a pretty true one, that a man sincerely in love is very apt to look like a  
fool

fool in the presence of his mistress. It is not quite clear that Julio's appearance would have been silly before a woman to whom he might have made, he thought, pretensions without being guilty of impertinence, or presumption; but Olivetta's superiority operated upon him in such a manner, that all the encouragement she gave him to disclose his tender sensations, was insufficient to remove the obstructions which delicacy threw in his way. After much hesitation, and many strong marks of irresolution in his whole behaviour, he muttered out something very grateful, but very awkwardly pronounced, and retired.

It is not easy to describe what Olivetta suffered when her timid lover had taken his leave. Ordering her attendants to withdraw, she thus unbosomed herself to her faithful companion:

“ The behaviour of this amiable man, my dear Francisca, is not to be endured. I have gone as far as I can with propriety to make him see that his addresses to me would be favourably received, but to no purpose. You are continually assuring me, that he loves me as much as I love him. Would he not, then, encouraged as he had been, make a declaration? Besides, how can you reconcile  
his

Having sent it away by a trusty and active messenger, she waited for his coming back with a restlessness much more easily to be conceived than communicated.

The messenger, hearing that Julio had set out from his apartment some hours before his arrival, made all the enquiries in his power concerning the road he had taken, but not being able to gain the least intelligence about it, returned with his dispatches.

Olivetta, on the return of her domestic, was inexpressibly disappointed, discontented, and distressed; and while she regretted the loss of the only man who had kindled the flame of love in her breast, reproached herself severely for that refinement which, by driving him into exile, had deprived her of the exquisite pleasure she had promised herself from the contents of her answer to his desponding epistle.

Day succeeded day, week followed week, moons performed their revolutions, and no Julio appeared. At last, her pain on his account increasing, and her patience being quite exhausted, Olivetta, dead to all the enjoyments of the world, resolved to seclude herself from it;  
to

“ The unfortunate Julio, unable to express his gratitude in the terms he wished when he received the generous Olivetta’s valuable present, accompanied with assurances of a very flattering kind, cannot help embracing this opportunity, before his departure, to inform her that her noble behaviour has strengthened his resolution never to return. The recollection of her promised friendship will afford him, wherever he goes, as much consolation as he can possibly enjoy while he feels himself in a situation which forbids him to expect an alliance with the only woman in the world whom he can ever love : from the presence of her he flies into a voluntary exile, because he cannot bear the sight of that beauty which he ardently longs, but dares not hope to call his own.—May she never endure the pangs of love, sharpened by despair !”

The perusal of this letter occasioned a variety of mixed emotions in the fluttered bosom of Olivetta, but the pleasing ones were predominant. Supposing that she might now venture to reward the merit which had long engrossed her attention, she dispatched a note to her despairing lover, sufficiently animating, she imagined, not only to make him give up all thoughts of banishment, but to bring him in haste to her palace.

F f

Having

Having sent it away by a trusty and active messenger, she waited for his coming back with a restlessness much more easily to be conceived than communicated.

The messenger, hearing that Julio had set out from his apartment some hours before his arrival, made all the enquiries in his power concerning the road he had taken, but not being able to gain the least intelligence about it, returned with his dispatches.

Olivetta, on the return of her domestic, was inexpressibly disappointed, discontented, and distressed; and while she regretted the loss of the only man who had kindled the flame of love in her breast, reproached herself severely for that refinement which, by driving him into exile, had deprived her of the exquisite pleasure she had promised herself from the contents of her answer to his desponding epistle.

Day succeeded day, week followed week, moons performed their revolutions, and no Julio appeared. At last, her pain on his account increasing, and her patience being quite exhausted, Olivetta, dead to all the enjoyments of the world, resolved to seclude herself from it;  
to

to spend the remainder of her melancholy days in a convent. Having made over the greatest part of her fortune to Francisca; she proceeded to carry her monastic designs into execution.

When she arrived within sight of her retreat, the very man for whose sake she was going to bury herself alive, Julio, surprized her with his appearance. The moment he saw her he advanced with an uncommon agility towards her; but perceiving on a nearer approach that she looked like the picture of death, he started, and could hardly believe his eyes.

Olivetta, while her lover was advancing to her, had fainted away in the arms of her attendants. As soon as she recovered, he enquired with the greatest anxiety into the cause of the melancholy alteration in her looks. On her acquainting him with her sufferings on his account, and with her conventual intentions, in consequence of them, he rapturously told her that it was in his power, by the decease of an opulent relation, to reinstate her in her former stile of life; and that if she would consent to share his unexpected acquisition with him, he should deem himself the happiest being in the universe.

Olivetta

aubin, and added, he would afford some mirth upon being introduced on a levee-day. Accordingly the Duke said to the Doctor, he wondered so celebrated a physician had never been introduced at St. James's. The Doctor snapped at the bait, and said, he should take it as a great honour if his grace would introduce him. The Duke consented to his request, and the Doctor consulted him with regard to his dress. His Grace advised him, by all means, to make his first appearance in a suit of black velvet, which was accordingly obtained; and the Duke prepared himself with an uncommon large wig, in which near a pound of powder was contained. Upon the Duke's perceiving the Doctor, he ran up to him, and overwhelmed him with powder and embraces, saying, "How happy I am, dear Doctor, to have this opportunity of introducing you to the King!" The Doctor humm'd and ha'd—'But my coat, my Lord!—I shall look like a miller.' The Duke, however, did not desist from shaking his head, till he had discharged at least three quarters of a pound of powder upon the Doctor's black velvet suit. His Grace then introduced him to the King, who was ready to burst his sides with laughing; the Doctor being more engaged in wiping his cloaths, than in making his obeisance. Though his introduction was

of good-nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.

---

## ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

DR. MISAU BIN.

**T**HE late Doctor Misaubin was famous for curing a particular disorder; and his recipe first introduced him into the polite world; but his uncommon humour and docility of temper, recommended him still more to several Noblemen of the first rank. Amongst these were the late Dukes of Montague and Richmond, of whose parties he used frequently to be, and was always very conducive to the mirth and enjoyment of the company. As a specimen of the kind of merriment he produced upon these occasions, we shall take a view of the Doctor at court, upon being introduced to the late King. The Duke of Montague had advertised his Majesty of the whimsical character of Mr. Misaubin,



aubin, and added, he would afford some mirth upon being introduced on a levee-day. Accordingly the Duke said to the Doctor, he wondered so celebrated a physician had never been introduced at St. James's. The Doctor snapped at the bait, and said, he should take it as a great honour if his grace would introduce him. The Duke consented to his request, and the Doctor consulted him with regard to his dress. His Grace advised him, by all means, to make his first appearance in a suit of black velvet, which was accordingly obtained; and the Duke prepared himself with an uncommon large wig, in which near a pound of powder was contained. Upon the Duke's perceiving the Doctor, he ran up to him, and overwhelmed him with powder and embraces, saying, "How happy I am, dear Doctor, to have this opportunity of introducing you to the King!" The Doctor humm'd and ha'd—'But my coat, my Lord!—I shall look like a miller.' The Duke, however, did not desist from shaking his head, till he had discharged at least three quarters of a pound of powder upon the Doctor's black velvet suit. His Grace then introduced him to the King, who was ready to burst his sides with laughing; the Doctor being more engaged in wiping his cloaths, than in making his obeisance. Though his introduction  
was

was attended with this ridiculous appearance, the Doctor failed not ever after attending St. James's on court days, and plumed himself not a little upon being so respectable a courtier. He was some time after at Windsor, when he was asked by a patient his address in town; to which he replied with disdain, 'To Doctor Misfaubin, in the world.' He had, at length, wrought himself up to such a pitch of importance, from his acquaintance and connexions, that he thought it beneath him to be any longer a Walking-Doctor; and he therefore rolled in his chariot. One day, whilst he was at dinner at the Duke of Montague's, his Grace had employed a coach-painter to give a proper coat of arms to his carriage; he accordingly painted a patient receiving a clyster from the Doctor; and he traversed the whole town with this device on his carriage, without being able to guess what the spectators every where immoderately laughed at. Hogarth has introduced the Doctor's figure in the Harlot's Progress, in the place where she expires.

The Doctor made a will, and bequeathed twenty thousand pounds to his widow. This bequest got vent, and every body imagined the Doctor a man of great property; but it at length appeared that these twenty thousand pounds were not in specie,

specie, nor in paper, they consisted of twenty thousand pills, which he estimated at one pound each.

---

### THE UNGENEROUS FRIEND.

**F**RIENDSHIPS, between persons of either sex, which seem to be the most promising ones, and which seem to bid fair for perpetuity, are sometimes weakened by unexpected incidents; and when a friendship is once considerably weakened, it generally hastens to a dissolution. Upon such an occasion the aggressing friend, if his sensibility has not been quite extinguished by his unjust resentment, will endeavour to heal the breach made by it; but on the other hand, his sensibility may prevent him from repairing the fault he has committed, by impelling him to shun the man whom he has injured. There have been men whose repentance, in consequence of their rashness, has driven them to despair; whose feelings, in the moment of desperation, have been fatal.

Harry Thomson and George Dawson, the sons of country gentlemen in the same part of England,

land, first became acquainted with each other by having been sent to the same university, and afterwards became very intimate friends from a general similitude in their dispositions.

When the two friends had finished their academical studies, they were separated for some years. Harry, in consequence of his father's being ordered to the waters of Baresges for his health, accompanied him to that fashionable (because foreign) watering-place; and in consequence of his receiving benefit from his aquatic operations, left him there at his own request (though not without many hesitations) to make the tour of Italy. "You have often expressed a desire, my dear Harry, to set yourself upon classic ground; and as the agreeable people we found in this house are going to Rome, you cannot, I think, do better than join their party; especially as they have politely declared, that they shall think themselves happy with your company."

Harry, having a sincere regard for his father, started several objections to a proposal, with which, had he been perfectly recovered, he would have immediately closed. "I cannot think of leaving you, Sir, till your health is quite re-established."

G g

It

see her restored to her former cheerfulness, by the return of the passion she felt for Mr. Thomson, whom she extremely approved of ; but neither she nor Mr. Nicholls, who approved of him also, knew well how to bring about the desirable event. The man on whom their daughter had set her heart, though he behaved in the politest, and most unexceptionable manner to her, discovered no tenderness in his behaviour, to induce them to believe that he was in love with her ; and they had too much pride to make the first overtures on her account, to any man. They were determined, therefore, to wait for a change in Thomson's behaviour, favourable to their Maria ; but in consideration of the anxiety which she endured from his apparent indifference, they encouraged him, as much as they could, without lessening themselves in their own eyes, to form an alliance with them.

While Maria's considerate parents were acting in this manner, and while she was, herself, sighing to find all their affectionate efforts unsuccessful, they were all under the greatest mistake with regard to Harry's behaviour. He was by no means the *indifferent* they supposed him to be. He was not entirely devoted to statues and pictures, to coins and jems, to manuscripts

to him from his Roman apartments. His father and his friend were very well pleased with the letters they received from him, but his fellow-travellers began to wish for more of his society than he choose to give them, (particularly one of them) who was considerably pained at his violent attachment to insensible objects."

Harry's fellow-travellers were a Mr. Mrs. and Miss Nicholls; as amiable a family as ever lived.

Maria Nicholls had soon after her meeting with Harry in France, found him necessary to her happiness; and flattered herself, from his attention to her there, that she had made the same impression upon his heart which he had upon her's; the tenderest that ever throbbed with love. Her natural delicacy prevented her from making any discoveries to her disadvantage; but the suppression of her feelings gave her an infinite deal of uneasiness: feelings which she was ashamed to disclose to her mother who continually (as both she and Mr. Nicholls were exceedingly concerned at her melancholy) urged her to communicate the cause of her dejection.

Mrs. Nicholls, at last, drew the long confined secret from her dejected daughter, and wished to see

bly to it, you will make me the happiest of men. Till your answer to this letter arrives, I shall be on the rack of impatience: if it proves favourable to me, my felicity will be inexpressible; but whatever may be your sentiments, about an affair in which I am so deeply interested, I shall remain always your dutiful and affectionate son."

In consequence of an answer from his father, which excited more pleasing sensations in his breast than he had ever felt before, he made his addresses to Miss Nicholls in form, met with a most gracious reception from her, and was already looked upon as their son-in-law by her parents.

Mr. Nicholls before this (not altogether unexpected) movement on young Thomson's part, had intended to return to England by sea; he now told his daughter's delighted lover that he choose rather to go back to France, in order to settle every thing with his father relating to his marriage.—"When you have sufficiently gratified your curiosity, added he, in this bewitching place, I will wait on you with the greatest satisfaction."

Harry, in whom the virtuoso was now quite lost in the lover, immediately declared his readiness

scripts and medals. He was, indeed, sufficiently enamoured of Miss Nicholls to wish to be indissolubly united to her, but he choose first to be certain of her affection for him, before he asked his father's consent to make his addresses to her; and, secondly, to secure his consent before he discovered his affection for her.

A trifling incident, (from such incidents how many important events originate!) soon convinced him that his passion for Maria was amply returned. Transported at the discovery, but with difficulty keeping down his transporting sensations upon the occasion, he wrote immediately to his father to acquaint him with the situation of his heart, and to inform him that his future happiness depended on his marrying Miss Nicholls.—“ I have the strongest reasons, continued he, to believe that Miss Nicholls beholds me with partial eyes; but I will not, on any account, (availing myself of her partiality in my favour,) tell her what I feel for her, till I have your approbation of my choice. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls both seem to be very desirous of an alliance with our family; and I imagine, that with regard to birth, fortune, &c. no objections will be started on your side. By approving my choice, you will give me great pleasure; by permitting me to act agreeably



Harry, after having very affectionately bade his Maria adieu, and followed the vessel which conveyed her from him with his eyes, till he could no longer distinguish it from the surrounding element, made haste to quit a country for the beauties of which, natural and artificial, classical and uncommon, he had now lost all his relish. Such is the power, such the omnipotence of love.

As soon as he arrived at the house in which he had taken leave of his father, he approached him in the most respectful manner, and with the most filial expressions poured out his gratitude to him for having so kindly consented to his union with Miss Nicholls.

Mr. Thomson increased his son's happiness by his whole behaviour, at seeing him again after a long separation, as he thought it; and when he was acquainted with the motions of the Nicholls's, said to him, clapping him on the shoulder,—“ Well, Harry, we shall be with them in a little while, I trust; I find myself perfectly recovered, thank God, of the disorder for which the waters here were thought salutary by Dr. L——, and hopeto set out for Calais in less than four-and-twenty hours.”

Henry's

diness to leave Italy the moment the preparations for their departure were completed.—“ Pray, Sir, let us proceed with the utmost expedition; for I am impatient to have every thing concluded, that I may be united to my amiable Maria by the strongest ties.”

Mr. Nicholls, grasping his hand, told him that he liked him the better for his eagerness to be related to his family, and then proceeded to make proper arrangement for his return to France. He was obliged, however, to change his plan of operation: he was obliged to return to England in order to take possession of a fortune bequeathed to him by a gentleman very distantly related to him, and to adjust some matters, arising from that gentleman's death, which required his presence. Being necessitated in a manner, therefore, to return to England, and chusing to take advantage of a ship's going to sail from Leghorn, with the captain of which he was intimately acquainted, he embarked with all his family without delay: but before his embarkation, he assured Harry in the strongest, in the sincerest terms, that he should be extremely glad to finish the business that had began on their meeting again (with Mrs. Nicholls) in D——shire.

Harry,

Harry, after having very affectionately bade his Maria adieu, and followed the vessel which conveyed her from him with his eyes, till he could no longer distinguish it from the surrounding element, made haste to quit a country for the beauties of which, natural and artificial, classical and uncommon, he had now lost all his relish. Such is the power, such the omnipotence of love.

As soon as he arrived at the house in which he had taken leave of his father, he approached him in the most respectful manner, and with the most filial expressions poured out his gratitude to him for having so kindly consented to his union with Miss Nicholls.

Mr. Thomson increased his son's happiness by his whole behaviour, at seeing him again after a long separation, as he thought it; and when he was acquainted with the motions of the Nicholls's, said to him, clapping him on the shoulder,—“ Well, Harry, we shall be with them in a little while, I trust; I find myself perfectly recovered, thank God, of the disorder for which the waters here were thought salutary by Dr. L——, and hopeto set out for Calais in less than four-and-twenty hours.”

Henry's

Harry's looks plainly discovered the joy which the concluding words of his father's speech had given him, and they both prepared with equal satisfaction, though not with similar feelings, to remove themselves from France.

While Harry was situated in France, George Dawson, having seen Miss Nicholls at a ball at D——, and danced with her, without knowing of her attachment to his friend, found her so agreeable to him, that he determined to make his addresses to her. He was now, by the death of his father, in the possession of his paternal estate, and he was vain enough of his person, accomplishments, and fortune, to imagine an offer of his hand would be gladly accepted, he had no idea of its being rejected: he was, therefore, extremely shocked when Miss Nicholls told him very coolly (not being in the least charmed with his appearance or behaviour) though she had *walked* a minuet with him, that she was *engaged*.

Mortified at her refusal, doubly mortified by the manner in which she refused him, he left her extremely out of humour. He left her considerably chagrined at her behaviour, but with no abatement of his passion for her: nor did he feel any inclination to relinquish his pretensions to her,

H h

when

which had for many years subsisted between him and George. He determined, in the first hurry of his resentment, to go immediately in search of his false friend, to call him to an account for his accusations, equally unjust and injurious, and to make him either sign a disavowal of them, or give him the personal satisfaction of a gentleman,

George, conscious of having behaved in a manner not to be defended, carefully avoided every place where he thought he should, probably, see the man whom he had grossly injured.

Harry called at his house several times, but he was never admitted. The frequent disappointments which he met, began to chagrin him exceedingly, as he was frequently pretty sure that George was at home, and denied himself. His repeated disappointments, however, did not render him less resolved to get at the sight of him. By the operation of an irresistible *douceur*, on a new servant, he gained admittance one night, and surprized him sitting very composedly by the fire side, in a meditating attitude.

The sudden appearance of the only person in the world whom he wished not at that time to behold

George was so enraged when he heard of his friend's arrival, as he knew that he would soon falsify all the reports (some of them of a very irritating nature) which he had circulated to his disadvantage, that he was ready to quarrel with the person who gave him the unwelcome information.

Harry, on his arrival, flew on the wings of love, to his amiable mistress, and she received him with a delight which filled him with the most pleasing sensations. The first interview between them was of that kind which is only to be felt, and to be felt only by such lovers. When it was over, Maria, withdrawing herself from his arms, asked him if he was really as glad to see her as he pretended to be; if his tender expressions were as sincere as he assured her they were,

Harry looked very much surprised at the delivery of those unexpected questions, and begged to know, with a face whimsically astonished, what she meant, as her words were quite enigmatical.

She then told him all that passed since her arrival in England, between her and Mr. Dawson. Her intelligence made him more attached to her than ever, but it snapped that friendship asunder which

1

1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the study. It discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methodology used in the study. It includes information about the sample size, the data collection methods, and the statistical analysis techniques.

3. The third part of the report is a discussion of the results of the study. It presents the findings of the research and discusses their implications for the field of study. It also includes a comparison of the results with previous research in the area.

4. The fourth part of the report is a conclusion and a list of references. The conclusion summarizes the main findings of the study and provides recommendations for future research. The references list the sources of information used in the study.

behold, threw George's spirits into a violent agitation. He turned about briskly towards him, but not being able to bear his reproachful looks, averted his face, as if he was oppressed with shame. He was, indeed, at that moment covered with shame, and smarting with remorse.

Harry roused him from his oppressed state, by charging him with the baseness of his behaviour to his friend, even while he made the strongest professions of friendship in his letters, and required him to give him satisfaction either with his pen or his sword.

To the satisfaction of the pen, George would by no means submit.

"Take your sword then," said Harry, "there it lies, (pointing to a chair, and drawing his own at the same time) if you are not a coward, stand upon your defence."

George, after a short pause, replied, "I have used you extremely ill, Harry, and I sincerely repent of what I have said against you, I cannot consent to give you the satisfaction you demand, but if you will stay here a few moments, I will convince you that I am no *coward*."

While



## THE HUMBLE FRIEND.

## A MORAL TALE.

**W**HILE he was figuring away with great *eclat* at Southhampton during a full season Mr. Nicholson, a very eminent merchant, received an express from his partner in London, which brought him the most unwelcome intelligence. It informed him, that by the failure of a capital house in Spain, with which he had considerable connections, he had been obliged to stop payment.

This blow was severely felt by Mr. Nicholson, still more by his young, handsome, haughty wife, who, childishly fond of splendour, and parade, and intoxicated with the magnificent appearance her liberal husband enabled her to make, could not bear the thoughts of being driven from the sphere of life in which she had, ever since her marriage, rolled with increasing lustre. When the melancholy news was first communicated to her by Mr. Nicholson himself, and in a manner which plainly discovered how deeply he was affected by it, she fainted. As soon she recovered, she begged to be removed immediately from a place

place where she could no longer shine with any propriety. Her request was very readily complied with. Mr. Nicholson, indeed, found it absolutely necessary to return to London with the utmost expedition.

On his arrival in town, he found his creditors very willing to behave to him in the genteelest way; but the new arrangements he was obliged to make in his house-hold hurt his pride so much, that he fell into a state of despondence: to raise his spirits he had recourse to his bottle, and by frequent applications to that *false friend*, in the hour of dejection, destroyed his constitution.

Mrs. Nicholson, finding herself in very narrow circumstances at her husband's death, was, in consequence of these circumstances, a disconsolate widow. She never had felt any personal regard for Mr. Nicholson; she had given him her hand, on his falling desperately in love with her, entirely with a view to be mistress of his fortune—she had no desire to be mistress of his heart; she only availed herself of his violent passion for her to gain a pontifical power over his purse. It was not, therefore, the *generous husband*, but the *opulent merchant*, whom she lamented. Greatly indebted as she had been to his extravagant attachment to

her for the pleasure she enjoyed resulting from appearance, she only regretted her loss on a lucrative account.

Straightened in her circumstances, and internally as proud as she had been in the height of her prosperity, Mrs. Nicholson keenly endured all that kind of mortification which proud people naturally feel when they cannot, from a change in their affairs, support the figure to which they have been long accustomed. She was doubly mortified by the visits of condolence which she received from many of her female friends and acquaintance. However, as she had as much cunning as most of her sex, and a head fertile in expedients, she determined to accommodate her behaviour to her new situation. She had always been a woman remarkable for her address; she now took more pains than ever to render herself agreeable to those with whom she conversed, and was not a little pleased to find that her mock humility, by flattering the pride of many ladies whom she had formerly visited quite upon an equal footing, seemed to promise her the advantages she hoped to derive from it.

Among the ladies whom she singled out as objects particularly worthy of her attention, a  
Mrs.

place where she could no longer shine with any propriety. Her request was very readily complied with. Mr. Nicholson, indeed, found it absolutely necessary to return to London with the utmost expedition.

On his arrival in town, he found his creditors very willing to behave to him in the genteel way; but the new arrangements he was obliged to make in his house-hold hurt his pride so much, that he fell into a state of despondence: to raise his spirits he had recourse to his bottle, and by frequent applications to that *false friend*, in the hour of dejection, destroyed his constitution.

Mrs. Nicholson, finding herself in very narrow circumstances at her husband's death, was, in consequence of these circumstances, a disconsolate widow. She never had felt any personal regard for Mr. Nicholson; she had given him her hand, on his falling desperately in love with her, entirely with a view to be mistress of his fortune—she had no desire to be mistress of his heart; she only availed herself of his violent passion for her to gain a pontifical power over his purse. It was not, therefore, the *generous husband*, but the *opulent merchant*, whom she lamented. Greatly indebted as she had been to his extravagant attachment to

Mrs. Matthews was a maiden lady between forty and fifty years ; in her manners between fifteen and twenty. She was a very shewey, good-looking woman : she had been, probably, reckoned handsome in the days of her youth : they certainly, by the effort she made to set off her face and figure to the greatest advantage, thoroughly convinced the most careless *spectator formarum*, that she had not given up, in her own mind, all pretensions to admiration. She was, indeed, extremely vain of her external charms, and was perpetually talking of the great offers she had refused, because she was always particularly nice in her men.

The violent propensity which Mrs. Matthews glaringly discovered to be admired was considered by Mrs. Nicholson as an excellent foundation for her to build upon ; she, therefore, very judiciously pointed her principal battery, from which she expected the most execution to be done, against the weakest side of her character. By the most artful eulogiums on her personal attractions, she made so rapid a progress in her favour, before she had lived a month under roof, that she very much alarmed her nieces. They were alarmed at their aunt's increasing coolness to them ; they beheld

Mrs. Matthews appeared to her the most likely to forward her designs, as she had with a large fortune, a very weak understanding: but it was a soliloquy of hers she overheard, one day, while she was waiting in an apartment, at [her house, adjoining to her dressing room, which induced her to reckon upon the gratifications of her ambitious wishes.

“Upon my word, Mrs. Nicholson has behaved very prettily ever since she has been a widow, and acts prodigious proper, considering the smallness of her income. I have a great mind to take her down with me into the country: it will be a pretty airing for her, and save her money: besides, I shall have the pleasure to let all my neighbours see the woman who was once as fine as myself in the character of a humble friend.”

Mrs. Nicholson having her sentiments with regard to Mrs. Matthews’s understanding sufficiently confirmed by this soliloquy, threw an additional quantity of humility into her deportment, upon her coming into the room to her, and by a succession of well-timed speeches, which “ran trippingly off the tongue,” secured the desired invitation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Matthews was a maiden lady between forty and fifty years ; in her manners between fifteen and twenty. She was a very shewey, good-looking woman : she had been, probably, reckoned handsome in the days of her youth : they certainly, by the effort she made to set off her face and figure to the greatest advantage, thoroughly convinced the most careless *spectator formarum*, that she had not given up, in her own mind, all pretensions to admiration. She was, indeed, extremely vain of her external charms, and was perpetually talking of the great offers she had refused, because she was always particularly nice in her men.

The violent propensity which Mrs. Matthews glaringly discovered to be admired was considered by Mrs. Nicholson as an excellent foundation for her to build upon ; she, therefore, very judiciously pointed her principal battery, from which she expected the most execution to be done, against the weakest side of her character. By the most artful eulogiums on her personal attractions, she made so rapid a progress in her favour, before she had lived a month under roof, that she very much alarmed her nieces. They were alarmed at their aunt's increasing coolness to them ; they beheld

beheld Mrs. Nicholson with envious, malignant eyes, and though they could not find the smallest fault with her behaviour, as she was at all times so humble, so obliging, and so ready to make herself, in any shape, serviceable, they heartily wished that she never had been taken into the house.

The alarms of the two girls produced apprehensions, and those apprehensions naturally prompted them to think of ejecting a formidable rival. They laid their little heads together (they were very young, and knew nothing of the world,) in order to rout her. With the assistance of some misses in the neighbourhood, their constant companions, but not more shrewd than themselves, they hatched a plot, and proceeded, flushed with hope, to action. They proceeded, however, with so marvellous a want of that sort of dexterity, vulgarly called cunning, that the very methods they took to remove the dreaded favourite, fixed her more firmly in her seat.

Mrs. Nicholson having discovered the plot formed against her, and prevented the execution of it, secretly vowed revenge against the principal contrivers of it; but did not make the least alteration in her behaviour to them. She  
even



your to do as much good to the rest of his fellow creatures as lies in his power ; and, if possible, to prevent them from falling into error, or to reclaim them, if they have fallen.

The business of this essay is to declaim against the crime of swearing. You will be surprized that any one should attempt to say any thing on a subject about which so much has been already written, and apparently with so little effect. But it is a particular species of this crime against which I am going to write ; namely, wantonly denouncing judgments against innocent creatures, and wishing for great evils to fall upon those who never injured them but in idea, and even those supposed injuries very trivial.

Swearing of every kind is a very heinous offence : it is an offence against God and religion, an offence as weak as it is unaccountable ; for it is a vice that can be of no real use or advantage, but on the contrary, may be productive of very bad and dangerous effects to the offender, both here and hereafter, as it is expressly forbid by the commandment of the SUPREME BEING. Odious as this vice must appear to every calm and considerate mind, yet when a man curses an innocent person with all the barbarity (for I can  
call

call it by no gentler name,) of an infidel; nay, perhaps he wishes for evils to fall upon a friend whom, when he is cool, he loves with very great affection. Even our most sensible and learned men are guilty of this error; and the reflection in their cooler moments must surely be very sharp and poignant. For such men there is less excuse than for the common people, as they have had all the advantages of a good education; they have had it in their power to separate truth from error, and to embrace the best and most inviting of the two. If they would only reflect on the degree of guilt they incur, the dangers which they run by persevering in this crime; they would soon be convinced of the impropriety of their behaviour, and loath themselves for their conduct. By denouncing judgments they circumscribe the power of the ALMIGHTY, they set bounds to his mercy and goodness, and prescribe rules for his conduct in the punishment of his creatures. How impious and ridiculous such a behaviour is need not be insisted on.

Let those who act thus wickedly take care that their CREATOR, tired with their many provocations, do not turn those evils which they wish may fall upon others, on themselves.

## DISAPPOINTED PRIDE.

**W**HEN a man's sufferings arise from the bad dispositions of his own heart ; when in the height of prosperity he is rendered miserable solely by disappointed pride, every ordinary motive for communication ceases. The violence of anguish drives him to confess a passion which renders him odious, and a weakness which renders him despicable. In the eye of his family, every man wishes to appear respectable, and to cover from their knowledge whatever may vilify or degrade him. Attacked or reproached abroad, he consoles himself with his importance at home ; and in domestic attachment and respect, seeks for some compensation for the injustice of the world. But the torments this folly occasions, forces him to break through all restraints, and publish his shame before those, from whom all men seek most to hide it.

All the evils which poverty, disease, or violence can inflict, and their stings will be found by far less pungent than those which such guilty passions dart into the heart. But those disorders, by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They pene-

call it by no gentler name,) of an infidel; nay, perhaps he wishes for evils to fall upon a friend whom, when he is cool, he loves with very great affection. Even our most sensible and learned men are guilty of this error; and the reflection in their cooler moments must surely be very sharp and poignant. For such men there is less excuse than for the common people, as they have had all the advantages of a good education, they have had it in their power to separate truth from error, and to embrace the best and most inviting of the two. If they would only reflect on the degree of guilt they incur, the dangers which they run by persevering in this crime; they would soon be convinced of the impropriety of their behaviour, and loath themselves for their conduct. By denouncing judgments they circumscribe the power of the ALMIGHTY, they set bounds to his mercy and goodness, and prescribe rules for his conduct in the punishment of his creatures. How impious and ridiculous such a behaviour is need not be insisted on.

Let those who act thus wickedly take care that their CREATOR, tired with their many provocations, do not turn those evils which they wish may fall upon others, on themselves.

## DISAPPOINTED PRIDE.

**W**HEN a man's sufferings arise from the bad dispositions of his own heart ; when in the height of prosperity he is rendered miserable solely by disappointed pride, every ordinary motive for communication ceases. The violence of anguish drives him to confess a passion which renders him odious, and a weakness which renders him despicable. In the eye of his family, every man wishes to appear respectable, and to cover from their knowledge whatever may vilify or degrade him. Attacked or reproached abroad, he consoles himself with his importance at home ; and in domestic attachment and respect, seeks for some compensation for the injustice of the world. But the torments this folly occasions, forces him to break through all restraints, and publish his shame before those, from whom all men seek most to hide it.

All the evils which poverty, disease, or violence can inflict, and their stings will be found by far less pungent than those which such guilty passions dart into the heart. But those disorders, by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They pene-

penetrate to the very seat of sensation, and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture.

---

THE  
TEMPLE OF NATURE AND FORTUNE.

A VISION.

HAVING a few nights ago spent the evening in some company, where our discourse turned on the uncertain, unsuitable, and seemingly unjust distribution of the gifts of fortune observable among mankind; when I came home and went to bed, I fell presently asleep; and as our waking thoughts often influence the ideas we have when sleeping, I found myself at the porch of what I imagined to be a large temple; my curiosity led me into it, and I was soon convinced there were two temples, the one beyond the other, and only separated by a large and long passage. At the upper end of the first temple, was seated a woman almost naked, but very graceful, of a mild and humane aspect, and whom, had she not had her name written on her breast, I should

should immediately have known to be **NATURE**. To her, a vast crowd of people, wherewith the place was filled, and who were passing forwards to get into the second temple, first of all made their applications. On those she seemed to dispense her favours pretty equally, giving to every one some particular talent, but at the same time joining some particular vice or folly to it; by which means the generality of people were rendered nearly on an equality by her; after this dispensation of her favours, they were delivered up to the care of a beautiful woman, who stood on her right hand, and on whose forehead were written the words, **GOOD EDUCATION**. She, like a kind and tender mother, gave them instructions, from time to time, how to make the best use of the good qualities bestowed on them by **NATURE**, conducted them through the passage which was called **CHILDHOOD**, and then left them at liberty to make use of, or deviate from, her rules as they thought fit. At **NATURE**'s left hand stood another woman, with a pale haggard countenance, whose constitution seemed worn out by depraved appetites and vicious indulgences; she was, however, very gaily dressed, and by her insinuating behaviour, and pretended kindnesses, drew many aside. Her name was **BAD EDUCATION**. She, in opposition to the former

former in every thing, suggested continually to her votaries, the many pleasures they might enjoy, and the many advantages they might devise from the free gratification of all their natural vices, and endeavour to stifle in them the slightest recollection of those virtues which NATURE had, at the same time bestowed upon them.

I went through this passage with the rest of the company, and was brought by it into the second temple, which was that of FORTUNE; at the farther end of this temple, at a very great height above the ground, the goddess was seated, blindfolded, and having near her a machine resembling a lottery-wheel, which she continually turned round, and drew out of it preferments, riches, and honours, which she gave away promiscuously, as the crowd could come to receive them. The apparent way to her seat, was a very broad, but steep and slippery ascent, which was called MERIT. Many people laboured to get up this way, but often slipped and were disappointed. I was very much surprized to see several at the top, receiving the gifts which FORTUNE drew from her wheel, whom I had not observed to pass up this hill: the mystery, however, was soon explained, for as I cast my eyes downwards, I perceived three little wickets at the  
bottom



bottom of the slope, over which was inscribed,  
 "GOOD-LUCK, INTEREST, and BRIBERY."

Through these many people passed, and were carried up by a private stairs, that went winding underneath the hill. The two last were much more crowded than the first, through which those who passed seemed to hurry along without knowing whither they were going; and appeared surprised when they found themselves the favourites of FORTUNE, contrary to all probability, and by the same means that had proved the ruin of others. But it was amusing enough, after having remarked the several courses taken by different people, to observe the impropriety of the benefits bestowed on them; for though many produced the gifts with which they had been endowed by NATURE, as recommendations to entitle them to those of FORTUNE, very little regard seemed to be paid to them. Those favours, which were gained by way of GOOD-LUCK, were some properly and some improperly disposed of. Those come at through the wicket of INTEREST were, most of them, ridiculously distributed. In passing through this way, cowards became admirals, or generals of armies; the nephew of a noble lord, who had idly run out of his own estate, was placed at the head of an office, where  
 he

he became entrusted with the management of the public money ; the brother of another, who had spent part of his life in all kinds of vice and debauchery, entered into holy orders, had a rich benefice bestowed upon him, and set himself up for a reformer of manners. In short, I observed that whoever could get through this lucky passage, might be Judge, Bishop, Secretary of State, Ambassador, or almost what he pleased, without any other qualification.

But the most unsuitable, as well as the most dangerous to mankind, were those who came through the BRIBERY WICKET, which stood always open, and led to a very dark and dirty passage, where the crowds that entered, shuffling on through thick and thin, giving money with one hand, and receiving it with the other, till they got up to the throne of FORTUNE. I observed some great men, who had been formerly very eloquent in praise of cleanliness, whose hands and faces were so begrimed, and in so offensive a condition with scrambling through the filthy way, that I believe not all the waters in the ocean could ever wash them clean again. Yet with all this nastiness about them, they were preferred by FORTUNE, to the highest dignities in church and state. It was observable, however, that when  
some

some had received any considerable gifts of Fortune, by what means soever they were obtained, a crowd of others were constantly following, sometimes fawning on them, and at other times jostling them, with an intention of robbing them of what they had got ; which, if all other means failed, they would commonly effect by placing stumbling-blocks in the way, not to be avoided without the utmost care and circumspection. So that prime ministers, generals of armies, and favourites of princes, had their heels tripped up, and were tumbled down the steep ascent by these people, not without having their necks greatly endangered. The most provoking sight was to behold some, who being arrived, with much pain, near the summit, by the road of MERIT, and just on the point of receiving the reward due to their virtue and assiduity, were disappointed at last ; having it snatched from them by worthless upstarts, who had got thither before them, by one of the more easy, but less honourable ways. Some, indeed, succeeded in their attempts that way, and made glorious figures and becoming patterns of true worth, in those posts they had so well deserved, and so justly obtained. These examples, however, were too rare to encourage my weak deserts to attempt that road ; I therefore endeavoured to make my way to the wicked  
of

of GOOD-LUCK, and met with success. Being arrived at the top, I thought that a very considerable employment was conferred on me by the blind goddess; but on my turning suddenly back, one of those who were coming thro' the Interest passage, bustling to get the next favour which FORTUNE presented, gave me, in his hurry, so violent a push, that I tumbled down the stairs; the force of the fall awaked me—Baffled in the midst of all my airy hopes, I found myself lying on my humble bed, in a back garret—

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

---

### ODE TO SPRING.

**E**NCHANTING goddess! blooming Spring!  
 Thy blest return again I sing,  
 Again with grateful heart aspire  
 To wake the long-neglected lyre.

While southern climes thy presence claim'd,  
 Dull Winter's dreary sway we blam'd;  
 No flow'rets bloom'd along the green,  
 Nor nymphs, nor piping swains were seen;

L 1

The

me, depend upon it I will *eject* you, so consider what you are doing."

The good folks felt the force of the argument, and were obliged to elect a member they did not approve.

This is not *bribery*—but certainly we may call it *compulsion*.

---

#### ANECDOTE OF A QUAKER.

A QUAKER invited a tradesman to dine with him, whom he treated with an excellent dinner, a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. His guest, after drinking pretty freely, became extremely rude and abusive to his host, insomuch that the quaker's *patience* was at length quite exhausted, and he rose up and addressed him in the following words:—"Friend, I have given thee a meat-offering, a drink-offering, and a burnt-offering, and for thy misconduct I will give thee—a *heave-offering*:" and immediately threw him into the street out of the *parlour window*!

NAVAL

The brooks from icy fetters free,  
Again resume their murm'ring glee ;  
The chearful plough pale want beguiles ;  
*And universal Nature smiles.*

---

### AN ELECTION ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman who had represented a market-town in Y——e, at a late election, summoned his constituents, and frankly told them, “ that whatever notions might be entertained of Mr. F— and his party, he was a friend to their principles, and should adhere to them till he was convinced they were inconsistent with the good of the community.”

The electors as freely told the candidate, “ they utterly disapproved of his conduct, and were determined to choose a representative, whose opinions were conformable to their own.” “ And is this your resolution ? ” — “ Certainly.” — “ Remember, Gentlemen, your Wednesday market is held upon my ground, and you can occupy it no longer than my pleasure will allow ; if you *reject* me,

me, depend upon it I will *eject* you, so consider what you are doing."

The good folks felt the force of the argument, and were obliged to elect a member they did not approve.

This is not *bribery*—but certainly we may call it *compulsion*.

---

#### ANECDOTE OF A QUAKER.

A QUAKER invited a tradesman to dine with him, whom he treated with an excellent dinner, a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. His guest, after drinking pretty freely, became extremely rude and abusive to his host, inasmuch that the quaker's *patience* was at length quite exhausted, and he rose up and addressed him in the following words:—"Friend, I have given thee a meat-offering, a drink-offering, and a burnt-offering, and for thy misconduct I will give thee—a *heave-offering*:" and immediately threw him into the street out of the *parlour window*!

NAVAL

---

## NAVAL ANECDOTE.

**W**HEN Lord Cranstone took possession of the Ville de Paris, and which, by the bye, was suffered to deny the surrender till the evening, lest the rest of the fleet, seeing their commander strike, should strike also—when Lord Cranstone went upon that duty he endeavoured to make it as little disagreeable as he could to the French Admiral, with the most thoughtful consideration, and mildest manners, enquiring into his wants and wishes, and urging him to take refreshment and repose: the conduct of the Comte de Grasse was, on the contrary, cold and thankless: he said he had given orders for a meal, and he should go and take it; and then, leaving his Lordship without farther ceremony, summoned his officers to his table. Lord Cranstone was rather piqued, but probably gave no indication of his feelings; however, after waiting some little time, and in vain, for the usual ceremonial of his officers being invited by the Comte de Grasse to supper, the whole of the affair taken together seemed to form a cognizable object of provocation, and, as such, of course, demanded suitable resentment. Lord Cranstone accordingly interfered, and having an explanation with the Comte de



de Grasse, directed him not to begin supper till the English officers had previously been supplied with some small part; adding, that for his own accommodation, his Lordship should be studiously not impatient; he should wait and take things as he found them.

The reflection which arises from the anecdote is this, that the "*Decorum Honestum*" is understood in Britain, that the virtuous graces are not unal-  
lied to her arms; and that without detracting from the behaviour of the French in many instances of the war, and which, in respect to Captain Cooke, at Eustatia, and to Lord Cornwallis, was gallant and noble; yet that, often out-general'd, the French are sometimes out-gentleman'd by the English.

---

*An Account of the profligate LIVES and remarkably miserable DEATHS of a YOUNG GENTLEMAN of Quality and his TUTOR, both ATHEISTS.*

**A**S this history is true, we shall conceal the names of his family, some being now living, and call the subject of this relation *APISTUS*; 'tis

'tis sufficient to say, that he was born of pious parents, who gave him an education suitable to his birth, which was far from being despicable. His genius was very promising, and his inclinations for some time seemed to be bent on virtuous pursuits, his parents indulged him in every innocent amusement, and pleased themselves with the hopes of his making a considerable figure in adult life. He followed his studies with a great deal of application, till he was fourteen years of age, in which time he had made himself a tolerable proficient in the Roman and Greek languages: he had a great deal of wit and vivacity in his discourse, and was the admiration of the neighbourhood where he dwelt. He continued at home under the care of a private tutor, till he was eighteen years of age, when his parents proposed to let him travel, the better to polish his manners, and improve the instructions he had already. The proposal was so very acceptable to the young gentleman, that he not only consented to it with a great deal of pleasure, but begged his departure might be as soon as possible.

His tutor agreed to accompany him, and every thing being shortly prepared, they set out from Dover for Calais, where they arrived in safety and health. As they travelled about from one place

place to another, and lived in a polite and genteel manner, Apistus was highly delighted that he had left his country. It frequently happens that we soon imbibe the vices of the nation where we live, of which this history is an undeniable evidence. The instructor of this youth was a disguised villain, and had more pleasure in the gratification of his lust, than in the service of God: and that he might the more easily work upon the mind of his unguarded, though hitherto innocent pupil, whom he found to be a necessary friend to maintain him in his present circumstances, he consults with a mistress whom he privately supported, which way was the best and most promising to compass his design. Ready at invention, she tells him, love must do it; and withal acquainted him, that a female friend of her character would certainly lay the scheme so well, as not to fail of success. The contrivance was soon settled by these diabolical counsellors, and the method of execution was this; that this young fiend should dress herself in her best apparel, and be walking in a particular place, where Apistus and his tutor resorted every evening for the benefit of the air. The next night was appointed for this purpose, when about the usual time of their walking, they repaired to the wonted place of retirement. Apistus as they were going  
along

along, asked his tutor his sentiments concerning love, and told him he had very different ideas of that passion, to what he formerly had, by reading a romance of that kind. No news could have been more joyful to his instructor, who did not fail to expatiate on its irresistible power; told him that the heathen deities are represented as being concerned with mortals; instanced Solomon for his amours, as well as a great number of other renowned persons. This conversation was highly agreeable to Apistus, whose mind was before tainted with impure thoughts. By this time the *daemon* appeared, and passed by with a great deal of seeming modesty, but no sooner had this unhappy youth cast his eyes towards her, than his heart was presently inflamed, and he remained almost motionless with pleasing surprise.

His tutor, like a cunning deceiver, asked him what caused the alteration in his countenance; and after a great deal of conversation, he told him, he could not possibly live without that beautiful person which had just now passed by them. To which the other replied, "time would certainly wear off the slight impression, but if not, there would be ways and means to bring them acquainted." Upon this they returned home; but Apistus could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for

M m

the

the thoughts of this *false charmer*. In short, his ruin was very soon accomplished ; for no sooner had he enjoyed the short-lived pleasures of vice, by the assistance of his tutor, who was equally profligate, than they both abandoned themselves to all manner of debaucheries ; contemning and violating the sacred laws of heaven, and treating God, and goodness, with scorn ; and as they observed the notorious impositions of the popish priests towards ignorant people, they concluded religion to be no more than a juggle, maintained and carried on in the world for secular interest and advantage. In short, the deity they had long denied by their practices, they now dared to blaspheme with their impious tongues ; disputing the existence of either GOD, HEAVEN, or HELL ; laughed at the notions of spirits, and concluded themselves a sort of superior brutes ; they argued matter to be eternal, and that every thing everlastingly existed by continual succession from one age to another ; and as they esteemed a future state of being but an idle traditional tale, they improved (as they called it) the short moments of a transitory precarious life, in the most agreeable manner they were capable of ; for as they should perish with the beasts, they would pursue the fleeting joys of life while they lasted. But as luxury naturally tends to break the constitution,

and

and destroy health, so it happened to the tutor of Apistus, whose strength daily impaired, and his flesh wasted away in so uncommon a manner, that in a few days his body was but a mere skeleton ; and in about a week after this, death seemed to advance apace, and the night before he expired, when several of his acquaintance came to visit him in his disorder, they asked him, whether he believed a future state now ? whether he now thought there was a God ? upon which he was thrown into such an horrible agony, howling and shrieking, that it struck a terror on all that were present ; and when he came a little to himself, he spoke to the following purpose ; “ My friends, you have asked me a question, that I can now answer ; I feel the horrors of a guilty conscience. I feel the power of an avenging God ; but let not people talk of their ability to repent, I find none : my heart is hardened, I cannot believe ; I am now added to that cursed miserable number, who blaspheme God day and night. My hell is within me, and I wish to be discharged from life, and be doomed to those horrible regions, where, perhaps, damnation is more tolerable.” With these words he expired ; and though his death seemed to strike an awe into the minds of some present, yet it had no effect upon Apistus, who was rather more hardened than before ; and continued in the full swing

Such is the depravity of the age, so vitiated is the mind, that the opinion of the Roman poet of his countrymen, may be applied with propriety to the present time.

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores.

At least, if daily instances of nuptial infidelity, and those of the most heinous kind are to be enrolled among the catalogue of vices, and such they certainly are of the most iniquitous tendency; divorcements are casualties which so frequently happen in these days, that we expect to find them in a public print as regularly as the account of marriages and deaths. It is painful to reflect upon this universal species of immorality; who, then, set the example? those very persons, who, from their rank and fortune alone, have influence among the more subordinate class of people. Look among the exalted stations in life, and the lover of virtue will shrink with abhorrence from the scene. Nobility, *princely* pride, what are ye, without virtue! It is reputation, which is not to be bought with wealth, in as much as it is superior to it, it is felicity originating from an internal source, which is not to be obtained but from upright morals and integrity, which enhance  
these

rational<sup>1</sup> reflecting moments, he must detest. In the mean time his amiable and unfortunate wife pines away in wretched solitude. Her cup of pleasure has been suddenly dashed to the ground. The conjugal and holy rites have been violated. Her offspring is a sad memento of her former happiness, and brings to her recollection the features of her once beloved, and equally fond husband. The too wretched and inconsiderate man must remember that such things were, and those most dear to him. Once it was in thy power to enjoy happiness, but the time is gone by: No more shall that peace of mind, arising from a quiet conscience, armed with integrity, return to thy possession. Thou hast indulged in a lawless passion too long to be happy. Had an early repentance incited thee to the practice of virtue, happiness was within thy reach. But the hour is past—and at the point of death the excruciating thought of having brought misery to thyself, and the recollection that far different might have been the hours of approaching dissolution, and how wretched thou hast left thy once beloved and innocent partner and children, must oppress thee with the utmost horror; at that moment death, although much to be dreaded, will be welcome.

“ Afraid to die, yet more afraid to live.”

Such



By happening to spend a few weeks together, one summer, at the house of a lady in the country, with whom they were both intimately acquainted, Miss Beverton and Miss Martin, became so fond of each others company, that a violent friendship commenced between them.

These two young ladies, being summoned about the same time, by their respective parents, from Middleton-hall, who lived many miles from that place, and in different counties, separated with no small reluctance, but, with their concluding adieus, mutually promised to keep up a most friendly correspondence with their pens.

Few female friends were more firmly attached to each other than Emily Beverton and Lucy Martin; their attachment indeed was rather remarkable, as their souls were not quite congenial.

They were both very good-natured, and were, in general, pleased with the same pursuits: they both preferred a country life to a town one; but here was the principal line of discrimination: Emily, though she was a warm admirer of the beauties of nature, and enjoyed "each rural sight, each rural sound," with a degree of enthusiasm, had

these gifts of fortune. *Princes*, indeed, are unhappy, who do not hear the truth; it is not so in this country;—the public will speak out—neither are they deterred through fervile fear, nor blinded by the dazzling splendour of situation; and they speak the truth in an open manner, which commands attention and respect. Let the man, be he ever so exalted, regard the anger and censure of the people. He who will disgrace himself, and is a public character, is the more imprudent, as being the more liable to observation and detection, than the man who moves in the middle spheres of life; although the laws may not reach him, popular censure will;—he cannot escape this, as little as he can the reflections of an upbraiding and diseased mind.

“ Therein the patient must minister unto himself.”

---

## THE GIPSY.

A MORAL TALE.

**N**UMBERLESS are the complaints against deceit; but were we not sometimes deceived, we should find ourselves, perhaps, in very unhappy situations.

By

By happening to spend a few weeks together, one summer, at the house of a lady in the country, with whom they were both intimately acquainted, Miss Beverton and Miss Martin, became so fond of each others company, that a violent friendship commenced between them.

These two young ladies, being summoned about the same time, by their respective parents, from Middleton-hall, who lived many miles from that place, and in different counties, separated with no small reluctance, but, with their concluding adieus, mutually promised to keep up a most friendly correspondence with their pens.

Few female friends were more firmly attached to each other than Emily Beverton and Lucy Martin; their attachment indeed was rather remarkable, as their souls were not quite congenial.

They were both very good-natured, and were, in general, pleased with the same pursuits: they both preferred a country life to a town one; but here was the principal line of discrimination: Emily, though she was a warm admirer of the beauties of nature, and enjoyed "each rural sight, each rural sound," with a degree of enthusiasm, had

had no relish for rural sports—she took no pleasure in a hunting or a shooting party, nor did a fishing scheme ever give her any satisfaction. Angling, as a quiet amusement, suited her temper extremely; but from a foolish sensibility, operating with too much force to be subdued, she could not help thinking that there was some cruelty mixed with the composure of it.

Lucy, on the other hand, had none of that kind of sensibility by which her friend's heart was softened in favour of the animal creation. She would clear a five-barred gate with the most daring-fox hunter in England; she had an excellent shot, and, on many occasions, discovered more masculine than feminine propensities. However, with all these constitutional deviations from the female character, she had a heart feelingly alive to the joys, and to the griefs of her fellow-creatures; and had, indeed, a number of qualities which did her honour as a woman. Her understanding was not a first rate, nor was she of a literary turn, yet she acquitted herself with much propriety in every circle, from the goodness of her natural parts, and often threw out lively strokes which gained her considerable credit.

N n

Emily

selves of service to him. While they were in the midst of a colloquy upon the occasion. Thomas, one of Lucy's servants, came hurrying to her with a letter, and told her on the delivery of it, that the messenger waited for an answer to it.

Lucy, before she opened her letter, ordered Thomas to assist the gentleman upon the ground, and to conduct him, if he was able to walk, to Farmer Fowler's. "There," added she, "I am sure he will be properly attended to." She then returned home, calling at the farmer's by the way, to prepare Mrs. Fowler for the reception of the stranger.

When she had dispatched the messenger, who waited for an answer, she set out for Mrs. Fowler's; but before she had walked a hundred yards, the gentleman, who had so powerfully excited her compassion appeared. Addressing himself to her, in the politest language, he poured out his grateful effusions with such a seducing volubility, that she could not help inviting him to dine with her. With readiness, with eagerness, he accepted the invitation; proved himself to be a very sensible, well-bred, entertaining companion; and at his departure at an early hour in the evening, easily gained

till she had consulted her parents, and obtained, not only their permission, but their free consent.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverton being very considerate parents, very indulgent ones indeed, readily consented to their daughter's going to administer consolation to Miss Martin, whose situation they pitied, justly conceiving, that she would be deeply affected by the loss she had sustained, if she was properly sensible of it.

The arrival of Emily was highly agreeable to her Lucy, who welcomed her dear friend in the most cordial manner. While they were taking a walk one morning in a neighbouring field, they heard, on a sudden, a deep groan. They were at once moved and alarmed; however, their compassion urged them to proceed with quickened steps towards the part of the field from which they thought the melancholy sound issued.

As soon as they had turned the corner of a separating hedge, they beheld the handsomest young fellow they had ever seen, upon the ground, apparently, from the contortions of his body, in extreme pain.—At the sight of such an object, in such a situation, their compassion was increased; but they knew not, at first, how to make themselves

The answers which she received from her enquiries gratified her curiosity, but did not give her the wished for satisfaction: she found, indeed, that Brudeney was a mere fortune-hunter, and, in consequence of that discovery, warned her friend against the witcheries of his face and tongue: nay, she went so far as to tell her, urged by the truest regard for her interest, that if she did not immediately break off all acquaintance with him, she might be drawn into the most perplexing dilemma.

Lucy heard her friend's intelligence patiently, but she was too much prejudiced in her lover's favour to give any credit to it; of course, the advice with which it was accompanied, had no effect upon her.

Emily was not a little chagrined at her friend's incredibility; but she did not despair of gaining her point. Knowing that though she would not believe any thing against Brudeney from her, she was addicted to listen to the communications of fortune-tellers, and superstitious enough to be influenced by them; she assumed the character of a gipsy, and in that character happily saved her deluded companion from ruin: for Lucy, struck  
with

gained the permission of his fair inviter to wait upon her again.

“ Is he not quite a gentleman,” said Lucy, almost in raptures, to her friend.

“ Perfectly so, my dear,” replied Emily ; “ but as you know that his name is Brudeney, and that he has all the marks of the man of fashion about him, you was rather too precipitate, I think, in granting his last request.”

“ O ! he is a charming fellow,” cried Lucy ; “ and I dare say Thomas will bring me a very good account of his family, fortune, and connections.”

Lucy having received an account which gave her a great deal of pleasure, encouraged Brudeney's visits, and looked upon him as an object worthy of her attention : but Emily, not being satisfied with Thomas's intelligence, made it her business to obtain farther information concerning a man whom she, from some expressions which had unguardedly dropped from him, suspected him to be a needy adventurer, and by no means a real man of fashion.

The



The answers which she received from her enquiries gratified her curiosity, but did not give her the wished for satisfaction: she found, indeed, that Brudeney was a mere fortune-hunter, and, in consequence of that discovery, warned her friend against the witcheries of his face and tongue: nay, she went so far as to tell her, urged by the truest regard for her interest, that if she did not immediately break off all acquaintance with him, she might be drawn into the most perplexing dilemma.

Lucy heard her friend's intelligence patiently, but she was too much prejudiced in her lover's favour to give any credit to it; of course, the advice with which it was accompanied, had no effect upon her.

Emily was not a little chagrined at her friend's incredibility; but she did not despair of gaining her point. Knowing that though she would not believe any thing against Brudeney from her, she was addicted to listen to the communications of fortune-tellers, and superstitious enough to be influenced by them; she assumed the character of a gipsy, and in that character happily saved her deluded companion from ruin: for Lucy, struck  
with

with the gipsy's information, as it agreed minutely with her friend's, became extremely inquisitive about her lover's affairs, and by dismissing him with a becoming spirit, defeated his mercenary designs.

From this hour Emily appeared to her in a higher light than ever; her admonitions ever afterwards made a proper impression upon her mind, and even her reproofs were not disregarded.

---

#### A. WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN Limner, who had not the talents of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was upon the point of being sent to jail for debt; but having made an intimate acquaintance with a valet-de-chambre of a certain lady of fashion upon the *haut ton*, acquainted him with his impending fate. "My dear Jack, don't despond," said the valet, "there's a fine opening for you." "How so?" said the dejected artist. "Why, my lady this very day quarrelled with her painter, and I think I have interest enough to introduce you to supply his place." "But, my dear Ned, I am a very  
indifferent



